TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME VIII.

1878-9

Blair 27

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME VIII.,

1878-79.

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME VIII.,
1878-79.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Guaillean a' Cheile.

PRINTED FOR THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS,
BY THE FREE PRESS PRINTING COMPANY, INVERNESS;
AND SOLD BY JOHN NOBLE, JAMES H. MACKENZIE, JAMES MELVEN, AND
WILLIAM MACKAY, BOOKSELLERS, INVERNESS;
AND MACLACHLAN & STEWART, EDINBURGH.

1879.

PRINTED BY THE FREE PRESS PRINTING COMPANY,
INVERNESS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Office-bearers for 1879,	vii.
Constitution,	viii.
Introduction,	xiii.
Seventh Annual Assembly—Speeches by Mr. John Mackay and Rev. Alexander Macgregor,	1
Leaves from my Celtic Portfolio, third series—William Mackenzie,	18
Seventh Annual Dinner—Speeches by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Rev. Alexander Macgregor, Mr. William Mackay, Mr. John Macdonald, Mr. Mackay of Ben Reay, Mr. John Whyte, Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Mr. Colin Chisholm, Mr. W. Jolly, &c.,	33
The Monks of Iona—Colin Chisholm,	56
The Celtic Province of Moray—James Barron,	64
The Cosmos of the Ancient Gaels in its relation to their Ethics, Part II.—Donald Ross,	77
Leaves from my Celtic Portfolio, fourth series—William Mackenzie,	100
Mackay's Regiment—John Mackay,	128
Celtic Etymologies—C. S. Jerram,	189
Honorary Chieftains,	205
Life Members,	205
Honorary Members,	205
Ordinary Members,	207
Apprentices,	213
Deceased Members of the Society,	213
List of Books in the Society's Library,	215

The Gaelic Society of Inverness.

OFFICE-BEARERS,

YEAR 1879.

CHIEF.

Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost.

CHIEFTAINS.

Alexander Simpson, Provost of Inverness.
Charles Mackay, Culduthel Road.
John Macdonald, Merchant, Exchange.

HONORARY SECRETARY.

William Mackay, Solicitor, Church Street.

SECRETARY.

William Mackenzie, "Free Press" Office, Inverness.

TREASURER.

Geo. J. Campbell, Solicitor, Castle Street.

COUNCIL.

Donald Campbell, Draper, Bridge Street.
John Murdoch, "Highlander" Office, Inverness.
James Fraser, C.E.
Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage.
William Macdonald, Builder, Hilton.

LIBRARIAN.

John Whyte, "Highlander" Office.

BARD.

Mrs. Mary Mackellar.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan.

BANKERS.

The Caledonian Banking Company.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an run a' Chomuinn:—Na builL a dheanamh iomlan 'sa' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd, agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachaidh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; còir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn, agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneamh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an chomhthoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumaidh tri buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Paidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' Cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Runaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects, admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and, if he or she have a majority of votes and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhairear gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh a's eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund, to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting the Members with the eighth volume of the Society's Transactions a few general remarks relative to the work of our last session, and the present state of Celtic matters, may not be out of place.

The volume opens with a report of our Seventh Annual Assembly, which, it will be seen, was in every way a success—its only drawback being the unavoidable absence of the Chief. After it we had a large accession to our membership, and the Society was meeting with the utmost encouragement when the country was overtaken by the financial disasters which have, for some time past, so much engrossed the public mind. As might naturally be expected that, combined with a winter of unprecedented severity, interfered to a considerable degree with the number and success of our meetings during the first half of the session.

In January last the Annual Dinner was held. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, presided, and delivered an excellent address on the crofter, as he was and as he is. There was, notwithstanding the untoward state of matters throughout the country, a large attendance, and several excellent speeches were delivered. From that date onwards our meetings went on with uninterrupted success. They were all fairly well attended, and papers on a variety of subjects of interest to the Celt were read and discussed. These will be found in the present volume.

It may not be out of place to add (although it does not properly come within the scope of this volume) that the Eighth Annual Assembly was probably the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. The Chief, Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, presided, and among his supporters were Professor Blackie; Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness; Rev. Alex. Cameron, Brodick, and many other well-known Celts. The hall was everywhere crowded, and many were unable to gain admission. The programme was varied and interesting, and the proceedings throughout hearty, and of the most enjoyable character.

With regard to Celtic work elsewhere, a few facts relative to Celtic publications will illustrate its present activity. Mr. Archibald Sinclair, of Glasgow, has just published his popular collection of Gaelic songs—An t-Oranaiche—in a cheap handy form; and Messrs. Logan & Co., of Aberdeen and Inverness, are now publishing a series of Gaelic songs with English translations, arranged with symphonies and accompaniments for the pianoforte. The same firm have acquired Captain Fraser's collection of Highland airs, and re-issued it in handsome tartan binding. Mr. Noble, bookseller, Inverness, has published a revised edition of Mr. Lachlan Macbean's Easy Lessons in Gaelic; whilst Messrs. Maclachlan & Stewart, of Edinburgh, have published the first part of a similar work by Mr. D. C. Macpherson. Major Mackenzie, of Findon, has published a series of Genealogical Tables of the Clan Mackenzie, and Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, a handsome volume on the history of the same Clan. The latter gentleman is now publishing a history of the Clan Macdonald, and proposes to re-issue shortly General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders, bringing the history of the Highland regiments down to date. A bulky and interesting volume on "Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisneach" (said to be

written by Dr. Angus Smith, of Manchester), has recently been published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.; and the same publishers are preparing a volume on Celtic Literature, to form one of their series of Literature Primers. Mrs. Mackellar, the Bard of our Society, has a volume of her Gaelic and English poetry in the press, which will be welcomed by a wide circle of readers; and the same may be said of a collection of Gaelic Proverbs and familiar phrases, based on Mackintosh's collection, which is being issued under the scholarly care of Sheriff Nicolson, of Kirkcudbright. The Rev. Alex. Cameron, Brodick, proposes to publish a new quarterly, to be called *The Celtic Review;* and altogether Celtic scholarship in every department appears to be both active and progressive.

In all the large towns of the south, our countrymen have formed themselves into organizations similar to our own; and in some places—notably in Glasgow—they hold weekly meetings, at which they not only discuss different questions affecting the welfare of the Highlands, but also spend enjoyable evenings in illustrating the song and the dance of our ancestors.

The out-door amusements of the Gael have also undergone a revival, and *Camanachd* or *Iomain* appears to be the favourite athletic game of our countrymen in the south.

Altogether the lover of Celtic matters has no reason to despond.

INVERNESS, *Dec.* 4, 1879.

TRANSACTIONS.

SEVENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Seventh Annual Assembly of the Society was held in the Music Hall, on Thursday, July 11, 1878. There was a large attendance. The Chief of the Society, Mr. John Mackay, of Swansea, was to have presided, but, to the great regret of all, he was unable to attend. The following letter addressed by him to the Secretary was at the outset read to the meeting :—

"Rogart House,
"Swansea, 9th July, 1878.

"My dear Sir,—I am grieved to have to tell that I am now more than a week lying ill in bed, attended daily by a doctor, thus precluding all hope of my being in my place at the Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society on the 11th. I need not assure *you* how deeply distressed I am at this disappointment. Seeing the impossibility and hopelessness of attending in person, I send you by post draft of the address I intended to deliver, that you may do with it what you please. If it is thought worth to read it, perhaps Mr. Murdoch may be persuaded to do so. He is ever ready to assist a Highlander *in distress*. As you will see, the theme is a review of the Society's work from its beginning to the present time—creditable to the Society itself, and to the town in which it has its headquarters.

"I am conscious of how imperfectly I related the good work done by the Society, and the influence it exerted during its seven years of existence ; but when it is considered that the relation was strung together at different intervals on a sick bed, after all hopes of personal attendance had to be given up, I trust all imperfections and omissions may be overlooked, and the will to do justice to the patriotic work of the Society taken for the deed.

"Sincerely hoping the Seventh Annual Assembly may be a

great success, and give a farther impetus to the intelligent patriotism of the members of the Society,

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"JOHN MACKAY.

"William Mackenzie, Esq."

Mr. Murdoch then proposed that Captain Macra Chisholm, who had so very excellently presided at the last celebration of the Society, should take the chair, which Captain Chisholm did amid loud cheering. Around him on the platform were—Provost Simpson, Rev. A. Macgregor, M.A.; Bailie Black; Messrs. D. Sharp, Glasgow; John Mackay, of Ben Reay; D. A. Macrae, Monar; E. Macrae, Ardtulloch; Dun Macrae, Ardantoul; E. Macrae, Braintra; Huntly Fraser, Inverness; Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; A. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine;* Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Charles Mackay; J. Murdoch, of *The Highlander*, &c.

The Secretary, Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, announced apologies for absence from Cluny Macpherson; Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch; Sir George Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch; Lord Reidhaven; Mackintosh of Mackintosh; C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Donald Mackay, Ceylon; Thos. Mackenzie, Broadstone Park; Angus Mackintosh of Holme; C. S. Jerram, Windlesham; E. Mackintosh of Raigmore; J. F. Campbell of Islay; Dr. Charles Mackay; Col. Mackenzie of Parkmount; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Major Forbes, 78th Highlanders; Walter Carruthers, of the *Courier;* Charles Innes, solicitor; P. Burgess, Drumnadrochit; K. F. Macrae, Achlorachan; and A. G. Nicolson, Glasgow. The following Gaelic telegram was also announced from Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society:—"Beannachd a' Bhaird do 'n Chomunn. Duilich nach 'eil mi leibh. Sith agus pailteas, gradh agus solas duibh!"

The Chairman having made a few preliminary observations, a party of ladies appeared on the platform and sang with good effect—"Hò 'n clo dubh, b' fhearr am breacan."

The Chief's address was then read by Mr. Murdoch as follows:—

We are met here this evening to celebrate the Seventh Annual Assembly of this honourable and patriotic Society, which has now entered into the outer ring of the mystical cycle of time—the seventh year of its duration. It has succeeded in doing a great amount of good and earnest patriotic work among Highlanders at home and abroad. It has aroused feelings of patriotism amongst

all classes, which were well nigh becoming dormant. It has excited to healthy action the minds of many true lovers of their fatherland, who began to despair of the Highlands ever again being anything more than a huge hunting ground and immense farms—the abode of Nimrods, shepherds, or debased mammon-worshippers. It has animated the hearts of those patriots who uselessly gave themselves up to lamentations upon the decay of all that was best, dearest, and noblest in the past, who bewailed the loss of a population at once the most loyal, the most law-abiding, and the bravest in any land, who mourned over the neglect and disuse of the language, poetry, and music of their native country, and above all, and more than all, who grieved with heartfelt sadness over the seeming divorce of that grand old attachment that existed between chiefs and people, and that caused the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood" to be viewed with as intense a curiosity by strangers, as the extraordinary profusion and diversity on its surface of all that is beautiful and sublime in nature, commanded their unqualified admiration. All this and more, has been effected by the action of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Since the establishment of this Society an impetus has been given to Highland sentiment in a manner the most healthy, such as it never before possessed or assumed in any previous period. The desponding have been encouraged, the doubting have been reassured, the lukewarm have been stimulated, the generous have been animated, while the croaker and the inimical have been put to silence. The Language and the Poetry of the country have been fostered, and made to hold up their venerable heads under its fostering auspices. The music of the Highlands, once reputed barbarous, has been popularised, and found to be simply delicious, even in its wildest and weirdest strains. The general result has been that a manly, healthy, active spirit has been aroused, an ardent desire to forward measures for the benefit of all classes, high or low, and more especially to cultivate the Language and Literature of the Highlands, which to the utter disgrace of past generations of Highlanders had been so wofully neglected. Papers on these various topics, interesting from every point of view, have been read, and published in the "Transactions," which of themselves would do credit to any society. Addresses have also been delivered by various learned gentlemen, at the half-yearly meetings, of the deepest interest to society at large, and affording enjoyment and recreation of the most healthful kind to the people of Inverness, and to all Highlanders wherever located—a chain of circumstances which, a few years ago, it would have been considered madness to attempt, much less to believe possible to encompass. The Gaelic Society of

Inverness has deserved well of the country, and all true lovers of the Fatherland.

Following in the train of this revival appeared "The Highlander," devoting his service to the welfare of the people, preaching to them, and teaching them the relative duties all members of a prosperous community owe to each other, and are bound for the common good and welfare of the State to concede to each other, in order to be united, strong, useful, and happy; holding aloft, with all the fearlessness of his nature, the grand traditions of the past as objects of reverence and example, to be moulded into the new order of things about to be accomplished—showing that the strength of a community does not entirely lie in money-bags, nor in the prosperity of one or two of the less numerous classes, but in the general prosperity of all ranks and degrees of men, and that in a well-ordered community the peer and the peasant can exist side by side, and be all the happier and better; exposing, without fear of consequences, at the bar of public opinion all that is antagonistic to real progress in class legislation, all antiquated ideas, notions, and excesses in feudalism, which are detrimental to the growth of a vigorous and virtuous population in the Highlands; encouraging the remnant left of that once brave population to hold up their heads like their forefathers in the days of other years, and be depressed no more, but manfully seek for redress of their grievances directly from those who have it in their power to grant it, and be neither curs nor moral cowards in the face of the biggest and greatest in the land—men of like flesh and blood as themselves—who will do the right thing when properly influenced and advised.

We were not long exulting in the conduct of this champion when another made his appearance upon the scene, visiting our houses every month, with ever new and varied refreshments of the daintiest kind—History, Folklore, Legends, Poetry, and Music. He, too, has a strong cudgel in his hand, which he wields like a master, and surprised many by boldly asserting, without fear of contradiction, that the "Highland crofter" was the most depressed, oppressed, and repressed member of the great British nation; that there was neither "Poetry nor Prose" in his lot, that the time had come either to ameliorate his condition or banish him for ever to the backwoods of America, to add to the strength and power of Brother Jonathan, or to assist Miss Columbia in her onward progress, and wipe away the stigma ever exposed to view on the bonnie braes and hill-sides of *Gaeldom*. The refrain of this "ditty" has been taken up and echoed from Land's End to John O'Groats, from the *Scotsman* in Edinburgh to the *Echo* in London town, with a bewildering, though diversifying, unanimity.

The grievances complained of were admitted to be of long standing, known to all, patent to all, acknowledged to be undeserved—mildly, and sometimes unmurmuringly, borne, and above all, however much *might* may have overborne *right*, powder and shot were never thought of as a means of redress, nor as instruments of revenge. All honour to the brave population who know how to endure without disgracing their bright escutcheon! The time is at hand when their case will have consideration. "The darkness of to-day will issue in a brighter to-morrow." "Wait a little longer."

A third champion came upon the scene, more doughty still, with a double-edged sword, as well as with a grey goose quill. He took nobles, gentles, and simples captive, stormed strongholds, castles, and halls; nothing withstood him. Go on he would, was welcomed by all, and sent away rejoicing. He was the champion of the "Gaelic Language and Literature," as well as the champion of all Gaelic-speaking people. When all others despaired of raising the necessary funds for the establishment of a Celtic Chair, when others attempted and failed, the fearless and gallant Blackie took his crook and plaid, went forth upon his Gaelic crusade, and succeeded, after an arduous struggle, in securing more than he anticipated—£12,000—for the endowment of a professorship of that ancient and venerable language we all love so well. Such is the reward of bravery and perseverance in a good cause. Such are a few of the phases in modern history, the origin of which date from the banks of the Ness—through the medium of the Gaelic Society.

There is yet another important event that must be mentioned in passing, in connection with this Society and others of kindred blood—the introduction of Gaelic teaching in Highland Schools. It is said that the pronunciation of English amongst the people of Inverness has been, and is still justly noted for its intrinsic purity, and for its being little, if at all, affected by such broad doric provincialisms as are everywhere impressed on the varieties of the Lowland dialect. This comparatively correct and elegant English you have acquired—purer by far than that of most parts of England itself—is, by some, ascribed to the modelling influence of Cromwell's soldiery when they were amongst you. The true reason and cause of it are not so far to be sought, for it seems rather to have arisen, and to be yet arising from the fact of your English being acquired, not by lessons of imitation, but by and through the process of translating from your mother tongue, the venerable Gaelic, a circumstance which conduces not to a corrupt spoken language, but directly to the pure English literature. It is said that the debatable ground in the west of Ireland, between the Irish districts and the

Anglo-Irish territories, exhibit the same phenomenon as Scotland has in Inverness, for there is poured forth from the lips of the peasantry an English so untainted by brogue and provincialism as would delight the ears of a master of orthoëpy. In the nature of things it must be so wherever the vernacular itself is properly taught and the English learned through the vernacular, their idioms contrasted, and their differences pointed out by a master teacher.

What about the "Gaelic Nuisance" now? It has fallen to the ground, vainly hoping in its fall, like the Ostrich in its flight, to escape the critical gaze, by the pretence of not seeing what any unprejudiced person could not avoid seeing, as being the end and aim of Gaelic teaching in Highland Schools. A mistake more monstrous was never made by any body of sensible and enlightened gentlemen, ministers of the Church of Scotland, men of education, in whose hands the direction of education was placed by the Government of the day, than was committed in the Highlands in the 18th and part of the 19th century. All along the line, and all the way along, the invariable plan was to ignore the vernacular, and attempt to educate the youth through the medium only of a language of which they absolutely knew nothing. They were taught to read, not to comprehend, the book, or the words of which it was composed, but to imitate sounds, and to repeat the deciphering of signs belonging to a language of which they were totally ignorant, but which they were supposed to be learning, and when they left school they found themselves possessed of acquirements which they were utterly incapable of turning to practical account. That was not the way the Inverness people acquired such a correct and so pure a hold of the English language and its pronunciation. The important event alluded to having been accomplished (and in which this Society, in conjunction with kindred Societies, may take a just pride), it was very flattering that the Inverness people should have joyfully and demonstratively acclaimed that event, and thanked their learned M.P. for the manner in which he carried out and negotiated the concession of Gaelic being taught in the public schools of the Highlands wherever wanted, wherever needful. You appreciated the virtue of the vernacular in your own education, and the command it gave you in the proper appreciation and understanding of the English, and you hurled back to where it came from the stigma of the "Gaelic Nuisance."

Another good thing done by the Society was the laying of a basis for a Federation of Celtic Societies, as was done at the "Mackintosh Demonstration" in April last, at which you celebrated the Government concession of Gaelic being taught in the Highland

Schools. In that you took the detached fragments of Celtic Societies and united them, that they might pull together shoulder to shoulder, in carrying on the noble work which you have so well inaugurated.

The great victory you then celebrated was partly your own work, the work of various Societies, and, more than all, the work of the Right Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan and other able coadjutors. Now, do not be alarmed at the title I have given the reverend gentleman. I do not wish him to become a bishop. You know, as a Highlander, I may be allowed to use a little *hyperbole;* but there is no exaggeration at all in the meaning I wish to convey to you by calling him Right Reverend, for of all the clergymen of the Churches of Scotland—Free or otherwise (I wish there was no distinction)—he is, above all, the one who has done most for the cultivation and culture of our venerable language; he, of all others, by virtue of good work, by dint of labour and hard study, when it was not fashionable to do it, contributed more than any other living man to bring our native language into repute, knocked again and again at the citadel gate, and finally, with the aid of Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, wrested victory from an unwilling oligarchy at a moment when the smallest concession was almost despaired of—a victory no less real, no less useful, in fact much more useful, a greater boon to Highland society at large than the repeal of the Act proscribing the tartan, once the terror, now the delight, of the Saxon himself. Who would have thought, seven years ago, that the Parliament of Britain could be brought by the expression of public opinion to concede even a grievance in Highland education. Take courage, watch events, wait and keep your powder dry, for other measures of great importance to the Highlands are looming in the horizon. The long-wished boon is obtained; let it be put properly and thoroughly into play and practice, and before another cycle of seven years shall have revolved we shall see Highland lads and Highland lasses making greater progress in learning English, acquiring such a pronunciation of it as may astonish even the people of Inverness, and not only that, but their knowledge of the language of their ancestors will, as well, be enlarged and perfected, and their minds stored with all the noble traditions of the past.

With renewed vigour, and redoubled ardour, youths of the Highlands will go forth, as in days gone by, to carve a way for themselves in the battle of life, more fully and better equipped for the strife by being bi-lingual and tri-lingual, and, by their good conduct, complete education, hardy habits, high moral principles, acquire credit for themselves, while reflecting honour upon the loved

Fatherland. Permit me emphatically to say that Gaelic has been no "bar" to the advancement of the people. Gaelic is the key to a Highlander's heart. If officers in Highland regiments would try to speak Gaelic, they would secure more recruits, and Highland regiments might indeed be national corps, and not the hybrids they now are. Officers who speak Gaelic to Highland soldiers command their affection like the late General MacBean, V.C., of the 93rd Highlanders, an Inverness man. If Highland proprietors would try to learn Gaelic, and speak it to their people, they would be better liked. English is a "bar" to their advancement if they cannot speak to those who pay them their rents. Let Highland proprietors learn Gaelic and teach English. Gaelic in the hands of a patriotic proprietor would be a powerful lever to induce the people to improve their lands and dwellings—in fact, it would represent so much capital to him.

Property in the Highlands, as elsewhere, has its high duties as well as its rights. In the Highlands, it may be said, that it has more duties to perform in regard to the people than elsewhere, inas-much as it was by the valour and exceeding loyalty of the people that estates had been preserved to so many families in the Highlands for so many centuries, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, and it is the undoubted duty of the Highland Chiefs, the heads of these families, to show their gratitude to the descendants of those noble retainers who shed their blood in the cause of these families, by now training them in a better knowledge of husbandry, in applying to it the science and skill of the South, and causing them to be brought to bear on every croft in the North. Practical education in this department has been sadly neglected in the Highlands, as much to the loss of the proprietors as to the detriment of the people. The object of all education should be not less to excite the desire for knowledge than to furnish the means of acquiring it. In this respect, education in the Highlands has been greatly deficient. Instruction in agriculture, in the management of stock, in common chemistry as applied to soils, would facilitate the production of the means of subsistence. A more secure tenure of the land occupied by the peasantry would tend to make them industrious and respectable crofters, more diligent and more successful cultivators of the soil; but the effect of all such measures depends upon the spirit and the manner in which they are entered upon, as well as the general management with which they are conducted through a series of years. Some Highland proprietors in recent years, notably the noble Sutherland, the Mathesons, the Grants, have not only distinguished themselves by their considerate and kindly treatment of

their peasant tenantry, but have shown how properties in the Highlands can be improved, affording employment to the people, dispensing benefits broadcast over the land, adding wealth and stability to the State, and acquiring for themselves the respect of all, and the affection of the people. These are benefactors in the land. they build up a loftier population, they make men more manly. Their influence passes like morning light from land to land, and village and city grow glad. May this Society continue to diffuse around it these influences and be a light in the Highlands to guide the race in the path of social, moral, and intellectual progress, until Highlanders everywhere shall be as distinguished for all the virtues which are the flower and fruit of real civilization, as their fathers were for the virtue of bravery and chivalry in the times that are past. And in order to this, let us remember the noble and brotherly motto of *Clanna nan Gaidheal an guaillibh a' cheile.*

The next speaker was the Rev. Mr. Macgregor. He said :—

Fhir-suidh' Urramaich, a Bhantighearnan, agus a Dhaoin-uaisle,—Tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanais oirbh, an uair a tha mi 'gabhail orm fein dithis dhaoine coire a thoirt am fianuis a' Chomuinn so air an oidhche nochd—dithis dhaoine a tha cliuiteach agus measail na'n inbh fein—dithis dhaoine aig am bheil fior speis-cridhe do na Gaidheil agus do'n Ghailig—agus dithis a rinn dichioll nach bu bheag gu bhi 'lathair an so an nochd, chum colas fhaotuinn air a' Chomunn so, agus chum am beachd d'an taobh a leigeadh ris gu soilleir. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil cuid a lathair 'san am, aig an robh eolas o cheann bhliadhnaichean air ais air an da charaid cheanalta so, eadhon Murachadh Ban, agus Coinneach Ciobair, leis am miann a nis beagan a labhairt r'a cheile 'nur n-eisdeachd, mu na cuisean air son am bheil sinn cuideachd 'san talladh so an nochd. Thugaibh cluas, uime sin, do na fir.

Mur.—"Am bheil mo shuilean ga m' mhealladh, a Choinnich Chiobair, an tusa da-rireadh th'an so?"

Coin.—"Is mi gun teagamh, a Mhurachaidh Bhain, ach ciod fo'n ghrein a thug an car so thusa, agus gun duil agad ris, an uair a chunnaic mi an la roimh thu?"

M.—"Thainig mi a dh-aon sgriob a dh'fhaicinn a' Chomuinn so cruinn cuideachd, agus a shealbhachadh am fearas bheoil agus an deasboireachd; ach ciod a thug thusa, a Choinnich, co fad o d' dhachaidh fein? Is neonach gu'n do leig Seonaid air falbh thu leat fein."

C.—"Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, cho-eignich na h-uiread de nithibh mise chum an Goirtean-Fraoich fhagail aig an am so. Bha mi deonach air Baile-cinn na Gaidhealtachd fhaicinn, agus mar an

ceudna Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis, gu sonraichte an *t-Ard-Albannach, an Ceilteach*, agus an t-Uasal Ian Macaoidh, Fear-suidh' na cuideachd. Ach cha robh duil idir agam ri tighinn gus an d'rainig Sir Seumas mi an la roimh, agus gus an dubhairt e, 'A Choinnich, tha Feill na Cloimhe ann an Inbhirnis air a' leithid so de latha agus feumaidh tu dol agus an tri cheud molt sin a reiceadh air mo shonsa air an fheill.'"

M.—"An do reic thu iad, ma ta, a Choinnich, a cheana?"

C.—"Is mise a rinn sin agus a rinn gu maith e; oir fhuair mi cuig ceud punnd Sasunnach air son an tri cheud molt! Ach, ochan! a' Mhurachaidh, cha'n fhacas a leithid a dh-fheill riamh! Na céudan a' siubhal sios agus suas—agus thall 'sa bhos—a' suidh'—a' seasamh—a' cas-labhairt—a' ciuin-chomhradh a nis—a' gleadhraich a ris—agus a' gluasad gun sgur air sraid na h-Eaglais, ach a' gabhail fasgaidh, agus feudaidh e bhith rud beag air chor-eigin eile anns an ard-thigh-osda far am faighear gach goireas a tha freagarrach air son fuachd agus teas—air son ocrais agus tart—agus air son gach ni eile a tha feumail do mhac an duine. So agad, ma ta, an seol air am bheil muinntir Feill-na-Cloimh' a' reiceadh agus a' ceannachadh mholt agus chaorach, uan agus olainn, agus ghoireasan gun aireamh eile—agus sin uile a' dol air aghaidh gun a bhi 'faicinn aoin de na beathaichibh, no aoin smad de na stuthannaibh eugsamhla sin a bha iad a' ceannachadh agus a' reiceadh! Ubh! Ubh! b'i 'n fheill neonach i gun teagamh! Cha'n 'eil duil agam gu'm facas a leithid ann an cearnaidh sam bith eile."

M.—"Ach cia mar a reic thu na muilt, a Choinnich, air bhi dhuit co aineolach air cleachdannaibh iongantach mhuinntir na Feille?"

C.—"Ma ta, innsidh mi sin dhuit, a' Mhurachaidh; thachair mi air meadhon na sraide air duin'-uasal coir a's aithne dhuit fein, Fear Bhealach-nan-cabar, agus bha mi am breislich ciod a dheanainn, no co ris a labhrainn mu na muilt aig mo mhaighstir, Sir Seumas, an uair a labhair an duin' uasal so rium, agus a' cur a laimh air mo ghuallainn, thubhairt e, 'Nach tusa Coinneach Ciobair, Sir Seumas, agus nach d'thainig thu a' reiceadh nam molt aig do Mhaighstir air an fheill so? An deachaidh agad, ma ta, air sin a dheanamh?' 'Ochan! le'r cead, le'r cead, a' dhuin uasail ionmhuinn, cha reic mise gu brath iad 'san aite thubaisdeach so, oir cha'n aithne dhomh anam air an fheill, agus cha'n 'eil fios agam co ris a dh' fhosgailinn mo bheul.' Ghrad-thionndaidh Fear-'Bhealaich air a shail, smeid e air duin'-uasal a thainig a nall 'na choinneamh, agus dh' innis e dha aireamh, gne, nadar, aois, agus feobhas nam molt, agus cheannaich e air ball iad."

M.—"Tha do shaorsa agad a nis, a Choinnich, chum gach ni fhaicinn, agus chum curam a ghabhail de gach cuis a ghabhas Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis os laimh an nochd, agus thoir an aire, oir cha bheag agus cha suarach na nithe a chi agus a chluinneas thu air an fheasgar so, agus tha deagh-fhios agam gu'n tog iad do chridhe, agus gu'n dean iad deich bliadhna ni's oige thu, a charaid."

C.—"Gu dearbh, a Mhurachaidh, cha robh mi riamh ni's toilichte na tha mi an so an nochd! Is solas do-labhairt do m' chridhe a' chuideachd aluinn so fhaicinn, agus an t-urram mor 'fhaotainn a bhi re na h-uine so maille riu. Ach ciod iad na nithe sonraichte a tha iad a' gabhail os laimh!"

M.—"Chuir thu ceist orm, a Choinnich, dean foighidinn agus chi thu, oir gheibh foighidinn furtachd. Chuir thu ceist orm a ghabhadh uine fhada chum a freagairt. Ach chum gu'n tuig thu e—Tha'n Chomunn eireachdail so a' gabhail os laimh gach cuis agus cleachd, gach riaghailt agus reachd, a bhuineadh riamh do na Gaidheil. Tha iad a' rannsachadh a mach gach saothair, obair, ceol, bardachd, ceilеir, piobaireachd, aithris, sean-fhocal, ur-sgeul, glicbhriathar, eideadh, armachd, breacan, suaicheantas, gairm-cath, inneal-cogaidh, teuchd, treubhantas, dillseachd, tairisneachd, teugmhail, agus mar sin sios, air son an robh na Gaidheil, o na ceud linntibh, comharraichte. Tha'n Chomunn a' fiosrachadh gach ni mu na Cinn-fheadhna, na Fineachan, agus na tuasaidean fuilteach a bha eatorra—mu na Cinn-chinnidh, an aireamh, an cumhachd an oighreachdan, an sloigh, agus an dianiarrtais air buaidh a thoirt air aon a' cheile le faobhar geur a' chlaidheimh. Tha'n Chomunn so, mar an ceudna, a' miannachadh, leis gach innleachd na'n comus, air an fhirinn fhaotuinn a mach, mu gach cuis a bhuineas do na Gaidheil mar chinneach—gach eolas na'n comus a rannsachadh a mach mu choirichean aosda, mu sheann leabhraichean, mu sgriobhannan a rinneadh o chein, agus mu gach ni eile leis an do chomharraicheadh na Gaidheil a mach mar chinneach, a bha cadar-dhealaichte o chinnich eile, le'n cleachdannaibh agus le'n canain. Chum na criche so, feumaidh an Chomunn a bhi foighidinneach, eudmhor, durachdach, a' sgrudadh gach ait' agus ionaid—a' siubhal a null agus a nall—a thall agus a bhos—agus gun sgath, gun sgios, a bhi' geursgrudadh gach feart, beart, agus firinn gu'm bunait, agus leo so, a bhi 'carnadh suas an eolais a gheibh iad, chum gu'm bi e air a theasairginn o thir na dichuimhne. Cha bheag an' obair so, a ghraidh nam fear, agus cha bheag an dichioll agus an gliocas—an innleachd agus an t-seoltachd, a dh' fheumar a chleachdadh chum an obair a thoirt gu crich."

C.—"Ubh! Ubh! a Mhurachaidh, tha thu a' cur iongantais orm."

M.—"Mise a' cur iongantais ort, a charaid! Cuir thusa an t-srathair air an each cheart, agus abair gur e Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis a tha cur iongantais ort, agus nach mise. Cha d' ainmich mise darna leth nan cuspair a th' aig a' Chomunn so 'san amharc. Tha eachdraidh agus filidheachd na Feinne, seann sgeulachdan, taibhsearachd, druidheachd, geasachd, leannana-sithe, agus na miltean nithe leithidean sin gu bhi air am min-fhiosrachadh mar a chleachdadh iad 's na h-amannaibh a dh' fhalbh. Tha gun teagamh, a Choinnich, agus mar an ceudna, cleachdanna nan teaghlaichean na'm fardaichibh fein o shean. Leigeadh so a ris air mhodh taitneach leis an duine mhacanta, uasal, agus fhoghluimte sin Mac 'Ille Mhicheil, ann an Creag-Ghoraidh, 'na oraid ghrinn do na h-Uidhistich :—

'Air oidhch' fhada gheamhraidh,
Theid a tionndadh gu gniomh;
A' toirt eolais do'n chloinn,
Bithidh gach seann duine liath;
An nighean a' cardadh,
A' mhathair a' sniamh,
An t-iasgair le' shnathaid,
A' caradh nan lion.'"

C.—"Ro mhaith, ro mhaith, a Mhurachaidh, mo mhile beannachd air Mac 'Ille Mhicheil, is maith a mhinich e gnathas an teaghlaich sin. Tha duil agam gu'n bheil mi faicinn an duine aosda, choir, a' teagasg na cloinne ann an oisinn de'n t-seomar—agus anns a' chuil ud thall, tha'n nighean, le 'fallus ga dalladh, a' sgriobadh nan card, 's a' deanamh nan rolag. Chithear an t-seana-bhean air an taobh eile, a' srannail air a' chuibhil-sniamhaidh, a' deanamh an t-snath, agus balach an eisg air an culaobh, le cuaill lion-sgadain, a' caradh nan toll."

M.—"Tha sin uile gle bhoidheach agus gle nadurra air a thoirt fa chomhair suil na h-inntinn, a Choiunich, ach cha b' urrainn duil a bhi ri chaochladh o laimh chumhachdaich Chreag-Ghoraidh, a chuireas an comhnuidh rogha caoin air gach sgeul agus comhradh. Ach mu'n Chomunn so, a Choinnich, cha'n 'eil ni 'sam bith aca anns an amharc, a tha a reir mo bharail-sa, co cudthromach air gach seol, ri eolas a chumail, agus a mheudachadh air cainnt urramaich agus mhaisich nan Gaidheal. Is i a' Ghailig a' chanain a's sine, a's boidhiche, agus a's druidiche a tha ga labhairt, feudaidh e bhith, air uachdair an t-saoghail! Tha i 'na priomh-fhreumh do gach canain eile, agus tha i gu h-iomlan oirdheirc. Mar a thubhairt am bard :—

'Ma tha canain air thalamh,
Bhios 'ga labhairt am flaitheas,
Tha moran 'sa bharail
Gur i a' Ghailig an te sin.'"

C.—"Ochan a' righ ! is mi tha sona an nochd ! Mo chreach ! nach robh Seonaid an so, is i a bhiodh aighearach ! Ach, a' Mhurachaidh, ma's beo Seonaid agus mise gu bliadhn' eile, thig sinn dh'ionnsuidh na h-ath choinneamh ged a chosdadh e an gearran donn domh ! Gu robh buaidh leis a' Chomunn ionmhuinn air fad, agus gu robh gach buaidh leis a' Cheannfeadhna urramach, a tha 'lionadh na caithreach ud co freagarrach an nochd. Rachadh an Chomunn air an aghaidh mar a rinn iad o'n thoisich iad—agus le beannachd, fasaidh iad laidir, bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna. Fasaidh gun teagamh ; agus faic so, a' Mhurachaidh choir, cha'n fhag sinn am baile, gus am bi thu fein agus mi fein air ar deanamh 'nar buill de Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis. Ochan ! cha'n fhag, agus am measg iongantais an t-saoghail, co aig am bheil brath, nach fheud mi a bhi beo, gus am faic mi mo charaid Murachadh Ban 'na shuidhe gu h-ard 'sa chaithir ud na cheann-feadhna air Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis ?"

M.—"Sguir dhe d' ghoileam agus dhe d' bhaothaireachd, Fhir a' Ghoirtein Fraoich, air neo cha bhi sinn reidh ; ach a thaobh na thubhairt thu mu thimchioll sinne a bhi 'nar buill dhe'n Chomunn so, bithidh mi anabarach toilichte air sin, oir is taitneach an ni do dhuine a bhi ann an deagh chuideachd, oir le sin tha araon an inntinn agus a' choluinn—eadhon an duine gu h-iomlan, a' faotuinn athurachaidh agus neirt. Feumaidh an inntinn faochadh agus fois co maith ris a' chorp, agus riaraichear iad maraon anns a' chuideachd so."

C.—"Cha'n 'eil duil agam gu'm bheil Chomunn Gaidhealach eile 'san rioghachd air fad co tuigseach, caidreach, agus cairdeil ris a' Chomunn so—ach ciod i do bharail-sa mu so, a' Mhurachaidh ?"

M.—"Tha na Communna Gaidhealach lionmhor anns an Eilean Bhreatunnach, a' Choinnich, ach a reir mo bheachd-sa, bheir an Chomunn so barr orra uile. Rinn Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis rud no dha a chosnas cliu dhoibh re linntean ri teachd."

C.—"Ochan, a' Mhurachaidh, gu robh mile beannachd air a' Chomunn so, agus gu robh gach ni ag eirigh leo gu brath."

M.—"Is gleusda a labhair thu, a Choinnich, ach ceadaich dhomh foigheachd dhiot—An do chuir thu fathast eolas air neach sonraichte sam bith dhe'n Chomunn, no an robh thu a comhradh ri aon idir aca ?"

C.—"Feudaidh mi a radh nach robh, a Mhurachaidh, ach is e mo shaidealtachd fein bu choireach. Chunnaic mi triuir dhiubh cuideachd air an t-sraid, agus ma chunnaic, b' iad na suinn aluinn iad ! Thilg mi mo shuilean air fior-charaid nan Gaidheal, an t-Ard-Albannach ionmhuinn, agus Ochan ! b'e 'n gille e ! Bha e co sgiob-

alta, baganta, cuimear, le' bhreacan-an-fheile, 's le 'bhonait ghuirm, leathainn mar ghroideil. Chunnaic mi, mar an ceudna, an Ceilteach —agus da-rireadh, cha b'e 'm monar e—duine suairce—soimeach—somalta—ceatharnach treun—dileas, cairdeil 'na ghiulan—agus duine, a reir a' choslais, aig am bheil feartan inntinn, agus buaidhean coluinn, foghainteach annta fein, chum na ruintean sin, as miann leis eiridinn, a thoirt gu crich. Mo thruaigh an ti air an deanadh e greim, agus fearg air—oir gu dearbh cha b' fhurast a' dhruim a chur ri lar! Ach co a chunnaic mi, mar an ceudna, ach ar caraid an Seann Sgiathanach bochd, agus ma chunnaic, b'e sin an creutair iosal, cutach—duinneachan ro bheag, a tha co leathann 'sa tha e co fad. Tha e tiugh, cruinn, gramail, mar bharailte-sgadain, agus gun a bhi a' bheag n'is airde!—Tha a cheann leth-mhaol—le neoni fuilt thana, liath-ruadh, a' casadh suas. Cha mhor nach duiriginn dorn dha air son cho minic 'sa chuir e thusa agus mise ann an sgornanaibh a cheile —agus an deigh sin, bha gne speis agam dha dh'aindeoin cuise. Tha duil aige, feudaidh e bhith, gum bheil mabalaich Gailig aige, ach cuimhnicheadh e, gur e an duil a mhill a' bhantighearna—agus ma their e a' bheag 'ga ardachadh fein, thugadh e fainear gur lionmhor greim a thug e do'n bheul a tha 'ga mholadh."

M.—" O! a Choinnich, is iongantach an duine thu, agus mo lamhsa! gu'm bheil deagh fhios aig Seonaid choir nach fhurast air uairibh do chumail air do sheol; ach ge b'oil le d' fhiaclan e, cumaidh mise air do chriochaibh fein thu. Ach, am bheil thu riaraichte leis a' Chomunn a nis, agus am bheil thu deonach air dol mu thamh car oidhche?"

C.—" Cha'n 'eil, a' Mhurachaidh, oir dh'fhanainn seachduin air a ceann maille ris a' Chomunn cheanalta so, agus cha 'n fhag mi an talladh an nochd, gus am faic mi am ball mu dheireadh dhe'n chuideachd a mach air an dorus-mhor. Tha moran eile, a bhuineas do'n Chomunn so, bu ro mhaith leam fhaicinn, mar a tha an t-Olamh Blackie—le 'cheann liath—le 'chosaibh caol, —'s le chnaimh-droma cho subailt ris on easguinn! Bhiodh e taitneach, mar an ceudna, sealladh fhaotuinn dhe Tighearna Chluainidh—Tearlach Friseal-Mac-an-Toisich—Sir Coinneach Ghearrloch—agus dhe gach Ceann-feadhnadh a bha thairis air a' Chomunn so, o'n dhealbhadh iad an toiseach. Tha mi 'faicinn seann Chailein Siosal a lathair, agus c'ait am bheil diuhnach a bheir barr air fhathast, air son durachd, eud, agus tairisneachd, a thaobh gach ni a bhuineas do na Gaidheil! Gu ma fada beo an treunlaoch blathchridheach, cinneadail! Ann an aon fhocal, is maith agus is taitneach a' chuideachd gu leir a tha lathair an so an nochd—agus fhad s' is beo Murachadh Ban agus Coinneach Ciobair, cha di-chuimhnich iad gu brath an fhior-thoil-

inntinn a thugadh dhoibh leis a' Chuideachd so—agus cha diobair iad, uile laithean am beatha, gun a bhi 'cur cliu Chomunn Gailig Inbhirnis ann am farsuingeachd air feadh na tire, fhad's 'sa bhios comus aca an teangannan a ghluasad. Ochan! slan leibh, Fhir-suidh urramaich, a' Bhantighearnan, agus a' Chuideachd aluiunn gu leir, agus gu robh gach buaidh agus beannachd maille ruibh a nis, agus gu brath.

'Mile beannachd, mile buaidh
Air Comunn Uaislean mo ruin;
Cha snisnich Breatunn le fiamh
'S sibhse mar dhion air a cul.
Thog Albainn a ceann le h-uaill;
Dh' fhuasgladh a' Ghailig a snuim;
Tha coir aig gach saorsainn gu feum,
Aig Sliochd Ghaidheal nam beus grinn!'"

At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Macgregor suggested that Captain Chisholm should favour the meeting with a tune on the bagpipes, a proposal which completely electrified the audience, Captain Chisholm's accomplishments as a bagpipe-player being evidently well known to the most of those present. The Captain complied, and played a reel, to which four gentlemen in Highland costume danced. The performance was greatly appreciated, and was received with loud applause. Those who took part in the dance gave other reels—the Highland Fling, the Reel o' Tulloch, &c.—in course of the evening, and were, on every appearance, heartily encored. The dancers were Pipe-Major Ferguson, Inverness Rifle Volunteers; Mr. James Reid, High Street; Mr. Robert Macliardy, Church Street; and Mr. Hugh Mackenzie, Castle Street.

The programme of music was an attractive one. A party of a dozen young ladies, under the leadership of Mr. John Whyte, sang Gaelic songs and choruses in a most pleasing manner, and were on each appearance received with cordial applause. There were Gaelic solos by Mr. Donald Graham, Glasgow, whose style is clear and effective; and English and Gaelic songs by Mr. J A. Robertson, who sang "Scots wha hae," "The Macgregor's Gathering," and a new Gaelic song "Theid i 's gu'n teid i leam," with much expression and taste. Mr. Robertson and Miss Young sang a Gaelic duet, "Ho ró, mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach," in a manner that secured for them a hearty encore. A most delightful feature in the musical programme was the appearance of Miss Libbie Watt, who sang in a charming manner "Cam' ye by Athole," and "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," and was on both occasions encored.

Mr. Mackay, of Ben-Reay, followed the Chairman's example, at the request of the Chair, and afforded the audience a treat, which they greatly appreciated, by singing "The Piper o' Dundee." The piano and harmonium accompaniments to all the singers were given by Miss Georgina Mackintosh, Douglas Row, in a manner which elicited general praise. During the assembling of the meeting, and at intervals throughout the evening, several selections on the bagpipes were played by Pipe-Majors Maclennan and Ferguson, Sergeant Urquhart, and Piper Peter Maclean. The party of singers consisted of—Miss Young, Huntly Street; Miss Alexandrina Macdonald, Armadale Cottage, Greig Street; Miss Jessie Macdonald, Gilbert Street; Miss Maggie Mackintosh, Douglas Row; Miss Maclaren, Drummond; Miss Noble, Lombard Street; and Miss Mary Macrae, Hill Street.

At the close, Mr. D. Sharp, President of the Glasgow Highland Association, expressed pleasure that his first visit to Inverness should be associated with this grand Highland gathering. He now had six years experience of Highland gatherings, having presided at many since the origin of the Glasgow Highland Association, and he could assure them that he had never seen one that pleased him more than the one which he had witnessed that evening. He asked a hearty vote of thanks to all who had contributed to the evening's entertainment—the singers, the dancers, the speakers, the pipers, and the young lady who presided at the piano. (Applause.)

Provost Simpson moved a cordial vote of thanks to Captain Chisholm for his conduct in the chair. Captain Chisholm, like a true Highlander, came ever to the front, and so to-night in the much-regretted and unavoidable absence of their esteemed Chief, he had come to take his old place in the assemblies of the Gaelic Society. He had come to the chair unwillingly certainly, but with the very greatest satisfaction to all who had the pleasure to sit under him. He would not say more in Captain Chisholm's presence, but he would ask for him a very hearty and true Highland cheer. (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman briefly acknowledged the compliment, and, on the suggestion of the Provost, and amid great applause, he played on the pipes "Johnnie Cope" as a parting tune.

The arrangements for the meeting were under the charge of the Secretary. "Not a solitary hitch," says *The Highlander*, "occurred during the evening to mar the proceedings," and altogether everything went off in a most enjoyable manner.

Subjoined is a copy of the programme :—

PART I.

Gaelic Song—"Ho 'n Clo Dubh"—Party.

Address—The Chief.

Scotch Song—"Macgregor's Gathering"—Mr. J. A. Robertson.

Dance—"Highland Fling"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Gaelic Song—"Ochóin a Righ gur a mi tha muladach"—Mr. Donald Graham, Glasgow.

Scotch Song—"Cam' ye by Athole"—Miss Libbie Watt.

New Gaelic Song—"An Gaidheal 'sa Leannan"—Mr. J. A. Robertson.

Gaelic Song—"Oran do Chaiptean Siosal"—le Mairi Nic-Ealair—Party.

Interval of Ten Minutes—Bagpipe Music.

PART II.

Gaelic Song—"Hò-ro Eileanaich ho gú"—Party.

Gaelic Address—Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness.

Scotch Song—"Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad"—Miss Libbie Watt.

Gaelic Solo and Duet—"Ho ró mo Nighean Donn Bhoidheach"—Miss Young and Mr. Robertson.

Dance—"Reel of Tulloch"—Oganaich Ghaidhealach.

Gaelic Song—"Mairi Bhan Dhail-an-Eas"—Mr. Donald Graham.

Scotch Song—"Scots wha hae"—Mr. J. A. Robertson.

Concluding Song—"O theid sinn, theid sinn le sugart agus aoidh"—Party.

6TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

At the meeting on this date, it was resolved to join the Federation of Highland Societies. Mr. Alex. Mackenzie and Mr. William Mackay (whom failing Mr. John Murdoch) were appointed to represent the Society at the Federation Meeting in Glasgow, on 20th November, 1878.

13TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

At this meeting, some discussion took place on the Federation question, with the view of communicating to the delegates the opinion of the Society thereanent.

The prevailing opinion was that the objects of the Federation should be literary and educational, and that politics should be

always avoided; and the delegates were instructed to see that the objects of the Federation should be in no material way out of harmony with the constitution of this Society.

Captain N. Scobie, Fearn, was elected a life member; whilst the following were elected ordinary members:—Miss Cameron, of Innseagan, Fort-William; Captain Cash, adjutant, R. R. V., Dingwall; James Clunes, Nairn; Duncan Sharp, Keppoch Hill, Glasgow; R. A. Macdonald, Ullinish, Skye; A. D. Campbell, Kirkintilloch; Paul Campbell, shoemaker, Bridge Street, Inverness; Geo. Fraser, clerk, Caledonian Bank do.; Murdo Maclennan, carpenter, Shore Street do.; Robert Fergusson, teacher, Raploch, Stirling; Alex. Mackenzie, architect, Glasgow; Charles A. Walker, Ord, Rossshire; Sergeant D. Macpherson, Chapel Street, Inverness; D. Crawford, Otterferry, Tighnabruaich; Angus Mackenzie, Waverley Hotel, Inverness; Alex. Mackay, labourer, Raigmore; Roderick Macdiarmid, teacher, Portnahaven, Islay; P. A. C. Mackenzie, 52 Marquis Road, Camden Square, London; and Roderick Maclennan, 14 Douglas Street, Glasgow.

20TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

Dr. David Tulloch, Helmsdale, and D. Cameron, velocipede maker, Dempster Gardens, Inverness, were elected ordinary members at the meeting on this date.

Some routine business having been transacted, the Secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, read a paper entitled—

LEAVES FROM MY CELTIC PORTFOLIO.

III.*

He said—At the request of several members of the Society, I am to give you to-night a further selection from my Celtic Portfolio. Two series of these papers have already appeared in our Transactions. With these, I have no doubt, all members interested in such matters are already familiar, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to precede the present selection with any introduction further than to say that it is exactly of the same character as the former ones.

In the first series, I gave a fragment of a *Duanag* (page 57), in connection with *togail nan creach*. As I mentioned there, I heard

* For the first and second series of these "Leaves," *vide* Volume VII., pages 52 and 100.

its authorship attributed in the west of Ross-shire to *Alasdair Sgolair*, and in Inverness-shire to *Domhnull Donn Mac Fhir Bhothfhionntainn*. Since the publication of our last Volume, my valued poetical correspondent, Mr. F. D. Macdonell, late of Plockton, writes me from New Zealand, saying that the author is neither of these worthies, but "*Coinneach Dubh Mac Dhon'-'ic-Coinnich*." He at the same time sends me what appears to be a complete copy of the song, which I give along with his prefatory note :—

The authorship of the following *duanag* is attributed by some to *Domhnull Donn*, a contemporary of *Iain Lom ;* but the legitimate author was *Coinneach Dubh*. His sister was grandmother to the famous *Ruaraidh 'n Iomaire*, a gentleman and a scholar, eloquent and ready-witted, and well-versed in the history and genealogy of the Highland Clans, who died at Achamore, Lochalsh, about fifty years ago. The song was composed to gall a certain band of Lochaber *Ceatharnaich*, or cattle-lifters, who on more than one occasion ravaged the folds of some of the author's friends. It may be mentioned here that cattle-lifting in those days was by no means reckoned dishonourable, although sheep-stealing was held infamous, and visited with the utmost severity.

Chorus.—Faodaidh 'fear bhios fuar, falamh,
Cruaidh, smearail, foinnidh, fearail,
Fead a thoirt an cluais balaich,
Mur a bi e réidh ris.

Thoir fios gu taobh thall nan Garbh chrioch,
O 'n 's ni e 'chordas ri 'm mheanmuinn,
Gu'n thoisich taobh tuath na h-Albainn
Air marbhadh a chéile.
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

Fios gu Eoghann, fios gu Ailean,
'S fios gu Domhnull Bàn an Caillich,
Ciod an truaighe 'chum aig bail' iad,
'Sa' ghealach air éiridh ?
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

Clann-a'-Phi agus Clann-Uaraig,
Ciod e 'n aon ni a chum uainn iad ?
'S mi fhein 's Cloinn Liodar nan cuaran
'An guaillibh a chéile.
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

Tha Maolanaich ann an Arcaig,
'S bu mhath gu slaodadh nan creach iad,
'S fhad 's a mhaireas nì aig Cataich,
Cha bhi ac' ach leum air.
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

'Sann mu dha thaobh Baile-Domha
Tha na fir nach faoin ri clomhadh,
'S bheir iad aomadh air na Rothaich,
Fhad 's a gheibhear spreidh aca.
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

Na 'n gabhadh na cruachan ioman
Mar ghabhadh crodh Cille-Chuimein,
Bheireadh sinn air bodaich Mhoraidh,
Gu'm biodh dolaidh béidh orra.
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

Gu 'n mharbhadh bean uasal thapaidh
Ann an tuasaid o chionn seachduin,
'S faodaidh sibhse crodh 'us capuill,
Thoirt dhachaidh 'n a h-éirig.
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

Tha crodh a's eich air an leathad
Aig bodaich nach dean an gleidheadh,
'S mur b 'e dhomhsa bhi mo laidhe,
Dheanainn rathad réidh dhoibh.
Faodaidh 'fear, &c.

I will now present you with two songs of a very different type. They are the composition of John Campbell, Ledaig, Oban—the hero of Professor Blackie's pretty verses, entitled "The House of the Bard." The first pictures to us the Highlander in a distant land, while in the second we have a graphic account of the thoughts that stir his breast as he returns homewards.

AN GAIDHEAL 'AN TIR CHEIN.

Is tric mi cuimhneach air tìr mo dhùthchais,
Air tìr nam beanntan 's nan gleanntan ùrar;
Air tìr nan sgàirnichean àrda, rùisgte,
Nan creagan corrach, 's nan lochan dùghorm.

Air sruthain chaisleach nan caran lùbach,
Ri mire 's gleadhraich feadh bhac is stùchdan ;
No 'ruith gu sàmhach 'sa' ghleannan chiùin ud
'S an doire challtuinn gu teann 'g an dùnadh.

An eidheann dhuallach mar sgàil-bhrat uaine,
'S a' Gheamhradh 's fuaire fo shnuadh a' fàs,
'S i 'dion le 'sgiathan nan àrd-chreag liath ud,
Mar gu 'm b'e h-iarrtas an cumail blàth.

An tonn ri crònan air cladach còmhnard,
Le morbhan bòidheach 'toirt ceol gu réidh ;
No 'g éiridh suas dhuinn le toirm an uamhais,
'S an cath na chuartaig 'g a sguab' do'n speur.

Sud tìr a' chàirdeis 's an d' fhuair mi m' àrach,
Far 'm bheil a' Ghàilig is àillidh fonn,
'S i thogadh m' inntinn 'n uair bhithinn tursach,
'Sa dh' fhàgadh sunndach mo chridhe trom.

Is tric a thionndaidh mi air mo chùlaobh,
'N uair chluinnin dlùth i air sràid nan Gall ;
Mo chridhe dh'éireadh mar aiteal gréine,
'Thoirt sùil a' m' dhéigh dh'fheuch co bhiodh ann.

Is ged a shealladh na Gaill a sios oirnn
'N uair bhitheamaid dìreach o thìr nam beann ;
Fo 'n chairt is suarraiche 's tric a fhuaireas,
Am fiodh is luachmhoire am measg nan crann.

'Si sud an dùthaich a thog na fiùrain,
Bha gaisgeil, cliùiteach, bha iùlmhor, treun,
A sheasadh làidir a dhìon gach càs leinn,
'S gu bràth nach d' fhàilnich an là an fheum.

Tha 'n gaisgeadh ainmeil is tric a dhearbht e,
Air tìr 's air fairge, an cath 's an stri ;
B' iad luchd an fhéilidh gu bràth nach géilleadh,
Fhad 's ruitheadh deur do fhuil réidh nan crìdh'.

'Si 'n fhìor fhuil uasal o thìr nam fuar bheann
A bhiodh 's a' ghruagaich d' an tugainn spéis ;
Té bhruidhneadh blàth rium 's a' chànain àluinn
Bu ro mhath thàthadh ar gràdh r'a chéil'.

'S a chaoidh cha chaochail an tlus tha 'm thaobhsa
Do m' thìr 's do m' dhaoinibh a b' aobhach leam,
'S cha leig air dìchuimhn' gach comhairl' phrìseil,
Thug teachdair dìleas na firinn dhuinn.

A's ged a ruiginn-sa cùl nan Innsean,
'S gach eilean rìomhach 's na tìrean thall :
'S ann ann a' m' dhùthaich a ghuidhean m' ùir bhi
'N uair bhiodh mo shuilean 'g an dùnadh teann.

'S mo chead 's an uair so do thìr nam buadh ud,
'S mo bheannachd buan leis an t-sluagh tha ann,
'S an cliu a fhuair sinn o linn ar sinnsir,
Gu ceann ar crìche nach dealaich ruinn.

AN GAIDHEAL AIR TILLEADH GU 'DHUTHAICH O THIR CHEIN.

O 's iomadh bliadhna 'tha nis air iadhadh—
Mo cheann air liathadh, 's mo chiabhag bàn—
Bho'n laidh mo shuil-s' ort a thir mo dhuthchais,
Is sealladh cùil ghabh bho chùl mo shail !

Na creagan àrda 's gach cnocan àluin,
Tha mar a dh'fhag mi iad air am bonn,
Ach luchd mo ghraidh-sa a chuireadh failt' orm,
Cha'n 'eil an aireamh a nis ach gann.

'N am fardaich fhialaidh, bha tlus is bìadh ann
Do 'n choigreach chianail le thuras sgith ;
'Se feidh a's caoirich tha 'n diugh r'a fhaotuinn,
Is luchd mo ghaoil-sa tha fad o 'n tir.

Is O gur fàsail an diugh gach larach,
'S an robh mo chairdean-sa uile cruinn—
A chuid chaidh fhagail le maoir 's le barluin,
Gu'n d'thug am bas iad gu àite taimh.

Is iomadh àite 's an robh mo thamh-sa,
Is iomadh dùthaich 's an robh mo chuairt,
Ach mar a thearnadh a' ghrian 's an iarmailt,
Mo chridh' bha 'g iarraidh gu tìr mo shluaigh.

Ciod am feum a tha nis dha m' storas,
O ciod an solas a gheibh mi ann,
'S an dream le 'n d' shaoil mi a chaitheadh comhl' riu,
Ochóin mo leònadh tha iad air chall!

O cha'n 'eil dachaidh 'n taobh bhos do 'n bhas dhuinn—
O 's briste an cairdeas tha 'n taobhsa 'n uaigh!
Far an saoil sinn bheil sonas lamh ruinn,
'Se sin an t-aite 'san fhaid' e bhuainn.

Ach Thusa chuidich 'sa chùm a suas mi,
Thug as gach cruaidh-chas mi 'n robh mi 'n sàs
Lub fein mo chridhe gu d' ghradhsa iarraidh,
'S tu 'n caraid sioraidh nach treig gu brath.

I will follow these up with an old Gaelic Love Song. The metre employed, it will be seen, is not one that is used by modern versifiers. I do not know who composed it; but, perhaps, some member of the Society may throw light on the matter.

'S trom leam m' imeachd gach lo,
'S nach imich mi rod d'am beil m' aoidh,
'S nach imich mi rod d' am beil m' aoidh,
Ni 'n gluais mo chridhe mo chom,
Cha togair leam fonn ach caoidh.

Fonn cha tog dh' iom mo sprochd,
Fo gach aon ni ach osna 's deur,
Fo gach aon ni ach osna 's deur,
Ged a tharladh mi 'n diugh fo ghruaim,
Ghabhainn uair le fearas-theud.

Ri teud cha'n eisdear ri m' linn,
Cha bhinn leam aighear ach bron,
Cha bhinn leam aighear ach bron,
Ni 'm beil mo leigheas an dan,
Mur faighear leam trath do phòg.

Do phog mo leigheas a ta,
Na 'm faighinn dhiubh dha no tri,
Na 'm faighinn dhiubh dha no tri,
Od' dheala-bhriot o 'm beurtha buaidh
Cion gu la-luain thug mi.

'S mi gu'm beil ort an deidh,
'Nighean nan reidh rosg mall,
'Nighean nan reidh rosg mall,
'S gur e dh' fhag m' aigneadh an eis
Miad mo dheidh air do chorp seang.

Do chorp seang, mo gradh an t-aoidh,
An te nach labhair maoin a lochd,
An te nach labhair maoin a lochd,
'Bha tuigseach, foighideach, fial,
Cha'n aithnicht' ardan fiarais ort.

Ort mar dhreach lilidh do ghruaidh,
'S maiseach do shnuadh, 's geal do dheud,
'S maiseach do shnuadh, 's geal do dheud,
Do shlios mar eala nan spog.
Beul meachair nach toisich breug.

Breug cha ghluais an te tha ceart,
'S tu mo chraobh fo dhealt 's a' Mhaigh,
'S tu mo chraobh fo dhealt 's a' Mhaigh,
Gur tu m' aighear 's mo chruit-chiuil,
'S mo gheug abhail ur fo bhla.

Do bhla mar chanach an fheoir,
'S tu 'n eala ri ceol a ghnath,
'S tu 'n eala ri ceol a ghnath,
Do shlios mar fhaoileig nan tonn,
O bhonn gu 'mhullach a ta.

Tha thu gun chron cumaidh,
O d' mhullach gu barr do bhroig,
Ailteachd bhan uile,
O d' mhuineal gu barr do mheoir,
Cul fainneach buidhe,
'S do rughadh air dhreach an oir,
Agus deud dhluth, chailceach,
Mar ghrein a lasadh 's na neoil.

Do neul, 's do chumadh,
Thug urram air each gu lom,
Gruaidh chiatach, ruiteach,
Gun eucoir druidte ri d' chom,
Beul beusach, tuigseach,
Mar theudan druidte ri fonn,
Mo ghleus air tuiteam,
'S nach fheud mi uchdach ach trom.

The next verses I will present to you are on the choice of a companion—"*Mo roghainn companaich.*" I neither know their author nor their date ; but their merit entitles them to a corner here :—

Is e so companach an aigh,
An companach a b' aill leam fein ;
Am fear a bheireadh dhomh gu saor,
'S g'an taomainn mach mo chridhe fein.'

Do'n innsinnse gun sgath gun fhiamh,
Gach iomaguin dhian a bhiodh g'am leir,
A bheireadh comhairl' orm le gràdh,
'S ri cach nach labhradh ni mu dhéigh.

Is mor an sonas air gach taobh,
R'a fhaotuin tha 'nar comunn gràidh,
Cha tugain e air glòir an t-sao'il,
'S r'a thaobh tha òr 'na ni gun stà !

Ach o cùm bhuam an teanga fhiar,
Mar lion a dhiadhas air gach taobh ;
S a'n la mo thinn a sgaoil a sgiath,
'Sa dh' fhag mi sniomhta ris gach gaoth.

The following song of exile, with its accompanying narrative, I compile from several sources. The song, according to tradition, is the composition of *Fearchar Mac Iain Oig Mhic-Rath*—Farquhar MacRae, a well known Kintail man.

The circumstances under which the song was composed may be briefly told. Donald MacRae, who was ground-officer or bailiff to Mackenzie of Kintail, about the year 1590, was very severe in exacting the taxes imposed by his master, who, it is said, demanded a tribute of butter and cheese in addition to the rent. He like-

wise expected that the tenants would give him a share, or an equivalent, of the salmon taken in the river Cro; but that additional custom was strenuously opposed, so that Donald was ordered to lose no time in enforcing it. In executing his commission, he went to Achaghark, to the house of Farquhar MacRae, commonly called "*Fearchar Mac Iain Oig*," who happened at the time to be out hunting. Donald took advantage of the man's absence, and carried away a cow, and a copper kettle found in the house. On Farquhar's return, his wife told him of what had occurred, and added, that if he was a man, the bailiff would not encroach on his property. Being after partaking of some whisky, the wife's remarks "raised his blood;" and out he went with his loaded gun, nor did he halt until he got near the bailiff as he was fording the river Connag with the kettle on his back. He took aim, fired the old *musg*, and the bailiff dropped dead in the stream. With Farquhar, it was naturally an exciting moment, and he instantly resolved to leave his house and home. Before leaving, however, he hurried back to tell his wife—*Nighean Dhonnchaidh*, to whom allusion is made in the song—what happened. Addressing her he said—"A bhean gun tùr, thug thu ornsa mo chall a dheanadh. Feumaidh mise teicheadh 'san aithre 'thoir orm fhin. Thoir thusa 'n aithre ort fhein mar a's fhearr a dh' fhaodas tu." It was a sad situation for the wife, but matters could not be helped. Farquhar then fled and did not halt until he reached "*Caolas nam bo*," at the entrance to little Loch Hourn, where the strait intercepted his advance in that direction. A paternal uncle of his was living on the other side of the loch, at a place called Sgiathairidh, and from him he expected to get protection. He shouted for some person to go for him, and his uncle hearing him, addressing his own sons, said—"Eiribh Fhearaibh! Tha Fearchar mac mo bhrathair thallud ag iarraidh an aisidh 's guth fir calla 'na cheann." Farquhar was at once ferried, and in answer to his uncle's enquiries as to what was wrong, he replied that he had killed *Domhnull Mac Dhonnchaidh Mhic Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh nam Fiadh*. "Pugh," said his uncle, "do not mind that, for unless you would kill him, I would kill him myself." Farquhar remained with his uncle for a few months, and then returned to Kintail, where he concealed himself for seven years in a cave in *Coire gorm a' bheallaich*, in Glenlic. He never went out without leaving a copper coin on a stone at the mouth of the cave, imagining that if any person went the way, the coin would be either carried away, or, if handled, left in another position.

It appears that a belief prevailed in Scotland that a man guilty

of homicide, and who evaded the officers of the law for seven years, could not afterwards be punished. I cannot trace any such law anywhere; but old Seanachaidhs to the present day speak of such a law as a matter of fact. But without enquiring whether such a law ever existed, we know that in many cases the Crown was too weak to punish; and that the payment of assythement went a long way to compound for a crime. By this payment the relatives of the dead person would be to some extent satisfied, and in these circumstances a weak Crown could not do much to punish the guilty person. But it is curious that the time should be limited to seven years in the popular estimation; and the presumption is that the matter had its origin in some legal observance. We know that there were many laws and customs rigorously observed by our ancestors which have never been sanctioned by Parliament. Was not every chief a judge among his people, and may not such an unwritten "law" have prevailed in that way? Whatever the origin, the popular opinion was that no man who was brave and clever enough to evade the law for the time stated, should be punished, as such a man was considered an acquisition rather than anything else in those warlike times. The question is interesting, and perhaps some of our members may throw more light on it.

According to tradition, Farquhar lived for seven years among the hills of Kintail, and at the expiry of that period he considered himself a free man, and unexpectedly appeared at a funeral in *Cill Duthaich*, to the great delight of his friends. He had to pay assythement (ransom, or *éirig*) for the bailiff however; but according to the popular belief, no further proceedings could be taken against him. Being taunted by a friend of the bailiff that he was a murderer, Farquhar replied—Ma mharbh mis' e, nach d' ith sibhfhein e?—(If I killed him, have you not eaten him yourselves?) This, of course, alluded to the ransom. Mackenzie would not however forgive Farquhar, and sent a messenger to him saying that he must never again appear before "the high chief of Kintail;" but when the chief made an expedition afterwards to the island of Lews, Farquhar did unknown accompany the army. When they arrived at Poolewe, Mackenzie complained that so few of his men went from Kintail. Whereupon, one of them retorted—"How can we have men when you would not suffer the best man in Kintail to see you?" Mackenzie asked who was he; and being told it was Farquhar, who was as good as twenty men, "I wish," said Mackenzie, "we had him." "If you engage," answered the other, "that you will give him every freedom he had before he killed the bailiff, I do not know but we might get him yet." That being promised, Farquhar was introduced, and he and Mackenzie were reconciled.

After this introduction, I will give you the song which Farquhar is said to have composed during his exile; and which to my mind is well worthy of being here preserved :—

Cha'n e dìreadh na bruthaich,
Dh'fhag ma shiubhal gun treòir.—Cha'n, &c.

No teas ri lath' gréine,
'Nuair a dh'éireadh i òirnn.—No teas, &c.

Laidh a' sneachd so air m' fheusaig,
'Us cha léir dhomh mo bhróg.—Laidh, &c.

'S gann is léir dhomh ni 's fhaisge,
Ceann a bhata tha m' dhorn.—'S gann, &c.

'S e mo thubhailte m' osan,
'S e mo chopan mo bhròg.—'S e mo, &c.

'S e mo thigh mór na creagan,
'S e mo dhaingeann gach fròg.—'S e mo, &c.

Ge do cheannainn am buideal,
Cha'n fhaigh mi cuideachd 'ni òl.—Ge, &c.

'S ged a cheannainn a' seipein,
Cha'n fhaigh mi creideas a stoip.—'S ged, &c.

Ged a dh'fhadainn an teine,
Chi fear foille dheth ceò.—Ged, &c.

'S i do nighean-sa, Dhonnchaidh,
Chuir an iomagain so oirnn.—'S i do, &c.

Té 'g am beil an cùl dualach,
O 'guallainn gu bròig.—Té 'g am, &c.

Té 'g am beil an cùl bachlach,
'S a dhreach mar an t-òr.—Té 'g am, &c.

Dheoin Dia cha bhi gillean,
Riut a' mire 's mi beò.—Dheoin, &c.

'S mor gum b'fhearr dhut mi agad,
Na aon mhac breabadair beò.—'S mor, &c.

Ged nach deanainn dut fidhe,
Bhiodh iasg a's sithionn mu d' bhòrd.—Ged, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's tu 'ghaolach,
Anns an aonach 'm bi 'n ceò.—'S truagh, &c.

Ann am bùthaig bhig bharraich,
'S gun bhi mar rium ach d'fheòil.—Ann, &c.

Agus pàisdean beag leinibh,
A cheileadh ar glòir.—Agus, &c.

'S mi gu snàmhadh an caolas,
Air son faoilteachd do bheòil.—'S mi, &c.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
B'e mo roghainn bhi falbh.—'Nuair, &c.

Leis a' ghunna nach diultadh,
'S leis an fhudar dhu'-ghorm.—Leis, &c.

'Nuair a gheibhinn cead frithe,
O 'n righ 's o 'n iarl' òg.—'Nuair, &c.

Gum biodh fuil an daimh chabraich
'Ruith le altaibh mo dhòrn.—Gum, &c.

Agus fuil a' bhuic bhioraich
'Sior shileadh feadh feòir.—Agus, &c.

Ach 's i do nighean-sa, Dhonnchaidh,
'Chuir an iomagain so òirnn.—Ach, &c.

The following *Rann* was composed by a Macdonald, who lived in Doch-an-fhasaidh, and was addressed to Ronald Macdonald, *alias* Raonul Ghlinn-Turraid. It is a specimen of those verses, or *Raïnn*, common at one time, in which the versifier in expressing some wish, lauds one clan and pays few compliments to another. In the present case, the Mackintoshes and the Campbells come in for the versifier's displeasure. The verses would, no doubt, have provoked the wrath of some members of these clans at that time, and probably called forth similar replies ; but happily Mackintoshes and Campbells will look on them to-day with a smile :—

Na'm bu leats' 'bhiodh an rioghachd
  Bhithinns' ciuuteach á pairt dhi ;
Bhiodh an Fhearsaid a's Innseadh,
  Agam sgrìobhta air paipear—
Eadar Callart 's Bun Nibheis,
  A Mhaoil-chintreradh 's Cor-aluinn,
An Eilean-Treig bhiodh mo dhachaidh
  'S thogainn caisteal 'san Làraig.

Thogaim caisteal 'san Fhearsaid
A chumadh feachd ri am strithe,
Cha bhiodh Toisich sa' Cheapaich
Cha bhiodh Cait ann gu sgriobadh ;
Cha bhiodh piseadh no Camabheul,
Eadar Banbh agus Ile,
'S bhiodh Clann-Domhnuill, na gallain
Anns gach baile gun chìs orr'!

I will now give a *Beannachadh Baird*. The bard was formerly called upon to give a *Beannachadh* as often as the minister is now-a-days ; and numerous are the bard's blessings that are left to us in some form or other. The following blessing was addressed to a bride on the day after her marriage, as she came forth with her maidens from the bridal bed. According to custom she gave a dram to all the bridal party, and in return each member of the party presented her with some article to be of future use, and the bard usually administered his blessing. On the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. Donald MacLeod, minister of Duirinish, Skye (ob. 1760), there was no bard present to bless the bride. The worthy minister, conservative of the manners and customs of his race, was equal to the occasion however, for he readily assumed the position of bard himself, and addressed his bride in the following beautiful lines :—

Mile fàilte dhuit le d' bhréid!
Fad do ré gu'n robh thu slàn !
Moran làithean dhuit a's sith,
Le d' mhaitheas a's le d' ni bhi fàs.

A chulaidh chéutach so chaidh 'suas
'S tric a tharruing buaidh air mnaoi,
Bi sa gu subhailceach, ciallach,
O thiunnsgain thu fein 'san t-srith.

An tùs do chomhraidh, a's tu òg,
An tùs gach lò iarr Rìgh nan dùl,
'S cha'n eagal nach dean thu gu ceart
Gach dearbh-bheachd a bhios 'na d' rùin.

Bì sa fialaidh, ach bi glic,
Bi misneachdail, ach bi stold' ;
Na bi bruidhneach, 's na bi balbh,
Na bi mear, no marbh, 's tu òg.

Bi gleidhteach air do dheadh rùin,
Ach na bi dùinte, 's na bi fuar,
Na labhair air neach gu h-olc,
'S ged labhrar ort na taisbean fuath.

Na bi gearanach fo chrois,
Falbh socair le cupan lan,
Chaoidh d' an olc na tabhair spéis,
'S le do bhréid ort, mile fàilt!

With the following love song by a Glengarry man I will, for the present, conclude :—

Luinneag.—Thug mi 'n oidhche 'n raoir 'san airidh,
Thug mi 'n oidhche 'n raoir 'san airidh,
Cha d' fhuair mi ann bheag a chaoimhneas,
Chionn bhi faoighneach air son Mairi.

'Illean cridhe suidhibh socair,
'Bhean-an-tighe lion am botul,
Faigh an còrn 'san tog sinn tosda,
'S olaidh sinn an deoch air Mairi.

Bean do choltais tha i ainneamh,
Do dha ghruaidh mar chaorr' air mheangan,
Faileadh na su-chraobh dhe d' anail—
Bilean tan' air dhreach na sgàrlaid.

Tha falt sniomhan mu do ghuaillean—
Cha'n 'eil strìth na chumail suas dut;
Gur a boidheach fiabh do chuailein,
Bachlach, dualach, cuachach, fainneach.

Gur a maith 'thig gùn de'n t-sìoda,
Air do phearsa chuimir dhìreach,
Ciochan corrach air uchd min-gheal—
'S chìte dath an fhiou tromh' d' bhraighe.

Tha do dheudach cuimir còmhnard,
'S i mar iobharaidh an òrdugh,
Mala chaol mar ite 'n eoin,
A's chìte 'n comhnaidh fiamh a' ghàir' ort.

Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail éutrom,
Troidh shocair nach dochunn feur—
An àm a' chiùil a bhi ga ghleusadh—
Dh' fhaithnichinn do cheum air chlàraidh.

'S binne liom do ghuth na smeorach
Maduinn Cheitein am bàrr ògain—
Nighean donn nam meall-shuil mòdhar
'S e do chomhradh 'rinn mo thàladh.

Tha thu do dh-fhion fhuil Chlann-Uaraig,
De na fiurain nach robh suarach,
Eadar Lianachan 's na Cluanan,
Bu phailt uair-eigin do chàirdean.

Tha do chairdeas dìleas daingean,
Ri cloinn Dòmhnuill Ghlinne-Garaidh—
'S math a b' aithne dhomh na gallain,
A bha dealaidh dha do mhàthair.

Tha na nighneagan an gruaim rium,
Chionn a mhéud 'sa thug mi luaidh dhut—
Ciamar dh' fhaodas mi toirt fuath dhut,
'S liuthad buaidh a tha 'co-fhàs riut.

'S iomadh caile lachdunn chiarr-dhubh,
'Th'air an lasadh suas le miathlachd,
Bho na chual iad gu'm bheil miagh dhiot,
'S nach toir gille's fhiach a ghradh dhoibh.

Bho na chaidh thu do Dhuneideann
'Chumail comunn ri luchd Beurla,
'S eagal liom gu'n dean thu géilleadh,
'S gu'm faigh fear de 'n treud air laimh thu !

Bho na dh' fhalbh thu moch di-luain bhuainn,
Air a' bhàt' air bharr nan stuaidhean,
Guidheam slàn a h-uile uair dhut,
Bho 'n rinn thu 'n taobh tuath so fhagail !

27TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

Mr. Macdonald, blacksmith, Invergarry, at the meeting held on this date, was elected an ordinary member; and some routine business was transacted.

17TH DECEMBER, 1878.

At this meeting, Mr. Alex. Mackenzie reported that the first meeting of the Federation of Celtic Societies, which was held in Glasgow on 20th November last, was in every way a great success, and he submitted the Constitution of the Federation. The objects of the Federation are these—"The preservation of the Gaelic language and literature; the encouragement of Celtic education in schools and colleges; and generally the promotion of the interests of Highlanders in accordance with the spirit and constitution of the affiliated societies."

24TH DECEMBER, 1878.

At the meeting on this date arrangements were made for the annual dinner of the Society.

SEVENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The Seventh Annual Dinner was held in the Caledonian Hotel, on Tuesday evening, January 14, 1879—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., presided, whilst the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, Inverness, and Mr. John Mackay of Ben Reay acted as croupiers. The chair was supported by Provost Simpson; the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, Kilmorack; Mr. W. Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Mr. Alexander Ross, architect; Mr. Walter Carruthers, Gordonville; and Captain Neil Scobie, Mid-Fearn. Among those present were—

The Rev. Mr. Cameron, Gaelic Church; Dr. Macnee; Dr. F. M. Mackenzie; Mr. Rhind, architect; Mr. Andrew Davidson, sculptor; Mr. W. B. Forsyth, Millburn; Mr. Mackintosh, of Messrs. Mactavish & Mackintosh; Mr. Gunn, of Messrs. Gunn & Grant; Mr. Alex. Macleod, grocer, Bridge Street; Mr. Ross, of the Gas and Water Office; Mr. Shaw, Castle Street; Mr. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine;* Mr. Macraild, writer; Mr. W. G. Stuart, draper, Castle Street; Mr. Watt, Volunteer Arms Hotel; Mr. Ewen C. Mackenzie, Broomhill of Ord; Mr. Hood, commission agent; Mr. Murdo Maclennan, carpenter; Mr. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; Mr. Wallace, rector, High School; Mr. Charles Mackay, carpenter; Mr. J. Macdonald, Buckie; Bailie Noble; Mr.

Rose, late of London; Mr. Macpherson, Moray Firth Steam-shipping Company; Mr. John Macdonald, Exchange; Mr. Donald Campbell, draper; Mr. Macdonald, live stock agent; Mr. Huntly Fraser, Kinmylies; Mr. Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Mr. Macbean, auctioneer; Mr. Couper, Highland Railway; Mr. Deas, of Innes and Mackay, solicitors; Mr. Fraser, C.E.; Mr. John Murdoch, *Highlander* Office; Mr. Whyte, do.; Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, of the *Free Press*, Secretary to the Society; Mr. Wm. Bain, *Inverness Courier;* Mr. James Cameron, Kingsmills Road; Mr. Archibald Chisholm, Sheriff-Clerk Depute; Mr. Urquhart, Sheriff-Clerk's Office, &c.

Apologies for unavoidable absence were received from—

The Earl of Seafield; General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.; Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr. Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Mr. John Mackay, Swansea; Mr. O. H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan, Edinburgh; Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Major Grant, Drumbuie; Mr. J. Chisholm-Gooden, London; Dr. Charles Mackay, Fern Dell, Dorking; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Dr. Stratton, Devonport; Capt. D. P. Macdonald, Invernevis, Fort-William; Mr. Cameron of Clunes; Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, architect, Glasgow; Mr. Robert Fergusson, Rapploch; Mr. Simon Mackenzie, Edinburgh; Mr. Donald Davidson, solicitor, Inverness; Mr. John Macgregor, Invermoriston Hotel; Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr. Charles Fergusson, Kindrogan, Pitlochry; Mr. Alex. Ross, Alness; Mr. Simon Chisholm, Flowerdale, Gairloch; Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park, Inverness; Mr. J. Macdonald, Inland Revenue, London; Rev. A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan; Mr. E. Forsyth, Inverness; Mr. H. Whyte, Glasgow; Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, wine merchant, Inverness; Rev. A. Bisset, Stratherrick; Rev. A. Macrae, Clachan; Dr. Mackenzie of Eileanach; Mr. A. Burgess, Royal Bank, Gairloch; Rev. J. Macpherson, Lairg; Mr. D. Sinclair, Lochalsh; Rev. John Sinclair, Kinlochrannoch; Rev. J. Grant, M.A., Kilmuir; Mr. Jas. Clunas, Nairn; Mr. J. Nicolson, Birmingham; Mr. John Macfarquhar, Inverness; Mr. L. Macbean, Kirkcaldy; Mr. E. Macrae, Braintra; Rev. L. Maclachlan, Tain; Mr. D. Macrae, Ardintoul; Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, solicitor, Dingwall; Mr. Geo. J. Campbell, solicitor, Inverness; Mr. James Mackintosh, India Street, Glasgow; Mr. Roderick Ross, Middlesbro'-on-Tees; Mr. A. Mackenzie, Ardross; Mr. Wm. Mackenzie, factor, Ardross; Mr. A. Mackintosh Shaw, London; Mr. Alpin Chisholm, Inverness; Mr. H. C. Macandrew, Inverness; Mr. H. E. Cameron, Clunes, Lochaber; Mr. W. A. Smith, Manchester; Mr. P. A. Mackin-

tosh, C.E., Bury; Mr. Archibald Cameron, Glenbar; Rev. M. Macgregor, Ferrintosh, &c.

Pipe-Major Maclennan, piper to the Society, played while the guests assembled; and Mr. Menzies, as usual, supplied an excellent dinner. The Rev. Mr. Macgregor said grace, and, dinner over, the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie returned thanks.

The Secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, then read the following telegram which he had received from Mr. John Mackay, Swansea: —"Tapadh leibh a dhaoine mo chridhe! Bithibh dileas, fearail, anns gach cruaidh-chas. Piseach air a' chomunn! Subhachas, sláinte, agus sonus do 'n Ridire!"

The Chairman opened the toast list by proposing in Gaelic the health of Her Majesty the Queen. He next gave the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family, making a brief and suitable reference to the death of the Princess Alice.

The Chairman next proposed very briefly the Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces. Captain Scobie, Highland Rifle Militia, and Captain Ross, Inverness Artillery Volunteers, acknowledged the toast on behalf of the auxiliary forces.

Mr. William Mackenzie, the secretary of the Society, read the Annual Report, which is as follows:—

The regular publication of the Society's Transactions renders a copious report of our doings during the year unnecessary at this time. I will therefore be very brief. Our revenue, including £82 from last year, amounted to £236 7s. 2½d., and our expenditure to £204 6s. 1d., leaving a balance of £32 1s. 1½d. in favour of the Society. I wish to point out that, although the balance in our favour is less than what it was last year, there is no decay on the part of the Society, for, while last year we had to pay for one volume of Transactions (vol. v.), this year we had to pay for two (vols. vi. and vii.)—the publication of two volumes being necessary in order to bring the issue of the Transactions up to date. During the year sixty new members have joined. Much good work has been accomplished by the Society since our last dinner, and that its influence is not confined to the Highlands is amply proved by a review of our last volume of Transactions, in the current number of the *Revue Celtique*, where we are told that "the Gaelic Society of Inverness still continues to maintain the Celtic spirit in Scotland;" and after enlarging on the different works accomplished by the Society during the year, alluding specially to the position of Gaelic in Highland schools, and the Celtic Federation, which is for "defending with greater force the national cause," the reviewer (M. Gaidoz,

a well-known continental littérateur) says—"Nous voudrions que les autres pays celtiques eussent le patriotisme et la ténacité des Ecossais."

The Chairman then gave the toast of the evening, Success to the Gaelic Society. Four years ago, he said, when I had the honour of occupying this chair, I availed myself of the opportunity to recount what this Society had done to fulfil the object of its institution, and to-night, in proposing the toast of the evening, allow me first of all to refer shortly to something of what has taken place in the four years that have since elapsed, for which the Society may take a share of credit. The endowment of the Celtic Chair, then still a matter of uncertainty, has now become an accomplished fact —thanks to the energy of our friend Professor Blackie, but thanks also to the existence of a feeling on which the Professor was able to work, which such societies as ours had done much to create. To our Society also, backed by the efforts of the member for this town, it is due principally, if not entirely, that the Scotch Education Department has recognised the Gaelic language as a fit medium of instruction for Gaelic-speaking children. Then a new magazine, devoted to Highland literature and Highland interests, has been established by your former excellent Secretary, and though it is in no way under our control, it very efficiently promotes some of the objects we have set before us, and it is not, I think, too much to say that the idea of providing such a periodical would never have taken shape but for our Society's existence. Again, only the other day, our Society took a prominent part in promoting a federal union of all the Celtic Societies of the country, by which each of them gains a great accession of strength. In addition to all this, many papers have been published in the Society's Transactions of permanent interest and value; so I may fairly and honestly congratulate you, the Gaelic Society of Inverness, on having maintained an active and useful life. The *Celtic Magazine*, to which I have alluded, is now in its fourth year, and is, I hope and believe, an assured success. It opened its third volume with an essay on "The Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft," which attracted so much observation that our leading Scottish journal thought the public sufficiently interested to make it worth sending a special commissioner to the West Highlands, to report on this abnormal element of society—the West Coast crofter. The Commissioner's letters were of course widely read, and intended to extend the area of discussion. The *Scotsman* itself could see in the croft system only an unmitigated evil; others (like the *Highlander* in this town), could see in it nothing but good; while a third party, admitting

the misery spoken to by the *Celtic Magazine* and the *Scotsman's* commissioner, thought that by legislation (of a character which I fear they did not clearly define to themselves), the crofter's position might be brought back to that of an ideal past, in which I have no doubt they firmly believed. The subject has for the present ceased to be before the public, but differing as I do from the views of all to whom I have referred, I should like to give you my own opinion upon it—if, in doing so, I do not take too great advantage of the position I occupy, and trespass too largely on the time of a social gathering. I am not going to speak of bygone evictions, nor of the middle-class Highland farmers, who have to a large extent disappeared, but of the crofter population, as we now find it on the West Coast and on the islands that border it; a population that lives by manual labour, and whose condition, to be rightly judged of, must be compared with that of unskilled labourers elsewhere in Britain. Now, there may be very little poetry in rising at five, and being at work by six, in labouring ten hours a-day in summer, and from daylight to dark in winter, but the ordinary agricultural labourer finds no hardship in it, neither should the crofter; although (let it be said in passing) he does not, when residing at home on his croft, rise very often at five, or do anything like the amount of an agricultural labourer's work, except perhaps for an odd week or two at seed-time. The hardship of his lot lies not in any toil or slavery to be endured at home, but in the fact that his croft under present conditions does not produce enough to maintain himself and his family, and that day's wages are not to be earned in the neighbourhood. So he has to leave his home for months in order to eke out a livelihood, and being naturally tempted to return whenever he has gathered what he hopes will pull him through the year, he seldom has to spare; while, if work is scarce, or the fishing bad, or the harvest a failure, there may not only be nothing to spare, but there may be absolute want. There is then no question that the West Coast crofter seldom finds himself able to indulge in luxury. If by frugal living he manages just to keep himself out of reach of want, his position is still not one that outsiders are inclined to envy; but it is absolutely certain that, despite the hardships with which he has to contend, not one crofter in ten desires to change his condition, by removing with his family to some other part of the country, where he could have regular employment for twelve months in the year. It is this fact that puts to the rout all theories as to the misery of the crofter. He has miseries, undoubtedly. Who has not? But, on the other hand, it is equally certain that (however invisible they may be to others) he has compensating ad-

vantages which make him prefer his present fate to any other that lies open to him elsewhere. He does not care to forfeit advantages he possesses for others less esteemed by him. If I may so put it, the bad prose of his life is tempered by a poetry which to him makes life more enjoyable than where it is all prose, even of a better kind. Nor let it be supposed that I think his contentment founded on an unsubstantial basis because I speak of it as partly due to sentiment. If, for a time, he has to leave his family, and endure toil and hardship for the rest of the year, he has compensation in being his own master, and in enjoying much more ease than the ordinary labourer does. If he has to live frugally, and sometimes even finds himself stinted, he has, on the other hand, an assured home, surrounded by neighbours whose fathers were his father's neighbours, where the members of his family that have gone out into the world will still occasionally return to gladden his eyes ; a home in which they will maintain him when he is overtaken by age and frailty, and in which he may expect to be succeeded by his sons. And who that knows what sacrifices a labourer will make to keep a cow, and what attachment springs up between every member of his family and the petted animal, but must admit the greater interest that centres in a crofter's home, with its small stocking of cattle and sheep, than in a home which fate has cast in a village garret or in some alley or close of a large town. Whether I am right or wrong in the reasons I thus assign for the crofter's content, this must be accepted as a fact, that for no increase of material plenty, which is within his reach, will he give up his present surroundings, and surely he knows better than his critics what tends most to his own happiness. But I not only maintain on this ground that he is happier where he is at the present time than he would be elsewhere, but further, that his actual condition now is better than ever was that of his predecessors of the same class before, and that his circumstances have improved, and are improving before our eyes in this generation. At what period were persons of the crofter class better off in the Highlands than those that are left there now? Before the time of the Union, the Highlands was a scene of anarchy. The records of the condition of the people in those times are indeed scanty ; but such as they are, they tell chiefly of tribal feuds, of lands harried, of revenges taken, of battle and murder, and sudden death. The prose of life in those days had no doubt a good deal of compensating poetry, but even the West Highland crofter of to-day would not think the compensation sufficient. Passing from those times to the eighteenth century, let me refer to three or four volumes that I doubt not are in the Society's library, from

which a tolerable idea can be gathered of the condition of the population in the Highlands at the time when these books were respectively written. In the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, Martin, a Skyeman, published a book on the Hebrides. It is full of wonders, sorcery, second-sight, and marvellous properties possessed by men, animals, and places in the islands. The one thing that is never described except in passing remarks, is the ordinary condition of the inhabitants. But from these passing remarks we learn something of what that condition was. There was not in Martin's time sufficient food to maintain either the people or their cattle. Of the latter, many, he says, died in winter and spring. He had known particular persons lose above one hundred cows at a time, merely by want of fodder. As for the people, he more than once reports that many of them were forced, for want of subsistence at home, to seek their livelihood in foreign countries. Scarcity is so common apparently that he speaks of it regretfully, no doubt, but without astonishment. At Tiree, he mentions how a flock of bottlenosed whales ran themselves ashore "very seasonably in time of scarcity, for the natives did eat them all." But of the scarcity which reduced the population to such food he makes no further mention. It is a common every-day occurrence, casually referred to in mentioning this wonderful and seasonable supply. Five-and-thirty years after Martin's time we have the very graphic letters of Captain Burt, written from this town. He did not penetrate to the West Coast except at Fort-William, but he tells us a good deal of the inhabitants hereabouts, and between here and Lochaber, and we may be sure their condition was not worse than that of those on the North-west Coasts. Burt tells us that even in the most favourable seasons the country hereabouts produced barely sufficient grain for its own supply, that in other seasons there was a deficiency, and he had known consternation in Inverness for want of oatmeal, when the shipping had been retarded, and he tells how, being once at Fort-William, a poor woman came to the garrison to beg for oatmeal for her starving family, and refused money, because there was no food in the country that could be purchased with it. He had known of as many as 200 horses die of a spring from starvation, in the neighbourhood of Inverness. He was paying himself 4s. a bushel for the oats with which he fed his horse (its present price being only 2s. 4d.), and money was so scarce that the country women who came to the town could not afford the pontage *bodle* (1-6th of a penny), but waded the river up to their middles with heavy burdens on their backs. He says the poverty of the field-labourer was deplorable,

and that the maid-servants at his lodgings got only three half-crowns a-year of wages, and a peck of meal a-week for board, *i.e.*, 1 lb. a-day, which was just the test wage allowed by the Relief Committee during the potato famine in 1847. None of this is set down in ill-nature. He defends the Highlanders from the charge of indolence commonly brought against them. He says he was annoyed by the importunity with which they sought work at a time when he had some doing, and that when they have gained strength from substantial food they work as well as others; and he reflects, "Why should a people be branded with the name of idlers when there is no profitable work for them to do?" With reference to the farms, he mentions that 12 merks Scots (13s. 4d.) was a common rent, and many rents were still smaller, and that when tacksmen held land at a rent of £30 or £40 they frequently or commonly sub-let it again in these small holdings, so you see the smallness of the modern crofter's holdings is nothing new. The poverty of the tenants was such that a portion of arrears had to be wiped off every year, involving to the landlord an average loss of one-fifth of the rental. If we pass over another thirty-five years, we come to the time of Pennant's tour. I must not detain you by any long reference to what he says, but will quote one well-known passage. "Hundreds annually drag through the season a wretched life, and numbers unknown in all parts of the Western Highlands (nothing local is intended) fall beneath the pressure, some of hunger, more of the putrid fever, the epidemic of the coasts originating from unwholesome food, the dire effects of necessity: moral and innocent victims! first finding that place 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'" Pennant's tour was written two years before the outbreak of the American War, and it was not till its conclusion that sheep farming was introduced north of the Grampians, and that the old tenants began to be disturbed in their occupation of the land. Let me refer you further to the Rev. John Buchanan's account of the Long Island, from 1782 to 1790, for an even more melancholy account of the condition of the people. There is not only poverty but oppression, and poverty resulting from oppression. My own ancestors, who were not, I believe, thought bad landlords as times went, all through the last century bound their tenants to deliver to them their saleable cattle at a reasonable price—and I suppose the power of determining what was reasonable when tenants had only five years' tacks lay very much with the laird—and down to the commencement of this century, those tenants living near the coast had to keep fishing gear and boats, proportioned to the size

of their farms and sufficient sub-tenants to work them, and were bound to deliver their fish at a fixed price to a curer who had a contract with the laird. This is a state of things that has absolutely passed away. Such penury and misery as is spoken of by the authors I have quoted is not now to be met with, nor are tenants subjected to such tyrannical obligations as those that formerly existed on the Gairloch property; and I maintain that, in respect of freedom from poverty and oppression, the crofter of to-day is better off than the crofter of the eighteenth century, and in every way is more happily circumstanced than his ancestor of a still earlier time, who was, perhaps, roasted in the Church of Gilchrist, or stifled in the cave of Eigg. And not only this, but coming down from those remote times (our conceptions of which, though true in outline perhaps, are apt to be coloured by our imaginations) to the period covered by our own times, I cannot help saying that the condition of the crofter population on the West Coast with which I come in contact has undergone a vast improvement in the last thirty years, and I think a very visible improvement even in the last ten years. If any one asks me for its sign, let him look at the houses erected now-a-days by crofters, when they find it necessary to renew their habitations, and compare them, if he has reached middle age, with those with which crofters were contented in the days of his boyhood. Or let him observe them going to the East Coast fishing, and see how many tramp it with their bags on their backs, as in days of yore. Even if disappointed in securing a place on the coach, they will turn back and wait for another day rather than walk to the nearest railway station, though their fathers trudged the whole way to Morayshire without a grumble. When I see these signs of progress, I think there is cause for satisfaction, even though the progress has not reached the point that I should wish to see. There are those who make light of the West Highlander's attachment to his home, and who think that, if his material condition were much better than it is, he would still be an incubus to the country. They believe the small farm system to be detrimental to the national interests, since the producer consumes all he produces, and adds nothing to the accumulations of the nation, and they would have all the crofts thrown into large farms, and their tenants drafted off to work for day's wages at some other productive employment. The state of trade at the present time scarcely gives much encouragement to views of this kind. Ten days ago Lord Derby, speaking at Rochdale, made mention of a suggestion that distress might be relieved by inverting this process, and forming small farms out of large ones for the employment of surplus town

populations. It is true he did not speak hopefully of the project, but he thought it an experiment worth trying; and when a statesman of his character thus speaks, I do not think that, for political reasons, we should part with a crofter population which we find existing in contentment, even though its circumstances are poor. The crofter's advancement hitherto has been due to three influences —education, improved means of locomotion and communication, and the general prosperity of Britain. The two first have permitted him to take advantage of the last. He has been enabled to go out into the world and bring home the spoils of labour. But what we really want for him is to have the opportunity of winning those spoils at home. Now, the only industries for which there seems to be any opening on the West Coast are those of fishing and husbandry. The West Highlander is more or less of a fisherman, but is not a successful one. It has been observed that all coast populations that have the advantages of good harbours to which they can easily run for safety make bad seamen; and it is a fact that the Moray Firth fisherman, partly no doubt from his better material, but still more from his energy and hardihood, will go to the West Coast fishing and catch there three times as much as the natives do. I am therefore rather hopeless of ever making the fishing on the West Coast a sound native industry, and I place more reliance on husbandry. It has been stated in the *Celtic Magazine*, and stated, I believe, correctly, that as at present cultivated a four-acre croft in the West Highlands does not produce more than two bolls of meal and twelve of potatoes. There is evidently room here for great improvement, for such returns would not pay the cost of cultivation on a large arable farm. If you look on this side of the watershed you see that the Highlander is quite capable of adopting the new and improved forms of agriculture which he sees in practice around him, and I believe these improvements will extend to the West in time. At present the invincible force of habit leads the West Coast crofter to follow the system of cultivation inherited from his father, but with the increase of education and of intercourse with the world, we may expect local customs will obtain a less domineering influence. Certain it is that if his idle hours in winter were spent in draining his croft and loosening its subsoil, he might have three times the return from it he now has. Four acres properly cultivated, with the rights of common pasturage he possesses, would give him a bare subsistence: to make him comfortable he should have six or eight arable acres. And no doubt in the circumstances I assume he would soon come to have that. With the increased value arable land would then

possess he would be glad to reclaim more from its native state with a little encouragement from the laird. If there were no subject fit for reclamation, and the country was really over-populated, the spread of education and facilities of locomotion would tend to thin the population to its proper limits; but the crofters' home is so much more attractive than that of others in the same class of life, that I do not think any such voluntary emigration would likely take place as would lead to the abandonment of the crofting system. Thus I not only see progress in the past and in the present, but am able to look forward with hope to the future. You will observe that though I speak of a hopeful future, I do so without looking to Parliament for its aid. To tell the truth, I never could understand in what way Parliamentary action could be beneficial. Parliament does not undertake to distribute private property except when a man dies intestate, and it has ceased to subsidise particular industries out of the general funds of the nation. Some changes in the land laws are looked forward to, but, on the whole, I think these changes would rather tend to the doing away with small farms altogether than to the amelioration of the condition of the small farmer. The future of the crofter is, I take it mainly, in his own hands and in those of his landlord, but especially in his own. Public opinion may indeed act as a bar to harsh actions on the part of the landlord, and as an incentive to increased exertion on the part of a more enlightened generation of crofters accessible to its influence, but that is all the outside help which the crofter is, I think, likely to get. As the judicious exponent of public opinion, this Society may be able to befriend him. If it can assist him in any other way to which I am blind, none would rejoice more than I. Time forbids me to enter on the question of croft tenure, as indeed, I owe you an apology for the length at which I have already spoken, and I will not detain you further than to express my hope and my confidence that the Gaelic Society of Inverness will always maintain as warm an interest in the people of the West Highlands as in the language and literature of their inheritance, and will so continue to secure the adherence, attachment, and support of all true Highlanders.

The toast was then drunk with great enthusiasm.

The Rev. Mr. Macgregor, who was greeted with loud applause, said—Is i an Deoch-slainte a chuireadh 'nam lamhaibh an nochd—" Deoch-slainte nan Uaislean sin a tha air an sonrachadh gu bhi 'nam Buill ann an Ard-Chomhairle na Rioghachd air son gach Siorrachd agus Baile Rioghail ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba." Tha na Buill sin lionmhor, moran diubh ann an ard-inbh, gu leir

cliu-thoilltinneach, agus airidh air deagh-dhurachd a' Chomuinn so ; —ach air domhsa a bhi gun eolas agam ach air triuir diubh a mhain, cha'n ainmich mi fa leth ach iadsan na'n aonar—eadhon iadsan a tha 'nam Buill air son Siorrachd Rois, Siorrachd Inbhirnis, Baile Inbhirnis agus na Frith-Bhailte Rioghail a tha dluth-cheangailte ris. Toisichidh mi le Siorrachd Rois, thairis air am bheil Alasdair Mac-Mhathain na Bhall dhe 'n Pharlamaid, mar a bha e air na Bailtibh so an toiseach. Tha sinn uile fad, fad an comain a' Mhathanaich shuairce agus fhad-cheannach ! Mar b' e esan, cha bhiodh an t-Each-iaruinn a' sitrich gach maduinn, agus meadhon latha agus feasgair, troimh ar sraidean air a steud-thurasaibh luaineach gu deas agus tuath—gu Baile-Dheorsa, an t-Eilean Sgiathanach, agus bailte na h-airde-tuath,—agus air tionndadh dha gu deas, leumaidh e thar gach creag agus corrach-bheann, gus an ruig e comhnardan Baile Pheairt ! Is iongantach an creutair an t-Each-iaruinn ! Cha'n iarr e ach druthag uisge, agus gealbhan teine, agus an sin ruithidh e mar a' ghaoth fein ! Is e am Mathanach mor 'na ghliocas, a' shuidhich tuineachas agus dachaidh an Eich-iaruinn 's a Bhaile so. Mar b' e gu'n do ghlac e am fath—gu'n do bhuail e an t-iarunn an uair a bha e teth,—agus gu'n do ghreas e cuisean air an aghaidh le 'cheann agus le 'chuid (agus is mor iad le cheile), cha chluinneamaid gleadhraich nan ceardaichean agus nam buthan lionmhor sin 's a Bhaile so, far am bheil na ceudan a' faotuinn obair agus teachd-an-tir, agus far am bheil gach feumalachd air a' dheasachadh a dh' iarras na slighean-iaruinn ! Is iongantach na ceardaichean iad sin ! Tha gach inneal agus udalan, gach cnag agus slat, gach dul agus dealg, gach rothan agus mul, air an dealbhadh leis an luchd-ealaidh dhe gach gne, agus cha'n fhaicear anns na ceardaichibh sin a thall 's a bhos ach gach obair-innealta agus ealanta, cuibhlean, ruidhlean, rothlairean, luidheirean, agus cearcaill dhe gach meud ! Is e am Mathanach ceudna a dh' ath-uraich taobhan-iar na h-aibhne againn le roidibh, sraidibh, agus aitreibhean lionmhor a chumadh agus a thogail. Is airidh esan air deagh-run na cuideachd so. Dh' ainmichinn a nis am Ball uasal sin a thaghadh air son ar siorrachd fein—eadhon Lochiall, duin-uasal, suairce, ceanalta, deas-bhriathrach, agus aigeantach, le bhreacan-an-fheile ! Thainig e o shinnsear a bha gaisgeil agus treun ann an tuasaidibh nam Fineachan, co maith 'sann an dionadh na Rioghacd. Bha e 'gabhail suim 'sa Pharlamaid 'san am, do na reachdaibh a rinneadh a thaobh nan sgoilean ura a shuidhicheadh 'nar tir, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach robh e furachair air cuisibh eile adhartachadh ; ach tha duil aig an *Ard-Albannach* nach d' rinn Lochiall idir na dh' fheudadh e air son leas nan Gaidheal agus na Gaidhealtachd ; ach

biodh sin mar a dh' fheudas, bheir sinne guth maith do Cheann-cinnidh nan Camshronach, le bhi 'guidhe dha saoghal fad agus deagh bheatha. Ach, "gach dileas gu deireadh," dh' ainnmichinn a nis Tearlach coir againn fein ; ach gabhaibh mo leisgeul, cha deanainn ach smal a chur air a bhuaidhibh tarbhach le bhi toiseachadh air an aithris. Tha sibh uile eolach orra, agus cha chomas domhsa an luaidh. Togaidh a' Ghailig agus na Gaidheil fiannis air a threubh-antas. Tha Clachnacudainn fathast a' fuaim le h-iolach-gaire a' mhor chuideachd a chuir urram air o chionn uine nach fada air ais agus is airidh e air deagh-mheas a' Chomuinn so, dhe 'm bheil e 'na phriomh-bhall urramach, agus tlachd-eridhe mhuinntir nam Bailtean sin, air son am bheil e 'seasamh ann an Ard-chomhairle na Rioghachd. Ach cluinnibh mi, ann an aon fhocal eile m'an co'-dhuin mi ; agus 'se sin, gu'm bheil mi'n dochas gu'n d' thig an la anns am bi ar caraid uasal, ionmhuinn, cinneadail fein an Ridir Coinneach Ghearrloch, (a tha aig ceann a' bhuird an nochd) 'na Bhall ann am Parlamaid na Rioghachd air son cearnaidh air chor-eigin 'nar tir ! Ochan 'se dheanadh an gaire-mor ri sin an *Ceilteach*, seadh, agus an *t-Ard-Albannach* mar an ceudna, ged nach ann de shliochd 'nan cabar e :—ach dheanamaid uile e, oir e'ait am bheil uasal ni's airidh na esan air urram, agus ni's freagarraiche na e, chum dleas'-nais na dreuchda sin a cho'-lionadh ? Leis gach iolach agus urram 'nar comus, olamaid Deoch Slainte nan Uaislean sin a tha air an sonrachadh gu bhi 'nam Buill ann an Ard-chomhairle na Rioghachd, air son gach Siorrachd agus Baile Rioghail ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba.

Mr. Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, proposed the next toast. He said—Unfortunately, our country—"Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach"—is at present under a cloud, the like of which has not darkened the land within the memory of man. On the beautiful notes of the Caledonian Bank are engraved the very words of our toast—"Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach" —shewing that the institution is peculiarly a Highland one, and that its founders, who adopted that motto, loved our bens and glens, and the people who inhabited them—and well were the best interests of the Highlands kept in view by the Bank. I have recently had occasion to read the minutes of the Company, and the annual reports of the Directors from 1838 (when the Bank was established) until 1878, when it suspended business, and I was much struck with the uniform anxiety of the Directors and officials from the first to the last to encourage trade in the Highlands, and to give every legitimate assistance to Highland farmers, large and small. The advantages of this policy were mutual, and it is due to those

who managed the Bank that we should acknowledge that while they did give such liberal encouragement and assistance, the management of the Bank attained a position in the confidence of the public second to none in the kingdom. But all that is changed. The institution which has for forty years been the pride and the boon of our country has been rudely shaken. Its beautiful notes with their picture of our Highland capital are even already hardly to be seen, those little banners with their proud legend of "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach" are laid low, and that too by the hand of the Saxon. Glasgow two centuries ago had unpleasant experiences of the tender mercies of the Highland host. It has now had a fell if a tardy revenge. And here I may refer to the fact that the three Celtic corners of the kingdom are at present similarly afflicted. First, our Highland Bank suspended, then the Bank of South Wales closed its doors; and now the Cornish Bank has followed suit. I am not to enlarge upon this coincidence, I only mention it as a remarkable one. Well, the horizon is dark, but we must not be discouraged. The Highlands—"Tir nam Beann"—will survive this catastrophe as it has done former disasters. We are are all agreed that if our country is to prosper as it has hitherto done, we must have a local bank. Upon this point all who are interested in the fate of the Caledonian are united—directors, officials, shareholders, and customers. But upon the question how this end is to be attained, there are, I am sorry to say, serious differences of opinion. Where so many older and more experienced men are endeavouring to point out the true path, I will not presume to raise my hand; but this you will allow me to say—that if those interested in the Caledonian Bank are to get out of their present difficulties it is not by each of them adopting a course of his own, and insisting that his is the only true course. We must cease to impute sinister motives to, and make groundless accusations against, those to whom to a large extent we owe the high position the Bank occupied until the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank, those who had nothing to gain but everything to lose by the death of the Caledonian; and finally, we must no longer allow ourselves to be tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine that may appear in print.

Mr. John Macdonald, Exchange, who was called on to respond, said the references of the last speaker to their local disaster were calculated to cast a gloom over their otherwise pleasant meeting. He trusted, however, that the cloud of distress at present hanging over the Highlands would soon pass away. But the circumstances of the people of the north were by no means so gloomy and dis-

tressing as in other parts of the country, where hundreds could not obtain work and were being fed by common charity. There was every reason, indeed, to be hopeful; and when they looked back to the times referred to by their excellent Chairman, in his able and exhaustive address, they might well consider they were not so badly off after all, and that as in the past they would successfully emerge from all their present troubles. As Sir Kenneth had said, much depended on their lairds, but very much on the Highlanders themselves. When it was known what could be produced in various branches of industry under the most disadvantageous circumstances, the Highland people did not stand in the most favourable contrast. A good deal of the spare time of the Highland crofter—for it was well known he had much time on his hand turned to little or no account—might be devoted to the production of various useful articles of handicraft, such as were produced in the south in blind asylums and other similar institutions, by people who had only the use of one-half of their limbs and faculties. He by no means meant that the Highlanders were in the same condition as such people; what he meant to convey was that the Highland crofter had better physical and mental ability at present lying dormant, and plenty time at his disposal to turn it to practical account. The public press could not do better in this part of the country than earnestly urge upon Highlanders to imitate those who made the most of their time by engaging in honest and profitable labour.

Mr. Mackay of Ben Reay proposed the next toast. He said—Sir Kenneth and gentlemen,—The Council of the Society made a great mistake when they selected me to propose the toast of the Celtic Language, Celtic Literature, and the Celtic Chair. A man who has for his motto as I have, "with a strong hand," is not likely to be a man of many words. I am a man of few words, so it was cruel to insist that I should propose three toasts in one for the language, the literature, and the chair—each being itself worthy of a separate speech. However, it is with great pleasure that I put the tri-une toast before you, and its importance will, I am certain, ensure for it an enthusiastic reception. It is unnecessary that I should say a word by way of commending the language, for it is the mother tongue of most of us, and of course will carry with it feelings of affection, sympathy, and warm-heartedness, which it is impossible to convey through any other channel. The influence of the language which we have spoken in our youth is proverbial; and any one who has sojourned in a foreign country, or lived in a distant colony, must know how a word or a phrase that he has not heard since he left his home in the old fatherland, sends a thrill of emotion

through him that no other influence can produce. I have felt it myself, and seen its workings in others, when thousands of miles away from the hills and glens of old Scotland. The Celtic language, and especially our branch of it—the Scoto-Gaelic—being peculiarly one of poetry, and of the affections, and highly expressive, clings perhaps with greater tenderness in the feelings of those who speak it than any other. Take away the language (and I may also say the dress) of a people, and you denationalise that people at once. And yet I have heard many a one say that Gaelic is of no value, and that it would do better if it were numbered among the tongues of the past; but a language that is the vehicle of communication among upwards of 300,000 of the people of Scotland, is surely of some account, and worthy of the serious consideration of every well-wisher of his country. Depend upon it, if you ever see a Highlander ashamed of his Gaelic, give him a wide berth; he is not to be trusted! I am not going to attempt to give you a history of the language, but shall say that of its antiquity there can be no doubt; and the fact that the key to the meaning of the names of places all over Scotland, and also to some extent in England, is to be found in the Gaelic, is surely a very good reason why we should wish to preserve it. "The Gaelic Topography of Scotland," a valuable work by Colonel Robertson, is sufficient in itself to satisfy even the most sceptical on this point. Colonel Robertson says:—"As to the present Highlanders' language, let the intelligent reader duly weigh and consider the fact of the numerous river names in England and Scotland. . . . The etymology of each can only with truth be assigned to the Gaelic language of the Highlanders. . . . When these facts are duly weighed and considered, it may be seen that it is a truth which cannot be controverted . . . that the present Gaelic language of the Highlanders is identical with the Gaelic names of all places in every part of Scotland and the islands, and that their language is thereby unquestionably the same as that of the Caledonians, by whom alone all the original Gaelic names of places were given, particularly those of the numerous mountains, rivers, lakes, valleys, islands, &c., &c., throughout the whole extent of Scotland." From the language to the literature of the Gael is an easy and a natural step. I was asked by a visitor the other day if the Highlanders really had a literature, when, as an answer, I took from my book-shelves a copy of Reid's "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica," and said—"Look at that. There is a list of the Scottish-Gaelic books which were known to be in existence fifty years ago;" and my friend was surprised at their number. It is true that, with the exception of poetry, most of the

works are translations; yet the whole forms a valuable collection, and numbers 170 separate works. But Reid's list was compiled at a time when but little attention was paid to Gaelic literature. "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" had not been published; "The Book of the Dean of Lismore" was unknown; and I doubt even if that most indefatigable of collectors, J. F. Campbell of Islay, had been born. Mr. Campbell, as you all know, gave us some years ago his four interesting volumes of "West Highland Tales," and more recently that extraordinary and valuable collection of Heroic Ballads, orally collected by himself and those who assisted him. I mean "Leabhar na Feinne." That volume contains a mass of poetic literature of which any nation may be proud. I may also refer to "The Gaelic Etymology of the English Language," by Dr. Charles Mackay, and however opinions may differ as to some of his derivations, it is a volume that shows an amount of research and patient investigation that merits our warmest thanks; and, as a help in philological study, it is of the highest value. I need not notice the many pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers which have been attempted in Gaelic. Somehow or other they have not been successful. The Welsh, on the other hand, either because they are more enthusiastic in their Celtic fire than we are, or from some other cause which I cannot explain, support newspapers in their mother tongue, which, apparently, we cannot. Still, in Inverness, we have the *Highlander* and the *Celtic Magazine*, for both of which we are thankful. I will not refer to the many books, either in Irish or Welsh, although the former is so closely allied, but will merely say that Irish Gaelic has received a stimulus that is likely to bring within reach of those who wish to read them, copies of nearly all the valuable manuscripts in that branch of the language. But to appreciate the literature it is necessary that we should be able to read the language, for it is a painful fact that of the many thousands who speak Gaelic very few can read it. Reid, in the introduction to his "Bibliotheca-Scoto-Celtica," to which I have already referred, wrote in 1832 as follows:—"At the present moment, although great exertions are making by many distinguished friends of Celtic literature to perpetuate the language . . . . yet they have to contend with opponents to which they can offer but trifling resistance. The steamboats and stage-coaches which are now visiting the Highlands do more in one season to chase away the Gaelic than all the combined powers of those who are labouring in its behalf could remedy in twenty years. The listlessness evinced by many of the Highland clergy to the study of the Gaelic language is another powerful reason for its . . . decline. These gentle-

men could do more for the cause of Gaelic literature than any other class, if they cared much about it. . . . They could fan its expiring spark by patronising the simple and primitive laity in their parishes who evince an ardour in its cultivation. They could strongly recommend its being learned at school by the children of their parishioners, but this, we are sorry to say, is not done." Now, what Reid, in the quotation I have just read, says of the clergy in 1832 is applicable, I fear, to a great many of them in 1879. But what I am surprised at is that the School Boards in the Highlands seem to take very little interest in promoting the knowledge of Gaelic. At the meeting of the Edinburgh Sutherland Association, held last week, I noticed that the Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan referred to this want of interest with great regret. After the efforts which were made, and successfully, to get Gaelic placed in the School lists, I think that our Society should keep the matter before the School Boards, so that not only, as Dr. Maclauchlan expressed it, might Highlanders be able to read the Bible in their own language, but also that they may read these glorious old ballads and songs which tell of the heroes of ancient days, and which invariably have a moral lesson on the side of truth and virtue! What can I say about the Chair? Only this, that as we have a language and a literature we require a Chair in which to install a Professor, to explain the structure of the one and the beauties of the other. The establishment of that Chair is now an accomplished fact, and if the year 1878 will in after ages be spoken of as a black year for Scotland (and after all the recent disasters I fear it will), then I hope that 1879 will be a red letter year for the Highlands of Scotland, because in it was founded, and the first Professor appointed to the Chair of Celtic Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Professor Blackie stated last week that he was only short £170 to complete his £12,000, and that he would have it within the next three months. Three cheers then for the worthy Professor, for we owe a debt of gratitude to him which can never be repaid. Since coming into this room I have been handed a letter from my namesake of Swansea, in which he says he has sent an additional sum of £50 to Blackie, as a contribution to the chair from friends in South Wales, and now he says he and his friends are going to raise money to found bursaries. I call then also for three cheers for John Mackay of Swansea, the President of our Society. I couple the toast with the name of Mr. John Whyte, *Highlander* Office.

Mr John Whyte, in replying, after some preliminary remarks, said—To go into any elaborate line of proof to show that we have a literature were as unnecessary as it would be impertinent at a

gathering of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. We have a pretty extensive, and, as testified even by those who only taste of it through the medium of translation, a most valuable heritage of written literature handed down to us from the past. And there falls to be added to this the vast treasures of that field which is but just entered upon—I mean that of our unwritten literature. Of the labours of the workers in this department it would take me too much time to speak—aye even to mention their names. You have not a few of them present here this evening. Then there is the great and very successful work that is being done by the societies both in Ireland and America, for the preservation of the Irish language. I am sure we all wish them prosperity in their undertaking, for there can be no denying that their language and ours are all but identical, and that had their relationship and ours in other respects been more cordial and friendly and co-operative in the past, as we hope they may be in the future—may I not say as we hope to *make* them in the future—we should have been less likely to have allowed ourselves to suppose that a whole hemisphere of difference existed between them and us in language and race and sentiment. Henceforth let it be our endeavour to make common interest with them and say, "Let there be no strife between me and thee, for we be brethren." Another great branch of our Celtic Literature which I am glad to see is receiving more intelligent consideration than it did in times past, and one which is sure to prove a most opulent field for the explorer, is that of our Celtic music. I am sorry that I can only say our secular music, for unfortunately, and from causes very much beyond our control, our ecclesiastical music in the Highlands is in a condition that is very far from creditable and satisfactory. Our secular song has been of late receiving the attention of our musicians and of others interested in the matter. Our magazines, notably the late *Gael* and the *Celtic Magazine*, as well as the *Highlander*, have been doing good work in the direction of rescuing and preserving some of our lyric songs and tunes, which are in danger of being lost. The other day I had the pleasure of seeing the first two numbers of a new musical periodical called *The Thistle*, edited by Mr Colin Brown, the Euing Lecturer on Music in the Andersonian University, Glasgow, a true Highlander, and one eminently qualified to enter intelligently and scientifically into the subject. The numbers which I have seen are most interesting to us as Highlanders, and I am sure the work will prove one of great value. Thus you see that from our great Archbishop Blackie, at the head of our Celtic Hierarchy, down to the lowest curate, the Celtic hive is all in motion, and it only

remains for us individually and as societies to do all we can to assist in the good work.

The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, Kilmorack, who on rising was very cordially received, said—I have the honour to ask you to join me in the expression of our cordial good-will towards the other societies which are federated with our own. Let me remark at the outset that these societies constitute a cheering fact and a great power, and the greater the power the more important it is that it should be wisely directed and strenuously exercised. Far be it from me to cast any reflection upon those societies in general or upon our own in particular. On the contrary, I readily admit the right of the members of this Society—the only one with whose work I am acquainted—to congratulate themselves on the growing value and variety of their papers from year to year. Still I cannot but regret that the language itself, in anything like a wide and philological sense, receives but comparatively little attention, more especially as every question more interesting than another is as yet quite undetermined. If you ask how old is it? you get the most vague and even contradictory answers. If you ask where is its primeval seat? some answer the west of Europe, while some with greater reason regard it as the primeval language of all Europe, and of a large portion of Asia besides. And if you ask how does it stand in relation to the other ancient tongues? still the same doubt; some linguists admitting that it along with these languages are daughters of a now dead mother, while others—at the least one other—are prepared to maintain that in its oldest or topographical form it is itself the mother—the living mother, the veritable *Alma Mater* of all the Aryan tongues, Sanscrit itself not excepted. I have been occupied of late in going over Bopp's Sanscrit roots, and I have come to form a strong opinion that in everything that constitutes oldness, Gaelic in its oldest form is indefinitely older than this pet language of modern linguists. Now I am very sure that all these points shall ultimately be determined, and it is because we have the materials in our hands as others have not for their determination, that I would earnestly urge upon this and the other federated societies the propriety of devoting their main strength to the cultivation of the language itself in the wide view that I have indicated. As to the mode of doing this I would be far from recommending anything that might seem repressive or restrictive. The division of labour is now acknowledged in every department of enquiry. Every man gets on best when he is permitted to choose the line for which he has special aptitude. By all means let your gifted and versatile member, "Nether Lochaber,"

continue to lead his detachment, as he has done to such good purpose, in the line of proverb and poetry. And let Mr Ferguson continue his investigation into the terms of natural history, taking up animal and vegetable life, and others equally capable and earnest in their own departments. But I feel confident that there are in all the societies young members possessed of linguistic faculty, and eager for its cultivation, and let me assure them, as the result of long and arduous study in this same field, that acquaintance with the Celtic dialects, earlier and later, is of inestimable value as the basis of Aryan philology. Finally, there are three lines of operation which I can only mention. (1.) By a cautious etymology to resolve compound words into their component parts, and having obtained their simplest vocable or root words, then endeavour to determine their original forms. Yes, there is no greater mistake than to imagine that Gaelic is now as it once was. It has undergone immense changes, so that three steps of abrasions are clearly traceable. (2.) Once having determined these simple roots and their primeval forms, you are in a condition to prove by evidence that cannot be controverted, the title of our venerable Gaelic to rank as the oldest member of all the Aryan tongues. (3.) Then you can turn to the record of Topography, and may behold in every country in Europe, and in by far the greatest portion of Asia, in thousands and tens of thousands of expressions, the indelible proof of primeval occupancy by a Gaelic speaking race. I speak advisedly when I say that "Bad" (locality); "Bagh" (bay); "Baile" (town); "Cala" (harbour); "Ceann" (head); "Dail" (dale); "Dun" (town), and numbers besides are as rife in Asia as in our own country. I have great pleasure in proposing "The Federation of Celtic Societies," coupling the toast with the name of Mr Colin Chisholm.

Mr. Colin Chisholm, in responding, said that had there been such a combination of men of knowledge and of intellect inaugurated at the beginning of the present century certain portions of the Highlands could not be such miserable wrecks as they now are, without men, means, or enterprise. And he earnestly hoped that this organization, of hitherto detached forces, would, with hope, intelligence, and courage, lead the various Highland societies onward in the great work of social and physical improvement, so much needed in the land. Mr. Chisholm concluded amidst great applause with the following new Gaelic song in honour of the chairman :—

CHORUS—Gu'm bu slan do dheadh Shir Coinneach,
Sheas e 'choinneamh mar a b' abhaist,
Cridheil, uasal, eolach, cliuiteach,
Mar cheann-iuil do Chlann nan Gaidheal.

Ochd ceud deug, naoi deug 's tri fichead,
Sin a' bhliadhna 's math leinn aireamh,
Fhuair sinn urram bho Shir Coinneach,
'N gaisgeach foinnidh 's Triath air Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Iuchair-ghliocais an taobh tuath so,
Gu'm a buan an t-urram dhasa,
Ceann na ceille, steidh nam buadhan—
Deadh Shir Coinneach uasal Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Cha'n 'eil Goill aige dha 'n arach,
'S iad na Gaidheil fhein bu chinntich,
Sheas iad cruadalach ro dhileas
Le craobh-shinnsridh Oighre Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Tha gach tighearn' a's duin'-uasal,
'S an taobh tuath gu leir ag ratainn,
Nach eil uachdaran cho buadhach
Ri Sir Coinneach uasal Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Tha gach oganach 's gach buachaill,
Tha gach tuathanach 's gach armunn,
Deas gu eiridh, calamh, uallach,
Mar bu dual do mhuinntir Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

'S mairg a dhuisgeadh anns an uair sin
Aobhar gruaim no culaidh thaire ;
'S grad a chiosaichte gach fuathas
Le Clann Eachainn Ruaidh á Ghearrloch.
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

Fhad 'sa ruitheas uisg a fuaran,
Fhad 'sa ghluaiseas tonn air saile,
Gus an traigh na h-eoin na cuaintean,
Gu'n robh buaidh air teaghlach Ghearrloch!
Gu'm bu slan, &c.

The next toast was "The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness," proposed by Mr. Ross, architect, and responded to by Bailie Noble in the absence of the Provost, who had been called away.

Mr. Jolly looked upon it as a compliment to have been asked to propose the toast of "The Non-resident Members," for it showed that they considered him, though no Highlander in blood, one in Highland sentiment and feeling. He classed the Non-resident Members as expatriated Highlanders who carried with them an ardent love of their country, and who had laboured for the good and credit of their country and race—men like the chief of the Society; and (2) men of other nationalities, who, like himself (Mr. J.), had a strong admiration for the Celtic character, and desired the real good of the race. The Highlandman was always proud and happy to cherish his native sympathies and to carry a true Highland heart even under the burning tropics, and, though born abroad, still to feel the nobler and braver that his fathers had planted their feet on their native heather, and in many a noble story had borne a noble part. Who had helped most earnestly and most substantially their successful founding of the Celtic Chair, under their late chief, Professor Blackie? The non-resident Highlanders. Who desired the regeneration of the Highland people, and the development in them of true self-dependence, true self-respect, and true self-assertion? The non-resident Highlanders. Who, in short, were their truest friends in heart, hand, and pocket in all their best endeavours as Highland men? These same distant friends, distant only in space, not in spirit. There was something especially ardent in the love of an absent mountaineer for his native glens. Many things contributed to produce higher devotion, and not least the rare beauty of the land itself. But the second class of non-resident members deserved to be specially remembered on such an occasion, the non-Highland members of the Society. They were one great element of their strength, a worthy strong right arm. It was the best proof of the righteousness of their position and demands that they had so many non-Highland members, willing and able to sympathise with and help them. That showed that the work in which they were engaged was not merely sectional, but national, and that the

country was becoming alive to the importance of the questions which their Society represented. The Highlanders required, and were beginning to realise the importance of self-help, to cherish a spirit of self-dependence, to look into the riches of their own tongue, and to use it for the best advantage; to investigate the conditions of their whole well-being, and to endeavour so to act as to make themselves independent and happy amidst their beautiful glens and bens.

Captain Scobie briefly acknowledged the toast.

The other toasts were The Clergy, by Mr. Donald Campbell, and acknowledged by the Rev. Mr. Macgregor; The Press, by Bailie Noble; The Chairman, who was pledged with Highland honours and great cheering, by Mr. Walter Carruthers; and The Croupiers, by Mr. John Macdonald, Buckie.

In course of the evening songs were given by Mr. Mackay of Ben Reay, Mr. John Whyte, Mr. W. G. Stuart, and Mr. Jolly. Altogether the dinner was a great success.

29TH JANUARY, 1879.

At this meeting the thanks of the Society were awarded to Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, for the manner in which he presided at the last Annual Dinner of the Society; and the office-bearers for the year were then nominated.

5TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

The office-bearers for the year were elected at the meeting on this date. Their names will be found on another page.

12TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

Some routine business having been transacted, Mr. Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, read the following paper on

THE MONKS OF IONA.

History records that St. Columba, the pious founder of the Monks of Iona, was born at Gartlan, in Donegal, in the year of our Lord 521. It is stated that he was of royal pedigree, both by paternal and maternal descent. His father was one of the eight sons of O'Neil of the nine hostages, supreme monarch of all Ireland, and his mother was a daughter of the Royal House of Leinster. According to some Irish writers, his proper name was Corinthian, but

was called by his companions Columan, or Dove. From his attachment to the church he was also called Colum-Cille, or Columb of the Church. At an early age he was placed under the care of a holy priest. His biographer, Adamnan, the 6th Abbot of Iona, tells us that he afterwards resided with the saintly Bishop Finnian, at Moville, County Down. St. Columba went from the north to the south of Ireland, and took up his residence at Clunard College, in Leinster, which was resorted to by the most eminent sages and divines of the day. In due time he was ordained priest, and began his labour with apostolic zeal. In his twenty-fifth year of age, he founded the monastery of Derry, and in the year 553 that of Durrow. O'Curry, the late eminent Celtic scholar, in his Lectures on the Manuscript-Materials of Ancient Irish History, says, that the eight great races of Ireland are O'Neill and O'Donnell in the north, O'Brien and M'Carthy in the south, O'Moore and O'Byrne in the east, and O'Connor and O'Rourke in the west.

This union of noble races, combined with piety and education, gave St. Columba extensive influence. Usher and O'Donnell state that he founded more than one hundred monastries before his departure from Ireland. We have it on the authority of Adamnan that St Columba was in the vigour of manhood, being 42 years of age, when he established himself in Iona. All testimonies agree in celebrating his personal beauty. His height, his voice, and his cordiality were very remarkable. Venerable Bede thus writes:— "Columba came into Britain in the ninth year of the reign of Bridius, who was the son of Meilochon, and the powerful king of the Pictish nation, and he converted that nation to the faith of Christ by his preaching and example; whereupon, he also received the aforesaid island for a monastery. His successors hold the island to this day." Ritson, in his Annals of the Caledonians, says that "Conal MacConguil, King of the Scots, was the real benefactor of the holy man."

The late Dr. Norman Macleod (the father of the late editor of *Good Words*) tells us, in his eloquent Gaelic life of St. Columba, that Columba left Ireland in a little *curach* in the year of our Lord 563, accompanied by twelve of his select and beloved disciples. He reached that lonely island behind Mull, which is called from that time *I Chuallum Chille*.* A writer in the London *Examiner*, January 7th, 1871, states that on the arrival of St. Columba at Iona, "he set himself to establish, on the double basis of intellectual and manual labour, the new community which was henceforth

* Vide "Leabhar nan cnoc," p. 43-53.

to be the centre of his activity." How far he succeeded in his gigantic undertaking will be seen by another extract I translated from the polished Gaelic of Dr. M'Leod. After dwelling with evident sympathy on the difficulties St. Columba encountered among the Druids and their uncivilized Caledonian followers, the Doctor says —"The country itself was at that time like a vast wilderness, without way or safe roads through the thick dark woods, the hills extensive and full of wild beasts. But in spite of all this, he persevered, and that in a measure miraculous. During thirty-four years he worked hard founding churches, and spreading the Gospel of Christ. In his own time he saw the Druidic religion condemned, and the kingdom of Scotland converted to the religion of the Gospel." The Doctor states that St. Columba established three hundred churches in his day, and that he founded one hundred monasteries.

We are told that the small *curach*, or *coracle*, in which St. Columba and his twelve companions came from Ireland, was built of wicker-work, covered with hide. It appears that the Celtic nations navigated their stormy seas with such flotilla. In the frail skiffs of that period, St. Columba and his Monks sailed from island to island through the Hebrides, and thus they discovered St. Kilda, the Faroe Islands, and even reached Iceland. Not only did they spread Christianity through the islands, but through the inlands of Caledonia, carrying truth, light, and religion to the remotest glens and valleys of the Highlands and Lowlands also. We have the testimony of our earliest writers bearing us out in this belief. We have also the strongest collateral evidence in support of it; and let me now direct your attention to a few places—south, north, east, and west—where the Monks of Iona and their disciples planted religion, and dedicated their churches and chapels to Saints, of unmistakable Celtic names.

County or Town.	Name of Church.
Berwickshire.....	Cill or Eaglais—founded by Gospatrick.
Do.	...Cill-Lauran.
Peeblesshire.....	Cill-Bothoc, or Beathoc.
Do.	.....Cill or Gill Moriston (changed in 1189 to Eddleston).
Ayrshire.....	Cill-Bride.
Do.	.....Cill-Ninian.
Dumfriesshire.....	Cill-Michael, in the town of Dumfries.
Do.	.....Eccles-Fechan.
Wigtonshire.....	Cill-Cholm.

County or Town.	Name of Church.
Linlithgowshire...	Cill or Eaglais-Machan.
Do.	...Cill or Dailmanich, or Delmenie.
Dumbartonshire...	Cill-Patrick.
Renfrewshire.....	Cill-Barchan.
Do.	.....Cill-Fillan.
Do.	.....Cill-Chalum.
Stirlingshire.....	Cill-Earn.
Do.	.....Cill-Ninan (Bannockburn).
Haddingtonshire...	Cill-Lady (now Glade's Muir Church).
Kirkcudbright.....	Cill-Eren.
Perthshire	Cill-Chonan or Fortingal.
Do.	.....Cill-Fhinn.
Do.	.....Cill-Madoc.
Forfarshire.....	Cill-Causnan.
Edinburgh.....	Cill-Ghiles, *i.e.*, *Ghille Iosa*.
Fife.....	Cill-Chonnchar.
Do.	Cill-Raymont.
Do.	Cill-Remy.
Aberdeenshire.....	Cill-Bartha.
Do.	.....Cill-Adamnan. In the Ellon district, and dedicated in the 7th century.
Sutherland.....	Cill-Earn.
Do.	.....Cill-Donnan.
Do.	.....Cill-Pheadar, in Clyne.
Do.	.....Cill-Chalum-Chill, Clyne.
Ross-shire.....	Cill-Martin.
Do.	.....Cill-Donnan.
Do.	.....Cill-Earnan.
Do.	.....Cill-Fhillan, } both in Kintail.
Do.	.....Cill-Uistean, }
Inverness.....	Cill-Colm, Petty. The Earl of Moray has also the title of Lord of St. Colm, from a small island on the coast of Fife.
Do.	.....Cill-Beathan, Strathglass.
Do.	.....Cill-Uradan, do.
Do.	.....Cill-Finnan, Glengarry.
Do.	.....Cill-Donnan, also in Glengarry.
Do.	.....Cill-Barr, or Barra Isle.
Do.	.....Cill-Michael, do.
Argyleshire.....	Cill-Chalum, in Lorn.
Do.	.....Cill-Finan.
Do.	.....Cill-Choinich, or Kenneth.

County or Town.	Name of Church.
Argyleshire.....	Cill-Chiaran (Campbletown).
Do.	Cill-Oran, in Colonsy Island.
Kincardineshire...	Cill-Lauran. The birthplace of John De Fordun, author of the *Scoto-Chronicon*. This parish is also celebrated for having been the residence, and probably the burial place of St. Palladius, sent to Scotland by Pope Celestine, in 431. St. Palladius was the first bishop sent to Scotland.

Having taken you in imagination on a rapid pilgrimage to view, if not to pray with me at, the shrines of Celtic Saints in every quarter and portion of our native country, is it too much to expect you to endorse with me the honest statement of Dr. M'Leod ?

We have seen how the surface of Scotland has been studded with churches dedicated to saints of Celtic names ; but the sceptic will exclaim, "You North Britons are so very clannish, that nothing less than national saints will satisfy you." My answer to any such charge is that there are more names of Roman saints on the Scottish Catholic Kalendar than on the Kalendar of any country of its size in Europe.

The Order of St. Columba was one of the most extensive, for it had a hundred monasteries and abbeys belonging to it in the British islands. The principal house or head of the Order was at Iona. It was in this lonely island that St. Columba, who was a priest and monk only, received the homage of mitred bishops and crowned monarchs.

In the time of Venerable Bede, about the year 731, all the bishops of the Picts were subject to the jurisdiction of the priest that was Abbot of Iona. Kings sought advice, and received both counsel and consolation from St. Columba. Fierce warriors, bitter enemies, proud and haughty chieftains, were reconciled, and absolved on bended knee before him. Feuds and contentions were abandoned and obliterated before St. Columba. In his presence mutual friendship and goodwill were entered on, and sealed by oath on three stones. As these stones correspond in number with the three Divine persons of the blessed Trinity, it is possible that St. Columba might have pointed them out, or even used them in some religious sense, so as to make a lasting impression on the minds of the newly reconciled parties, and incline them, for the rest of their lives, to recoil with horror from participating in the acts of belligerents. History and legend seem to be mutually silent on this

point ; therefore, let this view of swearing on the "Three black stones of Iona," be received for what it is worth.

Thus we find St. Columba had the power of binding the hands and the hearts of the most determined enemies. He exercised his power in preventing wars, and in pacifying all manner of human turbulence. We find the kings, the courts, and the people of the surrounding nations had reposed unbounded confidence in him. Yet in the very midst of this, much more than regal power could bestow, we find that his palace was a hut, built of planks, and there up to an advanced age, he slept upon the hard floor, only with a stone for a pillow. Thither he returned after performing his share of out-door labour with the other monks, and there he patiently transcribed the sacred text of Scripture. When he had come to the thirty-third Psalm, he stopped and said, "Baithean will write the rest." On the next morning he hastened before the other monks to the church, and knelt before the altar, and there he died, in the arms of Diarmad, blessing all his disciples, on the 9th day of June, 597.

"To us," says Montalembert, "looking back, he appears a person as singular as he is loveable, in whom, through all the mists of the past, and all the cross lights of legend, the man may be still recognised under the Saint." "For two centuries," says Dr. S. M'Corry, "after his death, Iona was the most venerated sanctuary of the Celts, the nursery of bishops, and the centre of learning and religious knowledge. Seventy kings or princes were brought to Iona, to be buried at the feet of St. Columba, faithful to a traditional custom, the remembrance of which has been preserved by Shakespeare :—

> 'Where is Duncan's body?'

asks Rose, in Macbeth. Macduff replies—

> 'Carried to Colme's Kill, the
> Sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones.'"

A kindred expression of thought has been placed on record by the bi-linguist poet, Evan MacColl, formerly of Lochfineside, but latterly tuning his lyre to the rustling of the "Green Maple Tree" in Canada. In one of his plaintive Odes to Iona, MacColl says :—

> "Sacred Isle of Iona,
> Where saints and heroes
> Live in stone."

It is admitted by critics that Dr. Johnson wrote one of the finest pieces in the English language on Iona. Wordsworth, and a host of master-minds, wrote on Iona.

"The distinguished archæologist," says Dr. Stewart M'Corry,

"Dr. Reeves, who, although not a catholic, has proved his honesty of purpose by editing so well 'Adamnan's Life of St. Columba,' has given us in his 'Chronicon Hyenese' the detailed chronology of the forty-nine successors of St. Columba from 597 to 1219. We have it on the best possible authority that the first eleven abbots of Iona after St. Columba proceeded, with the exception of one individual, from the same stock as himself—from the race of Tirconnel, and were all descended from the same son of Neall of the nine hostages, the famous king of all Ireland."

I will now make a few remarks about St. Baithean. He was steward of Iona, and succeeded St. Columba as Abbot of Iona. It is stated that Baithean consecrated the burying-ground of my native valley, Strathglass. Be that as it may, it is quite certain that the cill or clachan in Strathglass is dedicated to St. Baithean. There is a small green mound close to the cill or clachan called *Cnoc Bhaithean*, at the foot of which gushes out a spring of the clearest and coldest water, also called *Fuaran Bhaithean*. The legend relaters of the district state that a clodhopper began to cut rinds for thatch on the brow of *Cnoc Bhaithean*. A well-meaning neighbour reminded him that the mound was considered sacred, as bearing the name of *Cnoc Bhaithean*. The scornful and contumelious reply the neighbour received from the insolent clodhopper was—"O, Baithean maol carrach bhuaininn foid eadar a bhial 's a shroin." Ann am priobadh an roisg, thuit an duine truagh, luar marbh thairis air crasg a chaibe-lair a bha na lamhan fhein. The English equivalent of the reply, and the immediate result thereof, may be taken as the following—"O, Bald scald-headed Baithean, I would cut a sod between his mouth and his nose." In the twinkling of an eye, the miserable man fell lifeless over the cross-handles of the rind-spade he had in his own hands. The sceptic will exclaim, who cares for misty legends! The Rev. Dr. Steward M'Corry tells us that Milman, in his Latin Christianity, Vol. I., p. 415, writes—"History, to be true, must condescend to speak the language of legend."

Nicholas Carlisle is answerable for the appearance of the following statement regarding Iona in his "Topographical Dictionary of Scotland," London, 1813—"The Chapel of the Nunnery is now used by the inhabitants as a kind of general cow-house, and the bottom is consequently too miry for examination. Some of the stones which covered the later Abbesses have inscriptions, which might yet be read if the Chapel were cleaned. The Cemetery of the Nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with such reverence that only *women* were buried in it. Besides the two principal churches, there are, I think, five chapels yet standing, and three more remembered."

Carlisle continues the sickening narrative, and states that "the wood forming the roof of the churches and chapels in Iona, was the first plunder of needy rapacity." For the honour of our country I wish we could suppose that Mr. Carlisle had been misinformed about the unrooting of the churches and chapels in Iona.

It is not my intention to lead you at present through the roofless but noble ruins of the cathedral and churches of Iona, the walls of which have been described in a leading journal as "riddled and cracked in a most alarming manner." Neither shall we be seen along with tramping tourist and browsing cattle defacing the tombs, and disturbing the ashes of the saintly, princely, and heroic dead in the consecrated cemetery.

In the Irish annals there is preserved a short account of events in Iona, carried on from year to year. Under date of A.D. 794, there is this entry—"Devastation of all the islands by the heathens." From this time forward, during a period of no less than three hundred years, Iona was frequently ravaged, its churches and monasteries burnt, and its brethren murdered by the savage Northmen. It is stated that the bones of St Columba were carried to safer places—to Kells in Ireland, and to Dunkeld in Scotland.

Iona was the only place spared by Magnus, King of Norway, in his predatory expedition of A.D. 1098. The fierce King Magnus is said to have recoiled with awe when he had attempted to enter the church built by the Saintly English Princess, Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Ceanmore.

The recent improvements in and around St. Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow are attributed to a happy remark, vouchsafed by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on Her Majesty's visit to that cathedral during the Royal Tour through the West Highlands. Some of us had fondly expected that Her Majesty would have been graciously pleased to extend her queenly journey, and steer her royal bark to Iona's Isle. Thus we flattered ourselves to hear that Queen Victoria, like Queen Margaret, had landed on the hallowed Isle of Iona.

From that auspicious moment we expected to have heard that an edict had gone forth warning the elements, saying in effect this is the oldest Christian temple in Great Britain. The work of destruction and dilapidation must cease instanter, and henceforth give place to preservation and restoration.

Sin agaibh brigh no sgeoil.

19th February, 1879.

At the meeting on this date the principal business was the reading of the following paper by Mr. James Barron, of the *Inverness Courier*, on

THE CELTIC PROVINCE OF MORAY.

The history of the Celtic Province of Moray takes us back to a remote period, on which the light is dim and fitful. All that any one can do is to endeavour to ascertain the probable nature of movements, the details of which are obscure and to most modern readers possessing but feeble interest. The facts in the following paper are mainly derived from Mr. Skene's "Celtic Scotland," and Mr. Anderson's "Orkneyinga Saga," but they are of course applied to special purposes, and made the basis of inferences for which these authorities are not responsible. I may say that our retrospect includes the period from the seventh century to the twelfth, but before entering on the narrative a few preliminary observations are necessary.

In the first place, it is assumed that the so-called Picts of the early centuries of our era were Celts—the ancestors of the race that still inhabits the Scottish Highlands. Modern inquiry seems to establish this beyond reasonable doubt. Although we cannot enter into the controversy, it may be pointed out that a king of the Picts had undoubtedly a royal seat at Inverness in the middle of the sixth century; and, when a few centuries later the district becomes familiar to history, the inhabitants are found to be a purely Celtic people. There is nothing whatever to show that in the interval the Gael destroyed and supplanted an older race; while on the contrary there is a good deal to show that the natives continued to carry on a warfare, varying in fortune, but on the whole fairly successful, first with Irish immigrants, then with Angles or Saxons, and latterly with ferocious Norsemen. As the territory has been occupied by Celts throughout the entire period of authentic history, it would require very clear evidence to demonstrate that the Picts and Caledonians of the immediately preceding centuries were a different race. To clinch the argument, Mr. Skene furnishes a list of about 150 Pictish words, a portion of which are purely Irish or Gaelic in their forms, while the rest show an admixture of other Celtic tongues.

The Romans finally quitted the island of Britain in 410, and for centuries thereafter, so far as there is any record at all, the

history is a succession of struggles either between native tribes and principalites, or between Celts and Teutonic assailants. The purest and most conservative Celts seem to have been the inhabitants of the district now known as the counties of Inverness and Ross. Viewed on a large scale, the history of the Highlands is the history of Celtic resistance to foreign inroads and foreign usages. Many of the wars waged by the northern Gael against the early Scottish kings arose from the devotion of the people to their own customs and laws of succession, and their hatred of practices introduced by the monarchs under English and Norman influences. There are three marked periods in these struggles. The first is the reign of William the Lion, who succeeded after repeated and severe efforts in quelling the spirit of the north; and the decisive battle was fought in 1187, while the headquarters of the king were established at Inverness. The discontent and turbulence of the middle ages received a decisive check by the memorable battle of Harlaw, in 1411. Once again the Celts had another chance—in the conflict between the Stuarts and their Parliaments, and the revolution which placed the house of Hanover on the British throne. We all know that this third rising ended in the disastrous field of Culloden, and the ravages and proscriptions of Cumberland.

In rapidly tracing the early history, it is necessary to remark that we regard Inverness as having been the centre of the native northern state. The town itself was probably nothing more than a cluster of huts, and perhaps it did not occupy exactly its present site; but indications are not wanting that in this neighbourhood there existed what was in some sort a native capital. The central situation of the spot supports the supposition, and the abundant archæological remains with which we are familiar, are not without significance in the same connection. But further we know, as I have said, that a king of the Picts in the sixth century had his residence at Inverness; and five centuries afterwards Macbeth had a stronghold here. The conqueror of Macbeth, Malcolm Canmore, is said to have erected a fortified place on the present Castle Hill: and soon after his day the Castle of Inverness was the most important stronghold in the northern part of the kingdom. It is clear that the town, which became a royal burgh in the twelfth century, was not then a new creation. Its importance was only then recognised by William the Lion, and it had previously been mentioned by David I. as one of the local capitals of the realm. We do not say that in early days Inverness was a populous place; but there seems little reason to doubt that it was the residence of

leading chiefs or princes, and in all probability the capital of Morayland.

After the departure of the Romans, a century and a-half elapsed of which little is really known. It appears, however, that about the year 498 or 500, a colony of Scots came over from Ireland and settled in Kintyre. These Scots were Christians, and the northern Picts were heathens; but in 563 Columba arrived at Iona, and he and his successors converted the Picts to Christianity. The visit of Columba to King Brude, at his palace near the river Ness, does not enter into the scope of the present paper. What then is the state of matters which we find existing in Scotland in the seventh century? We find four kingdoms—three of which are Celtic, and one Teutonic. The largest of these consisted of the Picts, who occupied the greater part of the territory north of the Firth of Forth; then we have the Scots, who occupied the greater part of what is now Argyllshire; then the Britons, whose territory extended along the west from Clyde to Cumberland; and, lastly, the Angles, who held the east coast from the Forth to the Humber. The Picts, though nominally united, consisted of two divisions—one lying to the north, and the other to the south of the Grampians; or, perhaps more exactly, one to the north, and the other to the east and south of the Spey. Considering the nature of the country and the tribal character of Celtic communities, it is not likely that the union between the two parts was ever very strong; but they seem at times to have recognised the same sovereign, and the feeling of race or nationality was decided enough to induce them to combine against a common enemy. The southern Picts were subjected to the more frequent attacks, and they were more liable than their northern confederates to have their customs gradually broken down by contact or collision with aggressive neighbours. To this fact is to be attributed the separation which ultimately took place between the two sections of the Pictish race, and the greater tenacity with which our northern forefathers clung to their native forms of law and government.

The order of royal succession among the Picts is acknowledged to have been peculiar. Brothers might succeed one another, but failing these, the relationship was reckoned through the female line. The list of monarchs, we are told, "does not present a single instance of a son directly succeeding his father." When brothers failed, the throne passed to the sons of sisters, or to the nearest male relation on the female side. In the Scottish kingdom of Argyllshire the custom was different. There the law of Tanistry prevailed; that is, the most competent male member of the royal house

was chosen, under the name of Tanist, to lead the armies and to succeed to the crown. Latterly, under the influence of the Teutonic element, the succession from father to son began to prevail south of the Grampians, and the resistance to this innovation led to frequent and sanguinary contests. Here again it may be desirable to point out that the northern Celts were, as we should expect, the last to acquiesce in the new order of things.

The struggles between the four kingdoms were fierce and protracted. The Argyllshire or Dalriadic Scots maintained a long friendship with the northern Picts, but to the east and south they, for a time, carried everything before them. Their conquering career however was brought to a close in 642, when their king, Donald Breac, was slain in a battle with the Britons of Strathclyde. Next the Angles obtained supremacy, extending their empire over Strathclyde, Dalriada, and the southern Picts. During this period the northern Picts, sheltered behind the Grampians, retained their independence. The tribes of the north selected as their king a scion of the royal house named Bredei, who is recorded to have laid siege, in 680, to Dunbeath, in Caithness. He is also said to have laid waste the Orkney Islands, and turning southwards he attempted, in concert with the Dalriadic Scots, to make head against Ecgfrid, the powerful Anglican King. In the plains of the Lowlands he had little chance of success, but Ecgfrid had the temerity to advance northwards, and in 685 he was cut off with his army in attempting to penetrate the mountain chain at Dunnichen, in Forfarshire. Bredei once more united the Picts, but the connection between south and north appears to have been looser than ever. Religious dissensions helped forward separation. The Columban Church had hitherto been independent of Rome, but the latter was gradually pushing its way northward from England. The date for the observance of Easter was a source of constant dispute, and in 710 King Nectan submitted to Rome and adopted Latin customs. Not content with this, he expelled the Columban clergy from the southern districts, where his authority was supreme, and the exiles sought refuge among the Scots, and probably also in the more remote districts of the northern Picts. It would be superfluous to dwell upon this ecclesiastical quarrel here; we merely note it as another of the forces which tended to break up the unity of the Pictish kingdom.

Angus, a powerful king of the Picts, who reigned from 731 to 761, conquered the Scots and turned Dalriada into a Pictish province. Sometime afterwards, about 780, there occurred, according to Mr. Skene, the first distinct breach in the Pictish law of suc-

cession. Through contact and occasional alliance with the Saxons, the southern Picts were now becoming familiar with alien practices, and they accordingly chose Talorgan, the son of Angus, to be their sovereign, while the northern provinces adhered to a king named Drest, who, we may presume, was according to their law the legitimate monarch. The breach appears to have been healed, but soon the attacks of a new foe distracted the weakly-compacted kingdom. In 793 the Norsemen descended upon the island of Lindisfarne, and for a long period they continued periodically to alarm and devastate the country. Orkney became an important seat of their power; Caithness became the patrimony of a Norse earl. Norse vessels carried terror along the west coast and throughout the western islands, where for a time the invaders were supreme. The shores of the Moray Firth became the scene of frequent visitations, and indeed all parts of the coast, east and west, suffered from these piratical inroads. During the period of confusion and anarchy which occurred, a new dynasty established itself south of the Grampians. Kenneth Macalpin, a Dalriadic Scot, but connected in some way with the Pictish royal family, made good his claims with the sword. In 844 he became firmly seated on the throne, and founded a line of sovereigns who succeeded one another according to the law of Tanistry. But Mr. Skene shows that their power was confined at first to the provinces of the southern Picts, and their enemies were for a long time too numerous to permit any extension of their sovereignty over the northern provinces.

We have now in some measure disentangled the history of our northern district, and may continue to follow more closely its individual fortunes. Our position is that from the first the union between the northern and southern Picts was but a slight confederacy —that from the nature of the country and the known customs of Celtic tribes, it could not well have been otherwise; that in course of time the connection was weakened by transformations among the southern Picts; and that during the anarchy in the middle of the ninth century, the northern district, or so much of it as the Norse did not actually conquer, became virtually independent. The great northern province was Moravia, or Moray, which seems to have extended, in its widest sense, from the river Spey on the east, to the watershed of the present county of Ross on the west; and from Loch Lochy on the south, to the Kyle of Sutherland on the north. From the few indications that exist it is natural to infer—we should say it is almost certain—that Inverness was the capital of this region. The native rulers, styled Maormors—sometimes, indeed, called Kings—had by no means an easy position. The Norse power, which had

established its footing in Caithness and Sutherland, pressed them on the one side, the Scottish Kings on the other; and the recollection of this simple fact will help to clear up much that would otherwise be unintelligible in our early local history. We may believe that the princes of Moray and their people cherished an almost equal dislike to their northern and southern foes. The one was a race of pirates, the other of degenerate Celts; and the primary duty of the Moraymen was to preserve their own independence and the purity of their native laws. Unfortunately, the Maormor of Moray was unable to cope single-handed either with the Earl of Caithness and Orkney, or with the King of Scotia. In times of extremity he was obliged to ally himself with the one or the other, to help the Norsemen against the Scots, or the Scots against the Norsemen. The sea-kings with their swift vessels were at first his most dreaded antagonists. The kings of Scotia were more remote and had other affairs on hand; but when they found opportunity, they were not slow in advancing sovereign claims and pushing their arms beyond the mountains. It was only after long resistance that these claims were made good by the superiority of the southerns in resources and armament. We shall see that Macbeth, the most famous Maormor of Moray, had no scruple in allying himself with the Norsemen, in order to get rid of King Duncan, and effect a partition of the kingdom.

The first Norse leader who over-ran Moray was Thorstein the Red (875), a son of the Norse king of Dublin. His power, however, only lasted for a single year; and the next successful invader was Sigurd, the first Earl of Orkney, who flourished towards the close of the same century. He over-ran Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and Moray, and built a tower at a spot which is conjectured to have been Burghead. His chief antagonist was Mælbrigda the Toothed, Maormor of Moray. Both came to an untimely end. They had agreed to meet in conference, each with a guard of forty men, but Sigurd, professing to be afraid of treachery, mounted eighty men on forty horses. Mælbrigda advancing to meet him detected the deception, and at once resolved to fight, exclaiming "let us be brave and kill each his man before we die." At Sigurd's command half his men dismounted to attack the enemy in rear; and the Celtic chief and all his party being overpowered by numbers were slain. Sigurd and his followers fastened the heads of their victims to their saddle straps and rode away in triumph. But the feature which had given Mælbrigda his designation was the means of retribution. In kicking at his horse, Sigurd scratched his leg with the protruding tooth, and the wound proved fatal. The body

of the Earl was buried in a mound at a place called Ekkialsbakki, the site of which is uncertain. Bakki meaning bank. Mr. Anderson indentifies the name with the river Oykell ("Bank of the Oykell") which divides the counties of Ross and Sutherland, and falls into the Dornoch Firth. The exact spot he considers to be Cyderhall, a name which is a corruption of Siddera, that in its turn being a contraction for Siwardhoch, the designation given to the place in a deed of the thirteenth century. Mr. Skene takes a different view. From an examination of the narrative he arrives at the conclusion that the meeting between Sigurd and Mælbrigda must have taken place near the southern boundary of Moray. He is also of opinion that the fight occurred in the neighbourhood of Forres, and that the remarkable sculptured stone near that town is a record of it. The stone appears to tell the tale which has just been narrated. Among the representations upon it is a leader with a head hanging at his girdle, followed by three trumpeters sounding for victory, and surrounded by decapitated bodies and human heads. Mr. Skene believes Ekkialsbakki to mean the banks of the Findhorn. When digging into a mound close to the Forres pillar, in 1813, eight human skeletons were found, and in 1827 there was dug out of a steep bank above the river a coffin of large dimensions, composed of flagstones, containing the remains of a human skeleton.

Whatever supremacy Sigurd may have established, it does not seem to have survived his death. The native chiefs of Moray resumed their independence, although they still, no doubt, had conflicts to sustain with the great and aggressive northern power. The southern monarchy was also ambitious of extending its sway. It is recorded that Malcolm [942-954] made the first attempt to push the power of the kings of Scotia beyond the Spey. He invaded the province of Moray and slew its ruler, Cellach, but does not appear to have made a conquest. A little later the Scottish kings extended claims to Caithness, but their dominion there was at first even more shadowy than in Moray. Such pretensions are natural to an aspiring central monarchy, and in the end generally come to be realised. Caithness and Orkney were not always under the same earl. After a temporary separation they were re-united by the marriage of Thorfinn, the skull-cleaver, with the daughter of Duncan, jarl of Caithness. A series of quarrels occurred among their sons, which are only notable in so far as that one of the claimants received the support of Maghiodr, Maormor of Moray, and the King of Scotia. Their assistance, however, was unavailing. The brother in possession triumphed; and soon afterwards his nephew, a second Sigurd, who entered on the earldom about the year 980, re-established the

supremacy of the Norsemen over the north of Scotland and the western islands. The conquest, of course, was not accomplished without a severe struggle. Finlay, another Maormor of Moray, brother to Magbiedr, collected a large force and entered Caithness. At first Sigurd was unable to cope with him. There were seven Scotsmen for one Norwegian—odds which even the bold Scandinavian rovers were unable to face. To gain assistance, Sigurd propitiated the Orkney freeholders by restoring lands which they had resigned to his great grandfather; and with augmented forces, he attacked the Scots and completely defeated them. The mainland was now open for an advance; and in a few years the authority of Sigurd was acknowledged from the Pentland to the Spey. The King of Scotland continued the struggle with great spirit, but in the end the rivals came to terms and formed an alliance. The friendship was cemented by the marriage of the Norse chief with a daughter of Malcolm II. Sigurd, born a heathen, was converted to Christianity by a peculiar process. Olaf Tryggveson, the first Christian King of Norway, returning from an expedition in 997, seized the Earl as he lay under the island of Hoy with a single ship. Being offered the choice of baptism or death, Sigurd chose to declare himself a convert, and became nominally a subject of King Olaf. Yet seventeen years afterwards, at the battle of Clontarff, in Ireland, we find him fighting in the ranks of the heathen, and piling the field with Christian dead. In the heat of the contest Sigurd was cut down by the Irish champion, Murcadh, and his fall was the signal for the flight of the Norwegians.

We now approach a period of peculiar interest in the history of Moray. On the death of Sigurd, the province resumed its old position, and its Maormor, Finlay, is described in the Ulster annals under a kingly title, indicating that he claimed to be independent of both his neighbours. In 1020 he was slain by his nephews; but he was succeeded in his semi-sovereignty by his son Macbeth, whose name has obtained such singular prominence in history and dramatic literature. In 1034, King Malcolm of Scotland died, leaving two grandsons who were destined to be fierce opponents. Duncan, the heir to the throne, was the son of a princess married to Crinan, abbot of Dunkeld; while Thorfinn, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, was the offspring of another daughter, married, as we have seen, to Earl Sigurd. Macbeth was in a difficult position, placed as he was between the two ambitious cousins. His own wife was connected with the Scottish royal house, being either the sister or the near kinswoman of a prince whom King Duncan's grandfather had slain. The presumption is that this unfortunate prince

was, according to the custom of the times, a dangerous rival to the succession of Duncan. Thus Macbeth, through his wife, had a feud with the dynasty which circumstances might at any moment quicken into activity.

Thorfinn, Earl of Caithness, was a man of energy and capacity, well-fitted to hold his own in those wild times. He was only five years old when his father died, and at fourteen he was a leader of maritime expeditions, ready, as his bard said, "to defend his own land, or to ravage in another's." He is described as a man of very large stature, uncomely, sharp-featured, dark haired, sallow, and swarthy. Avaricious, harsh, cruel, and clever; greedy of wealth and renown; bold and successful in war, and a great strategist—such are the epithets in which his character and powers are summed up. Thorfinn had three half-brothers older than himself, among whom the Orkneys were divided, while he received the Earldom of Caithness. The death of two of his brothers, and an alliance with the third, put him in possession of the islands, and thus he became a great chief like his father Sigurd. His cousin Duncan, suspicious of his growing power, wished to dispossess him of Caithness, or at least to lay it under tribute. Earl Thorfinn refused to part with any of his rights, and so war broke out. Duncan nominated a nephew of his own, named Moddan, to be Earl of Caithness, and sent him down to collect forces in Sutherland. This seems to have been the beginning of the conflict in which King Duncan was to lose kingdom and life.

In such a struggle it was important to secure the assistance of the great Maormor of Moray. We may believe that Macbeth aided Duncan from the outset. The Norsemen were the nearest and most bitter foes of the Moravian Celts. In former times they had once and again overrun the province, and Macbeth, like King Duncan, must have viewed the increasing power of Thorfinn with great distrust. If Duncan claimed his service as a tributary chief, Macbeth probably waived such questions for the present, in order to deal with his dangerous enemy in Caithness. But whatever the actual circumstances were, we see no reason to doubt that the Maormor of Moray was an ally of the king, and thus by his subsequent conduct laid himself open to the charge of treachery, which has ever been associated with his name. Without having a base of operations on the south side of the Moray Firth, King Duncan could scarcely have carried on the war in the far north. The precise relation of Sutherland to the northern rivals seems uncertain. Very probably the people of that district detested Norse rule, so that it was easy for Moddan to obtain support among them.

Thorfinn possessed a valuable coadjutor in Thorkel Fostri, who is described as the most accomplished man in all the Orkneys. He was bold and capable; he had spoken up for the freeholders against the tyranny of a former Earl, and being compelled to flee, he took up his residence in Caithness, and became foster-father to Thorfinn, who was then young. It was mainly through this man's influence that Thorfinn gradually extended his authority over the Orkneys. When the dispute occurred between the Earl and his royal cousin, Thorkel raised a strong force in the Orkney islands, and crossed to the mainland, and Duncan's vassal, Moddan, found himself obliged to retire. The Norse army carried its victorious arms through Sutherland and Ross, and returned with great plunder to Duncansbay. The Scottish King determined on a more formidable attack. Moddan was again despatched with troops to Caithness, while the King with a fleet of eleven vessels sailed northwards along the coast. Thorfinn had only five warships, but he gave battle in the Pentland Firth, and inflicted a severe defeat upon his opponent. Thorfinn is depicted, of course by friendly chroniclers, as taking an active personal part in the fight, cheering on his men, and urging them to board the enemy's ships. He grappled with the royal vessel itself, and, shouting for his banner, rushed on board. King Duncan escaped by jumping into another boat, and hurrying off as fast as oars could carry him. The spirited description of the fight by Thorfinn's bard may be quoted :—

> "Then the ships were lashed together—
> Know ye how the men were falling?
> All their swords and boards were swimming
> In the life-blood of the Scotsmen;
> Hearts were sinking—bowstrings screaming,
> Darts were flying—spear shafts bending;
> Swords were biting, blood flowed freely,
> And the Prince's heart was merry."

King Duncan escaped to the coast of Moray, and hastened south to collect a fresh army. In the interval, the Norse enjoyed rare opportunities for plundering, and the ambitious Moddan—the rival Earl of Caithness—came to an untimely end. While the Norsemen were ravaging in Moray, they heard that Moddan had established himself with a large army at Thurso, and was awaiting more troops from Ireland. The ever-ready Thorkel Fostri was equal to the occasion. He marched north secretly, we are told, and was befriended by the inhabitants of Caithness, who were true and faithful to him; "and no news went of his journey," says the story, "till he came

to Thurso by night, and surprised Earl Moddan in a house, which they set on fire. Moddan was asleep in an upper storey, and jumped out; but as he jumped down from the stair, Thorkel hewed at him with a sword, and it hit him on the neck, and took off his head. After this his men surrendered, but some escaped by flight. Many were slain, but some received quarter." After this feat, Thorkel rejoined his chief with all the men he could collect in Sutherland, Caithness, and Ross.

Meantime King Duncan hurried north with a powerful army, collected from all parts of Scotland, and including the forces which Earl Moddan had expected from Ireland. Mr. Skene conjectures that Macbeth now filled the place which Moddan had formerly occupied as leader of the King's army. The battle took place at a spot called Torfnes, which Mr. Anderson supposes to be Tarbetness, but which Mr. Skene believes to be Burghead. "The Scots," to quote the Saga once more, "were by far the most numerous. Earl Thorfinn was among the foremost of his men; he had a gold-plated helmet on his head, a sword at his belt, and a spear in his hand, and he cut and thrust with both hands. It is even said that he was foremost of all his men. He first attacked the Irish division, and so fierce were he and his men, that the Irish were immediately routed, and never regained their position. Then King Kali* had his standard brought forward against Earl Thorfinn, and there was the fiercest struggle for a while; but it ended in the flight of the king, and some say he was slain." It is added that Thorfinn conquered as far as Fife; and he became so enraged at a threatened insurrection, that he harried the country, leaving scarcely a hut standing. In the words of the Norse bard, "the flames devoured the homesteads," and the Scottish kingdom—meaning, we suppose, the eastern Lowlands—"was reduced to smoking ashes." "After this," adds our authority, "Thorfinn went through Scotland to the north until he reached his ships, and subdued the country wherever he went, and did not stop till he came to Caithness, where he spent the winter; but every season after that he went out on expeditions, and plundered in the summer time with all his men."

Two observations may be made at this point; one that Macbeth is not mentioned in the Saga, and the other that King Duncan is not designated by his historical name, but is spoken of as King Kali Hundason, the son of the hound. Mr. Anderson, therefore, does not absolutely identify Kali with Duncan, although he acknowledges the probability that they were one and the same. Mr.

* This is the name given to Duncan in the Saga.

Skene, however, expresses little doubt on the point; and unless the annalists are entirely wrong in their dates, there seems in reality no doubt possible. At the time when, according to the Saga, this war occurred, Duncan was unquestionably king of Scotland. All the other known circumstances lead to the same conclusion. The fact that Macbeth is not mentioned in the Saga is of no importance, for the Norse chroniclers were not likely to pay any attention to him or his doings.

The question now arises, What part did Macbeth really act at the crisis of the war? That he joined Thorfinn is obvious, for he afterwards reigned peacefully over a large portion of Scotland, owing, as is believed, to his alliance with the Norse power. But when or how did he desert Duncan? Of course we are here in the region of conjecture; but the story we have been following is not inconsistent with other narratives, and we must just interpret the circumstances to the best of our ability. A contemporary chronicler states that Duncan was slain in 1040 by his general, Macbeth. It is probable that, seeing the cause of the King ruined, the Maormor of Moray determined to forsake his standard and ally himself with his successful rival. He knew the strength and the ruthlessness of the Norsemen from the experience of his predecessors; and though he could doubtless have found safety amidst the mountain fastnesses of the interior, he would naturally have been reluctant to become a defeated and broken-down fugitive. He was also an ambitious man; and revolving all the chances and difficulties of the situation, he may well have resolved to sacrifice the Scottish sovereign to his own desires or necessities. If he wanted to make his peace with Thorfinn, what more acceptable gift could he bring than the head of King Duncan? Besides, as we have seen, the southern kingdom had been pressing its own claims over Morayland. Macbeth had no wish to be subordinate to the King of Scotia. He held that he was himself an independent prince; and here was a good opportunity once for all to destroy Scottish pretensions, or perhaps, if Thorfinn was favourable, to seize upon the Scottish throne. His wife, desirous to avenge her kinsman, doubtless encouraged such projects. Thus influenced, it is reasonable to suppose that Macbeth slew Duncan after the battle, and threw in his lot with Thorfinn. Their combined forces ravaged the country east and south, and a partition of the kingdom appears to have followed. The rule of Thorfinn was acknowledged throughout the district north of the Grampians, while Macbeth ruled over the central territory. Mr. Skene thinks that Cumbria and Lothian remained faithful to the children of Duncan.

It is useless to discuss the question where King Duncan was slain. It is certain that he was not assassinated in the present Cawdor Castle, for that building was not in existence until 400 years after his death. He may have been killed in Macbeth's rath or stronghold at Inverness, but this is mere conjecture. The older authorities state that he was murdered near Elgin, at Bothgofuane or Bothgowan, which is said to be Gaelic for a blacksmith's hut. If the decisive battle took place at Burghead, there is nothing improbable in believing that he was killed in a wayside hut, while fleeing from the victorious Norsemen.

The reign of Macbeth extended to seventeen years, and was comparatively peaceful and prosperous. The power of Thorfinn helped to render his throne secure; but something must also have been due to the Conservative elements still existing in the Scottish kingdom. The innovations which had been previously introduced could not have failed to create a certain measure of discontent. The old Pictish law of succession through the female line had been abandoned; the law of Tanistry had next been undermined by Teutonic influences; and to the southern Celts it may have been satisfactory to obtain a Gaelic king like Macbeth, especially as he was connected by his wife with their own royal family. Macbeth was in reality the last truly Celtic king of Scotland. By the oldest writers he is represented as a liberal and popular sovereign. He and his queen twice gave grants of land to the Culdees of Loch-Leven, and Macbeth and Thorfinn appear to have visited Rome in 1050, where the Scottish king freely distributed silver to the poor. Several attempts were made to dethrone him, but until 1057 without success. In that year Malcolm Canmore, advancing from Northumberland, attacked him with a powerful force. Macbeth was driven across the Mounth, and slain at Lumphanan in Marr, where there is still a large cairn known as Cairnbeth. The causes of Malcolm's success are uncertain. The only conjecture Mr. Skene can offer is that the warlike Thorfinn was dead and the Norse power in decay.

The events that followed Macbeth's death were shortly narrated by the essayist. By his victory in 1187, William the Lion strengthened the central authority; and the castles which he built at Redcastle and Dunscath (on the north side of the Cromarty Firth) overawed the spirit of the north-eastern Celts. Disturbances occurred often enough in subsequent times; but, on the whole, after his day the power of the Scottish throne was generally acknowledged in Morayland.

12TH MARCH, 1879.

The paper before the meeting on this date was by Mr. Donald Ross, M.A., H.M. Inspector of Schools, on—

THE COSMOS OF THE ANCIENT GAELS IN ITS RELATION TO THEIR ETHICS.

PART II.*

In attempting to gather up the loose threads of my former paper, I wish to re-assert with increasing emphasis the preliminary proposition which forms the necessary introduction to a full understanding of the problem under discussion, and my individual standpoint in reference to it. My purpose was, and now is, in the first place, to open up from the region of modern criticism an avenue to the broader and fuller, and at the same time more accurate consideration of the literary heritage of the Gaelic race; and, secondly, to show how much this country owes to the general but indefinite Celtic elements that run through its social economics and political institutions.

The subject is a difficult one, and I present the results of somewhat wide research in a wide field with much diffidence. But the conditions of this fiercely sceptical, hard, and unmerciful age in which we live, are eminently favourable to a fresh consideration, from a new standpoint, of a subject around which loose thought and unsifted literature have grown. We know how an age like this, with a keen sense for facts, for objective realities, and extracted truths, contains a hopeful basis of enlarged systems, both within its own narrow compass and outside of its contents, in the purer and more generous spirit which, in opposing, supports it. The spirit of our age may be microscopic, but it is also hopefully keen within its own range, and if its vision is directed to what is near and palpable, it is only to explain the remote and indefinite. Thus we see, in such works as those of Mr. Skene, for example, a return to facts and truth, just as we see along the whole line of history the severance of actuality from the pleasing parasites which a luxuriant fancy has reared. With its strictness and honesty of research, its closeness of observation, and rigid reverence for historical canons, no former age has at all approached ours in its faculty for studying the widest thought in the most meagre facts, and in its tendency

* For Part I., *vide* Vol. VI., page 120.

to reflect the most ultimate truths in the least general propositions, through methods peculiarly modern. Hence its aim, perhaps its highest conscious aim, is to transplant its philosophy from the region of indefinite intuition and introspective analysis, to that of history and research amongst the concrete objects of the material world. But, whilst this is so, the need is ever the same, if not greater than ever, to keep the reverse of the process in view—how fact vanishes in the light of theory, and how its only solution is in a meaning beyond it; and to note that if the direct result of reverence for facts is a change in the whole aspect of philosophy, the change after all is only a fresh reading, in a new light, of the old, old, eternally recurring problem.

I have pointed out how, in the new and harder conditions, one sharing to some extent the spirit of modern culture and criticism, and therefore, in some slight measure, the heir of all the ages, has some fresh aptitude to examine the nature and value of the Gaelic literary heritage, provided also he has a competent mastery over its contents. Truth is supreme, and shall prevail. It matters not, therefore, if the increasing results of my enquiry prove staggering to my own sympathies, and out of accord with the verdict of my predecessors in the same field.

I have also drawn attention, though briefly, to the gradual and silent, but still remarkable change of criticism regarding the rank and value, as a factor in civilization, of the Celtic elements in these Isles, and especially regarding the energy of the Gaelic race since it has got a fair trial to show its better qualities in character and conduct. The fact gets wider and wider acknowledgment from more competent authorities, that modern Scotland derives its recent greatness from Gaelic sources, and that the Gael in becoming a Teuton in name and appearance, does not sink the better qualities of his nature in sinking his nationality. As we see how fairly Matthew Arnold gathers up some of the best of contemporary thought, when he recommends us to cure our national diseases by introducing more Celtic virtue, and by profiting by the example of the *gens élite* of France, we recur to the dark pictures of books of travel in Scotland and kindred literature of last century—to the days when between the mental moods of the Gaelic people and the outer characteristics by which the self-complacent Teuton revealed the workings of his deeper life, a strong barrier was raised by the latter in his own favour, when in the pride of that self-complacency he treated his northern neighbours in the high-handed manner in which the Greek, in ages when the gospel of brotherhood was unpreached, despised the menial barbarians with whom he refused

to share his culture ; or after the fashion in which the Jew isolated himself in the pride of his traditions from the impure contact of the Gentile world.

In books of travel, in criticism, in general literature of the end of last century and the beginning of this one, this is how the Celtic heritage was described by English, German, and the whole tribe of *Tudesque* writers :—The Celt is an impediment, vanishing before civilization like the Red Indian in his prairie. From the dawn of history, the Celtic races have been centuries in the rear, hugging crass creeds after more enlightened people had abandoned them, and solacing themselves with incoherent superstitions, which sturdier nations regarded as the *exuviæ* of current beliefs. Even the best articles of their theology are simply disjointed fragments, charged abundantly with myths and shrouded in mysteries. Like all weak or negative races, they have always betaken themselves to riddles, ambiguous prophecy, transparent pretence, and the gift of second sight ; but whilst, in juggler fashion, they profess to see through what surrounds their visible universe, they have no insight into the simplest impulses of their own being ; and what they do decipher vaguely is not Nature's meaning through what lies over her, but her feeblest symbol distorted through the troubled concrete of unworded imagination. They never valued the power of silence ; they never knew the energy of calm reserve. They may have had some graces to dazzle an unthinking enthusiast ; incoherent eloquence ; impulsive ardour ; showy, but disintegrating love ; a volcanic tendency to revolt ; but they have been visionaries dead to the laws of fact, frantic seers, pretentious bards, with little faculty for the objectively real, and less for the subjectively true ; and when not dreamers, they have been scourges in lands which they failed to conquer or till. With singular inaptitude for facts, and for the discipline of large organizations, the best, the most law-abiding of them, have seldom got beyond a melancholy wail, except when passion, the attribute of animal nature, has driven them into fits of revenge. The very brilliancy of the race has been flickering ; and to their own meagre hopes they have not been loyal. Till they become sober-minded, steady of purpose, practical, and endowed with a moderate share of the persistence which routine creates, they can have no kindred with the friends of progress or social reform. But, as they fail to see the line between the uncertain world within and the solid world without, their facts are encrusted all over with fancies, their histories elude the recognized canons of research, their language is a fitting article for savage imagery, and crude conglomerate thinking ; their philosophies are audacious myths or shreds

of savage survivals, and their much vaunted poetry is stolen or appropriated from more fertile fields whenever it happens to rise above the dignity of scurrilous twaddle, or to extend beyond the borders of the rude elemental lyric.

No doubt this appears to contain a fierce indictment against the Celts. No doubt, also, a certain egotistical class of Celts, ever ready to thrust themselves before public notice as representatives of a noble race, which they do their utmost to disgrace, merit this charge. That ignorant type of Highlander, for example—who sees no manly virtue except beneath the kilt, which in his want of knowledge he calls the national garb—who hears no sweet sound except that of the bagpipes, which he calls our national instrument, and who finds no poetry except in Gaelic, which he regards as the national language—whilst making himself the laughing-stock of the stranger, never fails to proclaim himself also as the apostle of culture, and as the typical, if not the best, specimen of the Gaelic people. He is altogether ignorant of the merest elements of his ancestral history; he preaches manliness, and toadies to the nearest lord, or pins himself to the outskirts of the nearest reputation. His function is to ignore facts, and to over-rule the laws of social polity and natural sequence. He calls himself a reformer; and he advocates a return to the ways of our fathers—to the kilt, to the bagpipes, to Gaelic—all which he loudly asserts to possess high national antiquity as well as high national virtues. When he thrusts his little personality into print, and heralds forth his miserable creed, every Celtic *savant* in Europe knows that the kilt is neither ancient nor Gaelic; that the bagpipe is Sclavonic, and not the national instrument of the Gaelic people, and that Gaelic itself is a very modern and very composite dialect of a very old family of languages.

This type of Celt, however, very fortunately obtains but little hearing. He is estimated generally at his value, as we all are, and the character of the Celtic race is examined without his aid, and in the full knowledge that he is both an accident and a nuisance. The change of criticism is in consequence of this great and just. In looking round and round our Gaelic literary heritage, our national institutions, and the criticism of non-Gaelic races on their rivals, I gradually got a clearer idea than I ever had before of the source of much of what is best and purest, and most hopeful in our social economies. The heritage is both small and singular. It is partly as yet hovering over the isles and valleys of the west, and we have good specimens, probably the best specimens of it, in such works as *Leabhar na Feinne* and *West Highland Tales* of Mr. Campbell,

the *Sean Dana* of Dr. Smith, and the mass of broken literature out of which M'Pherson constructed his Ossian. What is the *meaning* of all that national literature? In going in quest of that meaning, my guiding pre-supposition was that of law in the development and conservation of the smallest as well as greatest fragment. I recognised the great, but obscured fact, that the world moves within the grasp of iron necessity, and that chance, a mere name by which we conceal our ignorance of natural processes, does not enter into the rise of folk-lore, into the traditional tales of a conservative race, into their poetry, or even into their rudest lyric or narrowest proverb. The operation of law, definite and supreme, is no doubt a relation, and with the same care with which we trace it in the province of chemistry, and in the process of crystallization, it could be traced in the grotesque commonplaces of Fingalian and kindred literature, provided only we could look far enough backwards and outwards into the series of conditioning elements under which they have assumed their present shape. This literature has drawn its strange meaning from early ages and through many forms, but cause and effect enters into its composition as into all besides, and it is as pliant to general principles and far-reaching laws as a literature of apparent coherence and orderliness.

One, and that a well known, illustration of this may here be cited. Nothing ought to be more familiar to any student of language than the vast changes that are silently going on, and always have been going on in every language spoken and written. Should a Highlander of the fourteenth century rise from his grave and address the Gaelic Society of Inverness in the purest Gaelic of his time, probably the most enthusiastic member of that learned body would have the utmost difficulty in understanding his speech; but should a Highlander of the fourth century hold forth before the same audience, it is most certain that not one member, not even the greatest advocate of the theory of the remote antiquity of Gaelic, could understand one word of what he might say. Comparative philology has made such rapid progress in our own day, such increasing light is being shed on the growth of language, and such a mass of clearly ascertained linguistic facts and principles lies before us, that even the most irreverent of critics are somewhat chary in making sport of philologists or antiquarians. Of the extinct language, spoken at Inverness and Swansea probably before either Gaelic or Welsh came into being, only a few words—such as *Cartit, Diuper, Peanfahel, Scolofth*, and *Ur*—are known to us now in their original form; yet even such a competent, I might almost add such a sceptical, scholar as Mr Skene, proceeding upon

dialectic considerations and the ascertained laws of transmutation within the Celtic languages, not only indicates generally how fragments of the lost Pictish may be restored, but actually reconstructs a small section (the Four Ancient Books of Wales, vol. I.)

And what is possible in philology is equally possible in the more intricate sphere of thought. The results that I have arrived at are somewhat staggering. I leave entirely out of view the published poetry from the age of the redoubtable *Iain Lom* and the fiery *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair* downwards, with only one remark. The beautiful translations given of these by Professor Blackie have, in most cases, no perceptible relation with the original. They are, in fact, as nearly as possible, original poemlets, strongly marked with the grace and vivacity of the author of the *Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*, rather than translations of the fragments in M'Kenzie. Leaving, however, modern Gaelic Literature aside, I find the existing literature of the Highlands both meagre in amount and of a certain unmistakeable quality. Language and thought go hand in hand; the one is the best index of the other. If the former be elastic and copious, the latter cannot be meagre and crude. And in determining the value of either, we must confine ourselves to the existing facts, and we must endeavour to understand what these facts mean. Moreover, we must cast aside all the claims of feeling, and all patriotic sentiment before venturing to give any opinion on the merits of a question which perhaps invokes an excess of sentiment, and consequently of partiality. There is a class of Gaelic eulogists for whom I have no respect, for they deserve none. The class is, unfortunately, a wide one. It includes hundreds who leave their proper patronymic in the Highlands, and enter life under the wretched veil of some Lowland equivalent. It includes scores of clergymen and others who would thrust a purely Gaelic education on the peasantry, and who eject, so far as they can, the old tongue from their own firesides; it includes the orators who generally wind up an inflated eulogium in Gaelic with the ridiculous admission, uttered in a pompous tone of self-complacency, that they are altogether ignorant of the language; it includes writers who advocate Gaelic as the highest medium of intellectual and spiritual life, and yet who are utterly unable to translate a Gaelic sentence into passable English, or to speak or understand the language of the Highlands; and it includes those who, though perhaps good Gaelic scholars, are unable to read Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian, but in the face of that defect, proclaim loudly the superiority of Gaelic, with its small literature, to the vast literary scope of these great languages.

Whatever has been, or may yet be said of the wide range of Gaelic, of its structural complexity and high antiquity, of its remarkable capacity for narrative and descriptive purposes, of its high adaptation for didactic and lyric poetry, the stubborn fact, probably unheeded by the prejudiced and the credulous, meets every competent student of its history and thought, that its existing literary contents do not support these high claims. It is a singular fact that, whenever the evidence is of a more or less negative character, almost all races claim for their own language an indefinite antiquity. The Welshman, quite as unblushingly as the most enthusiastic Gael, asserts that Adam proposed to Eve in his own mother tongue; the Provençal peasant, whom I met to-day, is proud of his national poetry, and in the matter of national boasting puts any Welshman into the shade; and the sluggish native of Servia outdoes the native of Provençe in this faculty of exaggeration. Such partial and such biased evidence, however, must be cast aside. After a careful scrutiny of all Gaelic fragments upon which I could lay my hands, I am convinced that the history, poetry, and shreds of philosophy wrapt up in Gaelic, represent a lower stage of development, and a lower level of thinking and conduct than those of Greece in the age of Hesiod, of Rome in the time of Ennius, of France in the Rolandic epoch, or of Germany in that of the *Nibelungen*. This undoubtedly indicates a remote antiquity, and many changes. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.* No more does a race become suddenly enlightened. The Gaelic people, therefore, have always been in advance of their literature. It is a race of great energy and vitality, possessing all the elements of rapid advance. But he is a poor type of a patriot, as well as an incompetent critic, who rests the moral character of the race either on the antiquity of their language or its literature. No other race can be produced out of the whole roll of history with such capacity for progress allied to so meagre a literature.

The Gaelic language, as we now find it, can be proved to be of very modern origin. It is highly composite. It contains a large Latin element, introduced undoubtedly during the middle ages through the agency of the Latin Church; a large section of it is of French origin, and this also is comparatively modern. The roving Norsemen, who so frequently visited our shores, left their impress, not only on the literature, but also on the topography of the country, markedly in Islay, Mull, and Skye. All the Dalruadic economy, as well as the Culdee Church, with its tribal organization, was an offshoot of Irish civilization; and Celtic archæology has not yet given a decisive verdict regarding the basis of the race. When the

verdict is given, it will probably be that Scotland was Teutonic long before it became Gaelic; in other words, that the Gaels were invaders and conquerors of our soil. Many facts, which would only enlarge this paper with wearisome details, might be given in support of this view. And the conclusion is that the Highlanders are not exclusively Celtic; not Celtic in their deepest fibre perhaps, but that they are very composite, and combine many of the qualities of the two great races—the Celtic and the Teutonic—that dispute the possession of the north-west and middle of Europe.

In so far as the moral qualities of the Gaelic people are concerned, the question of the basis of the race may be passed over in favour of that of the influence of circumstances upon their being. The *lourd* Pomeranian derives his moral qualities from the dull sluggishness of his native flats and native swamps, and grows up obese and unimpassioned. So also the Gael, veritable son of mist and flood, starts out of conditions which create quickness, verve, and energy, along with a certain pliability of moral purpose. Often in a state of tension, he has been roughened as well as quickened by his lot. At times he has been treacherous; at times cruel. Often he has been given to penitence and tears, and often to the pathos of bravado. The Saxon faces the inevitable calmly and without a grumble, as when the peasant of Brandenburgh, feeling the hand of death upon him, hurries to purchase his own coffin, and carries it home on his shoulder; the Frenchman gesticulates before it in the agony of expectation; the Irishman, standing in its presence, infuses a jet of humour into his ravings; and the West Highland Gael throws a halo around it by allowing his imagination to encompass in its broodings the ideals of suffering and death. Whoever knows the social state of the West coast of Scotland, knows also how truly the impetuous sorrows of Flory Cameron at her son's grave in Morven, and the heart-rending anguish of the emigrants in Tobermory Bay, represent the highly susceptible organization of the people. What is great in the Saxon, and defective in the Celt, is the inertia of unconscious habit; what is noteworthy in the Celt is the energy of transitory consciousness and transitory will. Thus the moral code of the one, inasmuch as it is more the concretion of underlying unconscious forces, is more steady and reliable than that of the other, which, if spasmodically altruistic, is also fitful. The Celt is individualistic, and somewhat capricious; but he is eminently the source of revolution, progress, ideality. What in the Saxon is mere *ennui*, or pure discomfort, has its parallel in the Gaelic organization in the hysteric pangs of sorrow. But since he who feels most keenly is also capable of the wildest elation, the

Gael, when not pressed down by the force of sad presentiments and the luxuries of repentance, is the most exuberant of mortals, and the most fantastic in his revels. Watch his hilarity in his cups, as I have often done on many a wet evening in many a wet glen, and you will be surprised at the rapidity with which he passes under the spell of his fiery native *liquour* from the extremes of depression to those of boisterous mirth, and thence to the maudlin morality and pathos of the tumbler. Such a being may justly be described as fitful, vehement, the author of a gloomy literature, across whose surface some glimpses of sunshine pass rapidly. The Celt looked at the flux, the Saxon more at the stability of nature; and hence, when the latter is content to go on his course with unquestioning faith, the former looked fitfully into the dark vacuum of the future, and peopling it with his troubled phantasmagoria, his faith was flickering, variable, and often pointing, now in the solace of hope, now in despair, to the solemnities of the unseen world.

As we recede from the standpoint of the present, and from the familiar moods of our thinking about it, the world becomes more and more unlike our own, and its image more confused and uncertain. The Cosmos of our ancestors was altogether unlike that which presses in upon each of us. But it was also unlike that which can be reconstructed out of the Icelandic *Volsunga Saga*—which contains undoubtedly old historic myths; it differs from that of the *Eddas*, the oldest monument perhaps of North-German literature; and it is still more unlike the Greek idea as we have it in Homer, and, of course, in writings later than the age of Homer. An example will illustrate what I mean. The lower animals enter largely into the working-out of many of Mr. Campbell's *Tales*, as well as into the Greek *Βατραχομυομαχία*, which is the product of a later period than the Homeric. But a great deal of humour, satire, and caricature is introduced in the miniature contests of the latter, and that humour is consciously introduced; whereas in the *Tales*, the conversations between man and the lower animals, as well as the struggles between mental and brute force are given, I might say, unconsciously, as a matter of fact and history, worthy of credit, and not as a satire on current morality. A high authority in Greek criticism, Mr. Gladstone, has pointed out how in the Homeric poems the basis of the art is altogether objective; and nearly all Greek poetical literature is a standing proof of the independence of the Greek mind of the Unseen and Eternal; of how uniformly the Greek sought for types of beauty and proportion in the greater outer world of sense; and of how little he made of sentiment and feeling, a fact which almost

justifies a remark endorsed by Lord Beaconsfield, that the tendency of civilization is to suppress feeling. In the well known description of the shield of Achilles, given in the *Iliad*, the subjective, including all feeling, is overlooked. It was on account of this suppression of feeling that Goethe, perhaps the most highly endowed of modern times, and of whom it has been said—*On n'a jamais vu chez un homme une telle perfection physique unie à une aussi grande perfection intellectuelle,* has singled out the Greeks as the healthiest type of moral greatness. In the *Iliad* confidence is expressed in the sufficiency of human nature for the exigencies of its own trials, apart from all before it or above it. Not only different from this moral attribute, but at the opposite pole to it are the loftiest aspirations of the Gael, as shadowed forth in the *Tales* or in the fragmentary literature of *Fingalianism,* in which we see mind rushing from despair to overpowering supernaturalism. In one respect, however, the *Tales* approach the Greek in their similes and personification of the terrible and the grand; in their mass of symbolism traversing the flux of the sea, worthy to be placed on the same level as the Greek image of the ocean—the tear of Neptune—and in all that indicated how earnestly they strove to enter into the spirit of their boisterous surroundings. With their deep sensitiveness and strong anthropomorphic tendency, they found the world a partially intelligible symbol, or, as Ralph Emerson calls it, "The great shadow of oneself;" they lived under the influence of a varied mixture of song and story, and drew upon the romance of the indefinite past in a realm of thought or feeling

> "Where fancy entertains becoming guests,
> While native songs the heroic past recalls."

As with the child, so with the savage; as with the individual, so with the race: poetry precedes prose, and the earliest utterances strive after rhyme and measure. The day may come when by original sin the learned may mean animalism. But, however that may be, the fireside Highland literature affords a fresh proof of the intimate relation that existed between the human race and the lower animals in early times, and of how animal nature was in close alliance with that of very early races. The *Tales* reveal a people with many genuine poetical faculties, and with much sympathy for the wide range of animal life beneath them, as well as with many aspirations for more light, and an ardent desire to penetrate beyond the veil. That their substantive contents have come down from a period when man was really nearer to the other animals, I have

never doubted. I believe with equal firmness, that the language of birds, in common to all early myths, has a high significance to the student of ethnography.

"Poetry," as defined by Bacon, "is feigned history," and my conclusion is that the wail and woes of fragmentary Gaelic poetry represent a fact deeper than mere emotion or the deposit of sentiment. "Fionn never gave up trembling and woe from that day until the day of forever." Before we attribute this excess of sorrow to the predominance of superstition, it would be well to examine the rise of it. The boy in the deep-vaulted sombre glen, who quivers at the recollection of the dark histories, and darker legends of his clan, is by no means a coward by nature or mental structure; but a sensitive plant, finely strung up by the impulses of his environment, and as susceptible to reverence as to fear. Though his quickening fancy may work up a wayside bush into the herald of nether torture, and though to the stranger he may appear in consequence as a picture of abject terror, with will paralyzed and cold cramp clutching the life-strings of his heart, he is, beyond the scope of such a feeling, cool and brave, daring and full of high courage. The contents of his fiery imagination give him a singular experience, not unlike, perhaps, to the dread of the native of Chili or Central America, who staggers at the first symptoms of an earthquake, but who faces death with calmness and coolness. No doubt, also, familiarity with sorrow generates peculiar luxury. *'S taitneach leam aoibhneas a' bhroin* expresses this, and moreover points to what results generally, as the Gaelic proverb puts it, in "valour and great deeds." It would be of deep interest had we the means to enter into an analysis of this complex feeling; of these luxuries of grief, and the sadness which engloomed the end:—

> "We shall vanish as a dream,
> And be missing in the field of heroes.
> The hunter shall not know our tomb,
> Nor shall our name be in the book of song."

Death, in fact, was the gloomiest of all factors to these highly strung people, and here they were far removed from the African race. The calm fortitude with which the Homeric characters could contemplate the uncertain end, and the rapturous elysium which the Koran dangles before the ambition of the self-sacrificing sons of the Crescent, have no proper equivalent in Fingalian literature, in which, whilst the earthly life is pictured out as uncertain at its best and richest, frequently the prospective rewards of even valour and great deeds are doubtful. Death is still the great mystery, as

it always was, and always shall be. With our forefathers it "darkened round the mountain crag;" the soul was called "by song to the land of the high clouds," or to the "rayless house of lasting gloom." The spirits of the dead "swim in the wind;" "the great black shadow" is seen in his "mighty strides," or "is poured out" from the eyes, "gloomy and darker than the black raven." And the wail is heard through the glen as the mystery passes over it:—

> "Few are the men who shed not tears;
> Not few the women at Ian's grave
> Pouring forth tears from day to day."

It is a singular fact that all primitive literatures dwell upon shadow-land, and figure forth the philosophy of shade. Just as the blind love to think in colour, and just as the grandest figures in the later works of the blind Milton are those figured forth in the symbolism of the eye, "in darkness visible;" so the old races found a peculiar fascination in brooding over shadows, and visible unrealities. As I read through some of those old disjointed fragments, for the first time, association recalled an old Highlander, long since dead, a man of daring courage, lofty disregard of morals, and most emphatic irreverence, yet who quaked like an aspen leaf at the recollection of an ill-omened phenomenon once observed by him on a Ross-shire hill on a moon-lit morning. As he was ascending the mountain, to his infinite horror, he saw a double shadow of himself, which, as interpreted by the traditional wisdom of his glen, was prophetic of some doom either to himself or some one related to him. To have a double shadow was, in many places, almost as bad as to have no shadow at all. A night walk in one of our great cities would dispel the illusion; but my irreverent countryman had never seen a great city or the glare of its myriad lamps. This Gaelic idea of shadow is no doubt connected with the typical misery of Peter Schlemihl, who having sold his shadow to the Evil One, walks henceforth through the world, weary and marked for doom.

I have tried elsewhere to show how the ancient Gael of the *Tales*, explained all malevolent action by multiplying analogues of his own being, and how

> "He cast upon the earth whereon he stood
> The formidable shadow of himself."

In this reduplication, the supernaturalism, though anthropomorphic in its origin, and often tragic in its result, was far different

from the artistic supernaturalism of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or *The Tempest*, in which the mystery consists in the secret promptings of individual conscience, in the struggle between our rights and old laws, and the breaking of moral nature out of bounds. On the contrary, the process in the *Tales* is always unconscious. The Gael, so far as we know, was not troubled by secret promptings within his moral nature, but with the troublesome intrusion of the inexplicable factor without.

> "*Me premet nox fabulaeque manes*
> *Et domus exilis Plutonia.*"

In his unconscious, or semi-conscious state, he expressed through the medium of his own homely symbols, the practical philosophy of *Sartor Resartus*. He felt vaguely, though he knew not how or why, that wherever he went, his own imagination was the enemy of his deeper self, as felt the wanderer, *Teufelsdrock*, who travelled, as we all must travel, far and near in quest of a remedy for a mind diseased, going into far-off jungles and the abode of doleful creatures for comfort to his wounded spirit, who fled from the fetid atmosphere of the crowded city to the calm repose of illusory solitude; but yet who could never rid himself by any amount of wandering from his own shadow, from his second nature, from stern facts which could not be undone, and from memories which could not be destroyed. This shadow was behind him; but of the future he could only say, with the Laureate,

> "I know that somewhere on the waste
> The shadow sits and waits for me."

On this I make only one remark. I think I see in this shadow-land the type, after all, of permanent existence, and a link that joins the philosopher and the peasant. What the commonplace Englishman expresses in his couplet:

> "In no place have I ever been,
> Yet ever where I may be seen,"

and what the Gaelic poetaster has more graphically described as:—*Tha tannas caol, a's faoin, a's buan*, is, though neither knows it not, the equivalent of the Hegelian type of permanent existence, that which is and that which is not; something and yet nothing; what derives its being from what is not; that which is the absence of light and yet which stops it.

The belief of the Celt in shadow-land is shared by many other races, such as tribes of Indians, who assert that whatever exists materially carries its immortality spiritually; that everything that

has a shadow has also a soul, which can enter into the happy hunting ground afar. Again, on the Gold Coast, the natives entertain the firmest belief in a strange shadow-land, to which the souls of the departed migrate ; and they leave vessels of water at the grave to enable their relatives in shadow-land to drink and live.

The practical morality of every nation is largely influenced by the current views regarding the soul and its destinies. A highly educated and highly enlightened people may be thoroughly moral in all the relations of life without entertaining any belief in the immortality of the soul. The doctrine is not modern ; but amongst all early nations it differed widely from the form in which it is now received by most Christian churches. It does not appear that the immortality of the soul was an article of faith amongst the Jews until, at least, after the captivity ; and even after that date they had serious controversy regarding its nature. The punishment of the wicked through perpetual torments, and the unalloyed everlasting happiness of the just, are refinements of creed due to the subtle theology of the early Christian centuries. But there may be an indefinite belief in immortality without any faith in special rewards and punishments. Plato enumerates throughout his writings no less than ten proofs of immortality ; but not one of these is conclusively logical, or carries the conviction of a problem mathematically certain or morally true. Amongst northern Germanic nations, as we know from one of the earliest *Eddas*, there was a belief in a *Gimil*, the abode of the blest, and a *Nastrand*, that of the evil. And that the Gaels had not only some phase of the doctrine of immortality as their creed, but also belief in special rewards for heroes cannot be doubted. In the Highlands, it is equally certain, the doctrine of immortality was connected with that of transmigration. The mermaid, who has the beauty of woman, the treacherous wraith that vanishes suddenly into thin air, the protean being that assumes any form to effect his cruel purposes ; and all the mass of superstitions, in which precautions are taken lest the fairies abstract the departing soul and place it elsewhere, and in which one life is supposed to be restorable on the sacrifice of another life, are all relics to prove this conviction. A hazy belief is still current in the outer isles to the effect that the souls of the drowned enter into seals, &c., and thus pass into happiness.

The bards, who could read the past and from its lessons shrewdly guess the future, at times seem to have claimed the right of issuing the passport to the land of bliss. Till they sang the funereal song, the spirits of the dead could not ascend to the *hall of clouds*, or sit on the throne of *the winds*, but were forced to hover in agony over

the chill vapour of the marsh. There is no proof that Druidism was introduced to this country by Phœnician traders, or that the Gaels got their ideas of soul and immortality from the Pythagoreans. These were of much more simple and much more commonplace origin. Rudimental ideas are alike amongst all races. The Celts of these Western isles probably derived their concrete idea of the soul as a special separate entity from the obtrusions of shadow-land, and their experience in dreams. Incapable of tracing physiological effects to their proper physical causes, and living often upon coarse food obtained at irregular intervals, they found a rough and ready explanation of the giants and monsters of their dreams in the supposition that these fleeting realities were spirits ; shadows that could vanish into the air. Whatever its origin as a separate entity, the soul had reference to a heaven and a hell—a group of warm isles of the west, and a sort of cheerless purgatory. Dr. Rink assures us that the Esquimo define heaven as the place of perpetual blubber, and hell as one of frost and famine ; and that they believe in a supernatural being whose will is revealed only through the priests, and who governs all our destinies. From curious customs still preserved in remote isles and isolated glens, as well as from the *débris* of the Gaelic literature, we can understand the origin of a cheerless purgatory, and how sun-worship arose. The race who lived in these circumstances, in looking up at the sun, found supreme divinity there, in the power which both awed and inspired the struggling spirit. There was

> " The Sovereign whence emanated universal light.
> Ah, Sun ! awful art thou in all thy strength."

There is not much analysis traceable in these *Tales*. The Khurds of Orissa have a fourfold division of mind ; and most literatures have a triple division of it; but in Fingalianism it is generally figured forth under the image of vapoury mist, unsubstantial in eluding sense-perception, yet vital and the centre of all vitality ; impressible from without, sometimes projecting itself outwards and coming into alliance with the bodies of many marvellous creatures, much in the same way as the soul of Batrace is represented to have done in an Egyptian tale, known to be 3278 years old. As a sort of essential matter, which alone the ordinary mind can embrace, with form, therefore, and essential relation to space, a mysterious essence with spontaneity within itself, it is sometimes vaguely described as an existence distinct from self, taking refuge, grotesquely it seems to us, in oatcakes, peeping under door-sills, creeping under flagstones, sojourning in eggs, emigrating into geese and ducks, plunging into

oceans and overcoming giants. It carried its habits of violence and strife along with it

> "When went two spirits on the wind,
> And fiercely struggle on the tossing waves,
> Far away the hunter hears
> The loud and lingering noise of warring ghosts."

Not seldom do we find the soul passing rapidly from fishes to birds, and thence to quadrupeds. The Welsh *Mabinogion* says, in this reference, "There is nothing in which I have not been." One thing at least is clear, both from the Welsh and Gaelic Tales, that the people who invented and preserved these rugged stories, and to whom this crumbled down poetry belonged, who fabricated and dressed them, who dreamed over their recital, and who loved to reconstruct their imagery, had certainly more in common with the eagle and the fox, more sympathy with the lower part of creation, and more enduring interest in the purely animal part of life, than modern Highlanders have. If animals at first created fear, they next attracted sympathy. Perhaps the gulf has been widened by the vulgar outcry raised by anti-Darwinians against our kindness to the lower animals. But in any case, these *Tales* point to an age when thought was narrow and confined, when expression was feeble, except in one direction, when religious conceptions were both gross and meagre, when the personal self was not yet regarded as the functional factor, which alone our psychology recognizes, when the vast space which lies between the ego and the non-ego, was looked upon as an unbroken continuity kindred to both, and actually was a mass of phantasmagoria and diversified analogues of conscious experience, when man, looking upon himself with a mixture of despair and wonder, could not, even if he dared, face the problem of his dark destiny, when his sympathies had a wider area, and when he would feel more at home with a fox, planning some depredation, than with a Hegel or a Huxley, contemplating the meaning of the universe.

To our remote ancestors the question of the "Abyssmal depths of personality" was as sealed as it is still to an average peasant, whose idea of a God is that of a monster man. Historically our image of the great material world is earlier than our interpretation of its meaning. I have already tried to show what the Celtic idea of the world was. Though no believer in the authenticity of M'Pherson's Ossian, there are several cosmological fragments in it, of whose antiquity I am unable to doubt. When I read the beautiful romance of Nausica, in the ninth Book of the Odessy, I find

myself in the living atmosphere of a Grecian isle; in going through the Georgics, one is surrounded with the life and scenery of old Italy. Spenser decks the most idealistic of his fairy dells with the wayside beauties of Elizabethan England; Wordsworth draws his peasant life from the actual habits of Westmoreland; in Tennyson we find the perpetual purling of Lincoln or midland streams; and Burns draws upon peasant life in Ayrshire for his humour, and for his peculiar pathos. And so I conclude the grand imagery of Ossianic literature never arose out of the bleak valley of the Spey, or out of any section of modern European life. That weird canopy of clouds, sighing winds, and thunderstorms, those scowling cliffs with their spectral visions, are both old and of the west. Only on a howling night off the Giant's Causeway, and in a thunderstorm on the edge of Glen Lennox, or in looking down into the furious cauldron of the Sannaig Rocks, or when facing the mists of dark Morven, have I at all, and even then feebly, realised some of the Ossianic imagery, or been able to transport myself into its actions and fierce struggles, and to see the long past events passing vaguely before me in its strange symbolism, in shadowy outlines of the brave and the fair; maidens purer than the sun, "with breasts whiter than the foam on the edge of the moon," titanic heroes striving for glory, amidst scenes in which years rolled darkly past, in which the great ocean poured its wrath on sterile shores, in which winds sighed the sigh of death, and ghosts shrieked aloud "in the viewless wind of the cairn."

As might be expected, all this is obscured by the commonplace of the *Tales*, where we deal with monsters of many forms; wraiths with one pool-like eye, giants standing about with aspen woods growing out of repulsive foreheads, one-legged ghosts and Fions, reminding us of the Polish Piast, generally herculean, but often crafty. Even here, however, the superhuman contest is often prolonged and terrible. Ian struggled, in one *Tale*, with a giant, and in the combat they made a "boggy bog of the rocky rock," and, as they fought on, their feet sank deeply into the hardest cliffs, and brought wells of water "out of the face of the hardest rock." In the *Fingalians*, a fragmentary poemlet, of which several versions have been lost and of which several are still current, the action is really a national struggle personified. "Patrick of sweetest psalms" finds mention here; the unlawful passion of Lochlin's wife for a Fingalian hero results in a fierce national combat, and "four score and five thousand mighty men fell by the hands of Carra alone."

We cannot lay too much emphasis on the fact, however, that the

popular tales of all nations are in their plot and base very much alike. A curious illustration of this met me last year. As I was going to see the interesting ecclesiastical ruins of Oronsay, I passed, near the south end of Colonsay, the remains of an old chapel, evidently of Culdee origin; and Mr. M'Neil, who acted as my guide and whose natural intelligence is of a markedly high order, related a *Tale* of an occurrence connected with the lonely spot. That *Tale* was in substance, certainly in idea, the *Hunchback Tale* of Japan.

A very large portion of what gives much of its charms to the peculiar traditional lore of the Highlands is of Norse origin, highly charged with Odinic theology. I am not prepared to assert that the polytheism of the Gaels was that of the Scandinavians; but that the former went after many and strange gods seems clear. We do not, at least by name, find Wuotan, or Donar, or Freja in any Tale of undoubted authority; the elaborate cosmogony of Icelandic literature has no equivalent in Gaelic; and it is not easy to trace even any influence of Skaldinic origin. And yet the fierce paganism, to which I have already referred, is certainly Norse. I cannot agree either with those who deduce the triology, Wuotan, Fro, and Donar, of the Norse, from the Christian Trinity, or with those who, like Phéne, discover serpent worship and the idea of the Trinity in such spots as the serpentine mound at Lochnell. The serpent may have been worshipped in the Highlands; the boar certainly was, for if all the legends and tales that cluster round the death of Dermaid have any meaning, it points to an age when some reformer endeavoured to introduce a higher form of worship, and perished, as most true reformers have done, in the struggle caused by his own innovation. All social salvation is through suffering; and from the beginning of the world, quite as much as with the Hebrew prophets and modern reformers, the heralds of great movements have fallen a prey either to the blind virulence of opposing doctrines, or to the force of these movements themselves.

In Glenorchy, in Kirkousland, and in many other places, I have found local traces of Odinism. The story of the *Rider of Grianig* is distinctly Odinic. To one other fact, and that one of some significance, I refer here. In all old literatures, justice is really revenge. It was always the old story, at its most merciful point, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. We find Byron, in a moment of wild frenzy, declaring that the greatest curse that he could inflict on any mortal was to forgive him. In this utterance he expresses the spirit of Paganism. Christianity makes forgiveness, and Paganism makes revenge, a virtue. If that be so, if the chief argument against Mr. M'Pherson is the liberal introduction of

generosity to foes in his poems, even still the Highland idea of law is not justice but revenge, which excludes forgiveness. When M'Pherson ascribes these virtues of high generosity and the spirit of forgiveness to his valorous heroes, he at least is guilty of working through the aid of anachronism, whilst he proves himself to have but little insight into the great social and spiritual movements of North west Europe during the early Christian centuries.

Who of us does not look, perhaps with some degree of fondness, to our younger days, when imagination greedily snatched the marvellous and the impossible, and when it fed upon nursery stories that really belonged to Odinic literature? I have even now distinct recollections of these days of luxuriant marvel, when the grand old stories of the Valhalla, which circulated in the north of Scotland as freely as on the flats of Brandenburgh, appeared to be histories and not myths, records of actual facts with the personal interest superadded, and not as allegories in which the workings of outer law were recorded. The marvellous steed, the sword, and cap were facts to me then. They are only rude symbols now. Swiftness and darkness, the power of rapid execution and that of concealment; the eight-legged steed that went on the wings of the wind (the Germanic Sleipner), and the cap of darkness (the kappa of the *Nibelungen*—the equivalent of the πεταρος of Mercury and of Macbeth's *helmet of the night*) are still with us, though in alien forms. This power of baffling foes, not by open contest and fair fight, finds its equivalent in the nineteenth century, a Freeman would tell us, in the contortions of diplomacy, and, as we need not be informed by any one, in the speech that conceals thought, in the darkness that covers the designs of the wicked, in the craft and cunning that I have already shown to be a leading factor in Celtic morals, and which were not condemned but applauded by the Celtic conscience.

All nursery rhymes, and all popular customs, handed down from generation to generation carry a deep underlying meaning as survivals of forgotten religions, remnants of old creeds, broken fragments of ceremonies in which the adult population of byegone times solemnly took part. A few of these still retain something of the ghostly and much of the quaint. Dances, little ditties, and rhythmic movements now contemptible to all outside the four walls of the nursery, are crumbled down relics of imposing processions and great religious ceremonies which our Pagan ancestors, on some great day of sacrifice or worship, performed around the rude clachan or the sacrificial stone. We have still a *Clachan an Dé 's airde*, an undoubted relic of polytheism. Round that, as round many

others, rude voices once chanted rude hymns to the *Supreme God*, whose vengeance was invoked in frantic prayers, and whose favour was propitiated by human sacrifices. If we assume that in ruder ages, with ruder religions, the priests were worthy of their profession, we may also assume that these ceremonies were invested with a vast amount of unnecessary mystery, and carried through with the aid of much trickery and unscrupulous pretence, out of which we can now extract only the symbol of a symbol, inasmuch as their rude ritual with its mysteries, enigmas, riddles, and general quackery, represented vaguely that contorted truth, and that all-reaching creed

> "Whose faith has centre everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself in form."

Diodorus describes the Celts as being fond of enigmas, revelling in hyperbole, and with an overwhelming contempt for all others. Let us see how far his description is supported by our existing fragments. Compelled to think keenly, to philosophize, the Gaels appear to have possessed a criterion of truth; but judged by Mr. Campbell's *Tales*, they had no organ of discovery, at least consciously or definable. Hence their logic developed itself into a series of concrete quibbles, intricate riddles, quaint puzzles, and meagre fallacies, occupying the borderland between ascertained fact and possible truth. There is much in the *Tales* to suggest Taleisin's Invocation of the wind:

> "The strong creature from before the flood,
> Without flesh, without bones, without head, without feet,
> * * * * * *
> Without age, without season,
> It is always of the same age as the age of the seasons."

What we call in logic the *Law of Contradiction* was certainly, in some form, known to the preservers of the stories; and in the germ we come across no inconsiderable amount of sound philosophy disguised in proverbs, riddles, and aristic problems. If we translate the abstract into one of its concrete forms, we may meet much with which we are familiar in our text-books on reasoning. "*Dé 's gile na sneachd? Tha 'n fhirinn*," expresses in a rough, semi-concrete manner Descartes' Criterion of Certainty and Clearness as the highest test of truth. The Gaels never got much beyond that primitive kind of reasoning which contents itself with concrete quibbles, gnomes, and fallacies, which is descriptive of natural or emblematical of real objects, and which was as different as the poles are asunder

from the puns and verbal ingenuity that are still used to excite curiosity amongst the Highlanders. The Gaelic riddles are not unlike the Greek Griphi, and many of them are in the same strain as that propounded by the Sphinx to Œdipus:—"What is that which goes on four legs in the morning, on two at mid-day, and on three in the evening?" Thus:—"What is that which the Creator never saw, which kings see but seldom, and that I see daily?" It is also noteworthy that most of the fallacies belong to the class called *ambiguous middle*. The following occur frequently, and are typical of the kind of reasoning that one still hears in the north-west:—"The beard is older than the man, because it grows on the goat before the man." "There is a kind of tree which is neither bent nor straight." "One ladder can reach heaven—if it is long." "If Fionn were as swift as the sun he could go round the world in a day." "I can hold one egg in my hand; and yet twelve strong men with ropes cannot hold it." "The pupil of the eye is not bigger than a barleycorn, and yet it covers the table of a king." "What has no tongue tells no tales." "Smoke is higher than the king's palace." "What is false to me is false to you." "The first nine are my father's brothers, the second nine my mother's, the third nine are my sons, and they are all my husband's sons." I expand a specimen syllogistically:—

> What more than covers the king's table is larger than it;
> The pupil of the eye more than covers the king's table,
> But a barleycorn is at least as large as the pupil of the eye,
> Therefore the barleycorn covers the king's table.

To a like effect are many of the Gaelic proverbs. "Worthless is a tale without warrant" is a favourable specimen of the more practical logical maxims. These were not so subtle or so intricate as the eristic of Zeno the Eleatic, or the puzzles of Diodorus. In spite of their fragmentary character, however, with all their fantastical setting, and their tendency towards sophistry, they contain, if not a distinct recognition, at least a dim conception of a monistic system of inherence and sequence of events, or a kind of running up of causality, in all its forms, into the mysterious originative power of mind; but nowhere do they project blind causation as an explanation either of change or being. Cause was traced back to some impulse in personal human mind, or some analogue of it; the whole universe was ultimately resolved thus into some effort of mind. As the energetic Professor Blackie translates an idea of Empodocles:—

"Cause never dwelt in aught of sensuous kind,
Sole first and last of all that was and is and yet shall be
In heaven or earth is mind."

One instance of the concrete Gaelic dealing with causality may be given here. The characters are Murachaig, an industrious youth, who goes forth to gather fruit, and Menachaig, a lazy drone, who stays at home and eats it. The former resolves to stop this procedure, and to correct his brother's vicious habit. He therefore goes to the wood in quest of a rod suitable for flagellating purposes. But the axe was blunt, and Murachaig had to sharpen it. Consequently he had to follow cause into effect as follows. I give only a fragment :—

Murachaig [the first cause] discovered a baking woman,
Who gave a cake to a young lad,
Who therefore gave straw to the cow,
Which therefore gave milk to the cat,
Which therefore hunted a mouse,
Which therefore buttered the dog's feet,
Which therefore chased the deer,
Which therefore ran to the water,
Which therefore was discovered,
Which therefore softened the stone,
Which therefore sharpened the axe,
Which therefore cut the rod,
Which beat the lazy Menachaig.

This is certainly a very rudimental form of reasoning; but it is a very fair specimen of the logic of the *Tales*.

To say that conscience, individual, social, and general, is a growing faculty, is only to admit that progress is possible. That the range of the old Gaelic conscience, both of the individual and social, was narrow, and that its verdict, tested by purer principles, was immoral, I have tried to show in my former paper. The doctrine consists in facts and in stories, like that of the poor and rich brother (II. pp. 30-2), of which the *morale* is neither lofty nor pure. Though it does not differ much from the treachery of Jacob, it wants the charms of the sly trickery of Ulysses. Here unblushing roguery is triumphant, and success, through whatsoever means obtained, is the lesson taught. Almost everywhere ingenuity is the passport to success, against even the resources of the great world of giants and monsters. In one story, a large giant is represented as desirous to kill his son-in-law. Aware of his danger, the bride and

bridegroom flee, the giant pursues, and as hope is vanishing, the inexplicable comes to the aid of the unfortunate couple; they somehow succeed in taking out of the ear of the filly that carried them twenty miles of thick thorn, twenty miles of hard rock, and twenty miles of deep sea, which they successively cast behind, and thus escape from the pursuing monster. Cuchullin is the strongest of heroes. But Fionn is swift, full of wily resource, and ready in invention. He has all the cunning of a modern provincial attorney, and can heckle and peddle like a Jew, as, for instance, he shows in his cautious cross-questioning of the affianced. The serpent is as frequently an emblem of cunning as it is of wisdom. The soothsayer, with his incantations and spells, and, in our opinion, quackery, plays always an important *rôle*; scarcely a hill or loch but has its petty deity, to whose malicious interference calamities and diseases are ascribed, and whose malevolence must be thwarted by the skilful art of the magician. A central doctrine of the whole mythology, as Mr. Campbell points out, is the superiority of skill to might. Valour is greatly to be desired, but wisdom is higher than valour. A quaint tale illustrates how cunning overcomes force, even in the supernatural. A giant thirsts for more blood; but *Maol a' Chliobain* saves herself by sheer resource; she tries to escape; and the giant follows in hot pursuit. "And the sparks of the fire that the giant brought out of the rocks with his fist struck *Maol a' Chliobain* in the back and burned her not, whilst the sparks which her heels struck out of the rocks smote the giant in the face and wounded him sorely." They came to the running water, always a barrier fatal to spirits of evil, and the giant could get no further.

But I close in the meantime. I have left many questions of pressing interest almost untouched. The part played by second-sight in the mythology of the Celts, the meaning of marvellous supernatural interference in human affairs, the respect attached to the virtues of valour and fidelity, and many other points of value to the student of the Celtic Cosmogony, and the alien code of ethics, must be left for future consideration. The old mythology and tales do not consist of facts that can be wrested into modern ethical ideas. They are, nevertheless, whether we can read their teaching aright or not, relics of the long forgotten past; exhumed fossils telling strange histories of a world otherwise absolutely gone. They are, moreover, pleasing links connecting us with a near period, now also gone, a period when these stories were told around the hearth in many a glen which is now a melancholy waste, when they were regarded as the exclusive property of some imposing patriarch on the verge of the grave, when their recital created awe and re-

verence, and when they were believed in as firmly as the latest decree from the Vatican. And though some of us now look upon them as the mere phantom of a race

> "Uprising from the wild green sea of waves,
> Drifting with a low moan of mystery,"

they teach their lesson as emphatically to the most practical, as well as to the keenest visionary amongst us. That lesson, I think, is expressed well by the author of Balder the Beautiful :—

> "Read these faint runes of mystery,
> Oh Celt, at home and o'er the sea!
> The bond is loosed, the poor are free,
> The world's great future rests with thee.
>
> "Till the soil, bid cities rise,
> Be strong, oh Celt, be rich, be wise!
> But still with those divine grave eyes,
> Respect the realm of mysteries."

7TH MAY, 1879.

At the meeting on this date, the Secretary, Mr. William Mackenzie, read the following paper :—

LEAVES FROM MY CELTIC PORTFOLIO.

IV.

In Volume VII. of these Transactions, two series of selections from my Celtic Portfolio appeared. During the present session, I gave a third series,* and to-night I give a fourth. In presenting you with these "Leaves," suffice it to say that they are selected at random from my Celtic gleanings during the past.

I will in the first place give you two good old songs, which the Rev. Alexander Cameron, of Glengarry, has kindly sent me. Mr. Cameron took them down from the recitation of a Mrs. Macrae—a Kintail woman—who died during the present year (1879), at the age of 80. They were, according to her, composed by Iain Lom. The bard was at the time, she said, in the service of a certain Alaisdair MacRath. Murdo, one of Macrae's sons, was lost in the hills, and search was made for him and continued until, after fifteen days, his body was found in Gleann-Lic, at the foot of a large rock locally

* *Vide* page 18.

known as "A' charraig." On each of the fifteen days they were in search of Murdo, Iain Lom is said to have composed a song. The references in the second song to the grave, &c., indicate that it was composed after the body was found and buried, and not during the search. That these songs were composed by Iain Lom cannot be easily proved, but whoever the author, they are well worthy of being recorded here.*

Gleann-Lic, Mrs. Macrae knew very well, for her husband and she lived in it for four years—"Mar uidhe urchair gunna bho'n aite anns an d'fhuaradh corp Mhurchaidh Mhic Alasdair. Theireadh iad gu dearbh," said Mrs. Macrae, "gu'm biodh feadhainn a' faicinn 's ag cluinntinn *rud ann.*" Especially was the "Carraig" and a path that led through or past it, said to be haunted. Her own husband, indeed, had proof of it, for one morning in the end of harvest, in the beginning of a snow-storm, he and an assistant were taking sheep down from the heights "an déigh dha sneachd òg a chuir. Fhuair iad an lorg mhoir chruinn ud air an t-sneachda, agus mar gu'm biodh spògan fada 'tighinn mach air an taobh chùil! Bha fada fada eadar na h-uile lorg, agus cha robh iad ach mar gu'm biodh neach air aona chois a' toirt gàmagan uabhasach!" It was in this interesting locality that the body was found, at the foot of a precipice.

"Bha tigheadair ann an Crò Chinntaile aig an uair ud ris an abairte '*Am Breabadair òg*;' agus bha nadur cho fiadhaich crosd ann a's gu'm biodh paidhir dhagachan aige na chois daonnan—agus iad nan laidhe (lan urchair) air a' bheart 'nuair a bhiodh e 'tigheadh." This valorous weaver was firmly convinced that it was the "Droch Aon" himself that put Murchadh Mac Alasdair "out of the way"—(as an rathad)—and therefore, loading his pistols with a silver coin instead of lead—(Oir their iad nach dearg a chaochladh air an Fhear Mhillidh)—he went to the place where the body was found, and lay in wait for fourteen days—"'dh-fheuchainn an tachradh an Droch Aon air, gus am marbhadh e e!" But the Breabadair òg was disappointed and returned home. It was commonly believed that Murchadh Mac Alasdair had, during his walk in the hill, found a man—a "Glasach"—stealing his goats. Having taken him prisoner, Murdo was bringing him home it is supposed, and that as they were passing along the "Cadha," at the "Carraig," the

* Since writing the above, I made several enquiries as to the authorship. The circumstances attending *Murchadh Mac Alasdair's* death appear to be pretty well known in the West, but I failed to ascertain the date. Iain Lom witnessed the battle of Inverlochy in 1645, and sang the praises of the victorious army. He died in 1710. Were Murchadh Mac Alasdair and the bard contemporaries? One seanachaidh informs me that the elegies were composed by Murdo's brother —another says by his sgalag. Was Iain Lom the sgalag?

Glasach,* pitched Murdo over the precipice at the foot of which his body was found. This is, indeed, all the more probable, added the old lady, as a certain Glasach, on his deathbed, was understood to have made some confession regarding Murchadh Mac Alasdair's death; but the person to whom the secret was confided, would never divulge it. The following are the songs :—

1.

Och nan ochan 's mi sgìth,
'Falbh nan cnoc so ri sìon,
Gur neo-shocrach a' sgrìob tha 'san dùthaich ;

Thu bhi, Mhurchaidh, air chall
Gun aon chuimse c' e 'm ball ;
Sud an urchair bha caillte dhùinne.

Och mo chlisgeadh 's mo chàs,
Gun tu 'n ciste chaol chlàir,
Le fios aig do chairdean ciùirrt' air.

'S beart nach guidhinn do m' dheòin
Ach na ludhaig Dia òirnn,
Do chùl buidhe bhi chòir na h-ùireach.

Slan le gliocas, 's le ceill
'S a bhi measail ort fhein,
'S nach eil fhios ciod e 'n t-eug a chiùrr thu.

Slàn le tréine na seoid,
Slàn le gleusdachd duin' òig,
'N uair nach d' fheud thu bhi beo gun chùram.

Slàn le binneas nam bard,
Slàn le grinneas nan làmh ;
Co ni mire ri d' mhnàoi, no sùgradh ?

Slàn le fiadhach nam beann,
Slàn le iasgach nan allt—
Co chuir iarunn an crann cho cliùiteach ?

* My friend, Mr. Colin Chisholm, assures me that this dastardly act was not committed by a *Glasach*. He usually heard it attributed to a Glenmoriston man.

Do luchd-faire* gun fhiamh,
Bho'n bha d' air' orra riamh—
Nochd cha ghearain am fiadh a churam.

Faodaidh an earbag an nochd,
Eadar mhaoisleach a's bhoc
Cadal samhach air cnoc gun churam.

Faodas ise bhi slan,
'Siubhal iosal a's àird,
Bho'n a chailleadh an t-àrmunn cliùiteach.

'S ait le binnich nan allt,†
'Chor 's gu'n cinnich an clann,
Gu'n do mhilleadh na bh'ann de d' fhùdar.

Cha b'e d' fhàsach gun ni,
No d' fhearann-àitich chion sìl,
Ach sgeul nach binn e ri sheinn 's an dùthaich.

Och nan och a's mi sgith,
Falbh nan cnoc so ri sìon,
Gur neo-shocrach a' sgrìob tha 'san dùthaich.

II.

'S i sealg Geamhraidh Ghlinne-Lic
A dh' fhag greann oirnn tric a's gruaim,
Mu'n òg nach robh teann 'sa bha glic,
'S an' teampull fo'n lic 's an' uaigh.

A' cheud Aoine na Gheamhradh fhuar,
'S daor a phaigh sinn buaidh na sealg,
An t-òg bu chraobhaiche snuagh,
Na aonar uainn a's fhaotainn marbh.

Tional na sgìre gu leir,
Ri siubhal sleibh, 's ri falbh bheann,
Fad sgìos nan coig latha deug,
'S am fear dìreach treun air chall.

* This refers to the deer.
† The roe-deer.

Murchadh donn-gheal mo rùn,
Bu mhìn-sùil 's bu leannan mnàoidh,
A' ghnuis anns an robh am ball-seirc,
'S a bha tearc air thapadh làimh.

Chuala mise clarsach theud,
Fiodhall a's beus ag co-sheinn—
Cha chuala a's cha chluinn gu brath,
Ceol na b'fhearr na do bheul binn.

Bu tu marbhaich' 'bhalla-bhric bhàin,
Le morbh caol, fada, geur ;
Le cuilbheir bhristeadh tu cnaimh,
'S gu'm bu shilteach fo d' làimh na féidh !

'Bhean uasal a thug dhuit gaol,
Nach bi chaoidh na h-uaigneas slan,
'S truagh le mo chluasan a gaoir,
Luaithead 's a sgaoil an t-aog an snàim.

'S tursach do chinneadh mor deas
Ga d' shireadh an ear 's an iar,
'S an t-òg a b'fhiùghantaich beachd
Ri slios glinne marbh 's an t-sliabh.

Tha Crathaich nam buailtean bò
Air an sgaradh ro-mhòr mu d' eug—
Do thoir as a bheàtha so òg
A ghaisgich nan corn 's nan ceud.

'S tùirseach do sheachd braithrean graidh,
Am pearson gu h-ard a leugh,
Thug e, ge tuigseach a' cheird,
Aona bharr-tuirs' air cach gu leir.

Bho thùs dhiubh Donnchadh nam pìos,
Gillecriosd, a's dithis do'n chléir,
Fearchar agus Ailean Donn,
Uisdean a bha trom na d' dhéigh.

Gur tuirseach do gheala bhean òg,
'S i 'sileadh nan deoir le gruaidh,
'S a' spionadh a fuilt le deòin,
'Sior chumha nach beo do shnuagh.

'S math am fear-rannsachaidh an t-aog,
'Se 'm maor e a dh-iarras gu mion ;
Bheir e leis an t-òg gun ghiamh,
'S fàgaidh e 'm fear liath ro shean.

The next song—Turus Aonghais do'n Ghealaich—is serio-comic in its nature. The friend who favoured me with it sent the following history of it :—

Ann an Gleann-Eileachaig, shuas aig ceann Loch-Longa, an Cinntàile, bha uair-eigin a comhnaidh dithis ghillean. 'Se Aonghas Mac-'ille-mhaoil a b' ainm do dh-fear diubh, agus a chionn 's gu'm biodh e 'cumail a cheann ro dhìreach agus a' sealltainn suas theireadh cuid "*Aonghas dìreach*" ris, agus cuid eile "*Aonghas na Gealaich*." 'S e Uisdean Mac-Cullach a bh' air an fhear eile, agus bho'n bha e crùbach a's 'na thàillear theireadh iad "*An Taillear Crùbach*" ris. Cha robh aon neach anns a' choimhearsnachd do nach d'rinn "An Taillear Crubach" òran ; agus air "*Aonghas na Gealaich*" gu sonruichte, cha 'n fhaigheadh e cothrom 's am bith nach biodh e sàs ann. Bha Aonghas an sud oidhche air bàl-dannsaidh, agus 'n uair thainig e dhachaidh bhuail a mhathair air trod ris, a' cumail mach gu'n robh tuilleadh 's a chòir de'n uisge-bheatha aige. An uair thuirt i so ris, an àite dha dhol a chadal 's ann a ghabh e mach le 'thuadh a ghearradh connaidh, agus air dha gnothachan a chuir ceart an sin, dh' fhalbh e, gun tilleadh dhachaidh, gu ruig an Tigh-bàn. A chionn nach d' innis e c'àite an robh e 'dol agus nach d' thainig e dhachaidh fad na h-ath oidhche thòisich a chairdean agus uile mhuinntir a' bhaile air a shireadh air feadh na bruaich le lòchrain agus soluis. "Ge b'e c'àite an robh thus' Aonghais, cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig thu beo slan, fallain, dhachaidh leat fhein agus do cheann cho *dìreach* 'sa bha e riamh" ; agus 's e bh' ann gu'n d'rinn an "*Taillear Crùbach*" an t-òran so a leanas air :—

Gur mis' tha fo mhulad,
Bho 'n chailleadh an t-fhiùran deas òg,
Agus ceann-ard na fine,
Cloinn-'ic-mhaoilein ga d' shireadh 's tu beo ;
Tha do chiste ga sàbhadh,
'S iomadh fear a tà 'fàsgadh nan dorn,
'S tha do leannan gun èiridh
Ach an d' fhuair i ort sgeul bho na Chrò.

'S tric mi 'smaointinn, a ghaisgich,
Dh'fhalbh a shràid Bhaile-chaisteil an tuim,
Dh'fhag sud luasgan air m' aigne
Chuir mi iomral air cadal na h-oidhch' ;
Bho'n a chailleadh tu, Aonghais,
Bheir mi greis air bhi 'g iomradh do loinn,
'S e dh'fhag muladach m' inntinn,
Bhi ga d' shireadh feadh fhrìthean a' Ghaill.

Cas a shiubhal na mòinteich !
Agus sealgair a' gheòidh air an t-snàmh !
Mar ri ialltan a's lachan—
Leat bu mhiann bhi ga'n caitheamh dhe d' laimh ;
'S iomadh fear tha bochd, truagh dheth,
Bho'n thug thu 'n car suas chon a' Mhàim,
Agus fear tha gun ghluasad—
'S ann diubh Frisealach ruadh an Tigh-bhàin !

'S tha Mac-'uireach-Dhomh'll* duilich
Bho'n a dh' fhalbh thu 'm "balloon" nan sgiath,
Air an astar nach till thu—
Ghabh thu seachad os-cìnn Loch-nan-ian,
Gabh thu 'n rathad a b' àirde,
Ach am faice' tu c'aite an robh 'ghrian—
Gur e tilleadh a b' fhearr leat
'N uair a dh' fhairich thu gàilich nan nial.

Dh'fhalbh Aonghas 's a' mhaduinn,
Gus a' chraobh 'bh'anns a' ghealaich a bhuain,
Gus a gearradh, no spìonadh—
Bha e 'g radh, 'n uair a ghiaraich e 'thuadh ;
Bha e 'siubhal fad seachduin
Anns an t-slighe bha drabhasach buan,
'S mu'n do smuainich e tilleadh,
Bha na speuran ga mhilleadh le fuachd.

Thuirt am fear bha gu h-ard ris,—
"Co as a thainig an sonn ?
Cha bhi do shaothair gun phàidheadh,
Ged tha mis' agus m' fhardach gle lòm ;

* *Mac-'uireach-Dhomh'll* was the father of Angus's sweetheart.

Bha mi roimhe ga gearradh
'S tha mi nise ga faire gu tròm,
Tha mo leabaidh gun dìon ann
'S mi fo shileadh nam miar aig a bonn."

Labhair Aonghas gu sùghmhor—
" Ma ghearras tu chraobh bi'dh tu pàidht',
Thug mi fada ga sireadh,
'S chuir i éis air mo phiseach gu bràth ;
Thug mi corr a's seachd bliadhna
Eadar gu h-iosal 's gu h-ard,
'S ma 's e tall' e 'm beil aoibhneas
'Leig thu mise seal oidhche 'na d' àite ? "

Sin 'n uair thuirt am fear liath ris
" 'S math mo bharail gur sgianadair thu,
Rinn thu 'n t-astar a phian thu,
Chon na fasdail chuir fialachd air chùl ;
Fhad 's a bhiodh tu ga gearradh
Cha 'n fhaigh thu chead fantuinn a dh' ùin',
'S tha mi 'togairt do thilgeil,
Gu bhi deanamh na h-imrich as ùr."

Labhair Aonghas an gaisgeach
Ann an còmhradh cath an fhir léith,
Dol an coinneamh na h-iorghuill,
'S cha robh 'n seann duin' ag agair na réit'—
" Thus' a bhodaich air crìonadh,
'S gu'm bheil mise mo ghìomhanach treun,
Theid do chrochadh ri meur dhi
'S gu'm bi chraobh fo mo riaghailte fhein ! "

I will now give you a poem composed by Mrs. Mary Mackellar, about twenty years ago, after reading of Locheil of the '45, leaving the Prince asleep, and going to get a last look of his ancient castle. On his arriving at his destination, the Chief found nothing but the bare walls, the " Red Soldiers " having burned the castle to the ground. Mrs. Mackellar gives expression to the thoughts that must have roused her chief's breast. " Air leam," said she, " gar ann mar so a labhair an ceann-feadhna uasal " :—

An eiginn domhsa, triath nam beann,
Bhi 'm fhograch fann air feadh nan stuchd,

'S gu tosdach sealltuin air do cheann
Mo dhachaidh aosda anns an uir!

Loisg na "Dearganaich" gu lar
Gach baideal àrd dhe m' dhachaidh ghaoil
'S an tric a fhuair mi fois a's tlaths
Air tilleadh dhomh o àr nan laoch.

'S nuair thogadh sìth a bratach suas
'Sa bhithinns' le m' thuath-chearn' fhein
'Tighinn luchdaichte gu tùr nam buadh,
O'n chreachan fhuar 's am biodh na feidh

Bu phailt am fion, 's bhiodh piob air ghleus,
'Si caithreamach mu'r 'n euchd 's na blair,
'S 'nuair bheireadh Seanachaidh greis air sgeul
Mu ghniomharan nan treun a bha

Bhiodh cridh' gach cuiridh laist 'na chom
'Se ann am fonn gu bhi 's an àr
'S gach Camshronach 'sa bhòid gu trom
Gu ainm bhi measg nan sonn 's an dàn.

'S 'nuair thogainnse mo shròl a suas
'S crois-taraidh le luaths na gaoith
G'an tional gu toiteal nan tuagh
'S ann riamh gu buaidh a thriall na laoich.

Bha uamhann air na Goill roimh 'r n-ainm
'S ged tha 'n diugh coilbh Chuilfhodair ac'
Si 'm ban-fhuil fhein bhiodh fo na buinn
Na 'n robh ar suinn gu leir na'r taic.

A thaibhse Bhruis, dean faire leam!
A's sileamaid ar deoir le chéil'
Chuir t-Albainn fein a'n diugh air chul
Oighre do chruin, is mor am bend.

Ceannaire 'na aghaidh cha dean mi,
'S do choigreach mar righ cha lub;
An aobhar trocair deir iad rium
Thug iad o m' Phrionnsa gaoil a chrun.

An Duitsich no'n Guelphich an d' fhuair
  Trocair no truacantas tamh ?
Na d' ollanaich fhuiltich o'n uaigh
  Ghleann Comhann luaidh dhuinn sgeul do chraidh.

A's eireadh sibhs a laochan mor
  A thuit an Cuilfhodair nan creuchd
Is innsibh 'nuair a laidh sibh leòint'
  Mar rinn a'n *Cu* bhur feoil a reub'.

Bi' d' thosd mo chridh' a's sguir dhe d' thurs'
  Cha 'n àm gu tuireadh so no tamh !
Mo chreach mo lamh bhi 'n diugh gun luth's
  Gu dioghladh air son luchd mo ghraidh !

A dhachaidh aigh bu lan do ghaol
  Gach broilleach caomh na d' thaobh a steach,
'S mu'n cuairt dhe d' theallach gheibhte faoilt
  Leis an aoidhe aimbeartach.

'S ged bhios mi 'm fhograch thall thair chuan
  Cha teid o m' chuimhn' na h-uairean òir
A chaith mi measg do thuilmean uain'
  Ach-na-carraidh 'm uachdran sloigh.

O chòin a righ ! se fuil a's driùchd
  An diugh air do fhlurain mhaoth,
Do bhaidealan sinnt' anns an uir—
  Soraidh leat a luchairt ghaoil !

'Sa nis tha lochran seimh na h-oidhche
  'Boillsgeadh ort a ghlinn mo chridh',
A's eiginn triall mu 'n toir i soills
  Do dhaoidhearan tha air mo thi.

Triallam grad gu beinn an fhraoich
  'S am bheil Prionns mo ghaoil ri tamh ;
Soraidh le m' fhine 's le m' dhaoine !
  'S bi'dh iad leamsa caomh gu brath.

The following spirited translation of the above is also from Mrs. Mackellar's pen :—

Must I, the lord of all these hills,
A weary exiled wanderer roam;
And quietly view thy ruined walls,
My own, my loved ancestral home.

The red-coats burned thy lofty dome—
Home by a thousand ties made dear—
From war to thee how oft I 've come,
With love's sweet joys, my soul to cheer.

When peace did her white banner rear,
And loving vassal and his lord
Went forth to hunt the roe and deer,
And turned to grace the festal board,

The blood-red wine in plenty poured,
And pibroch told of battles won,
Till Senachie would in pride record
The mighty deeds our sires had done.

Then martial fire, in sire and son,
Would burst into one glowing flame;
And vows were breathed by every one,
He 'd ne'er disgrace the Cameron name.

When time to raise our banner came,
And fiery cross was swiftly sped,
Where heroes bold did pant for fame,
'Twas aye to victory we led.

The southern foe our name did dread,
Though now Culloden's palm they bear,
They in their own pale blood did tread,
Had all our gallant clans been there.

Come, shade of Bruce, my vigils share,
Come, o'er ungrateful Scotland mourn,
She hath disowned thy rightful heir—
Indignant fire my soul doth burn.

To wear a foreign yoke I'd spurn,
Nor 'gainst my lawful king rebel,
That crown and sceptre 's from him torn,
In mercy's cause they fain would tell.

In Dutch or Guelph doth mercy dwell?
Ye gallant heroes of Glencoe,
Arise in gory shrouds and tell
Your mournful tale of dool and woe.

Ye heroes great, whose blood did flow
Upon Culloden's dreary moor,
Come tell now when ye were laid low
The savage *hound** did stab ye o'er.

Be hushed, my heart, and grieve no more,
This is no time to sit and rest,
I'll hie me to a foreign shore,
And strive to get our wrongs redressed.

Sweet home, within thee every breast
Did glow with love and purity,
And round thy hearth the stranger guest
Found kindest hospitality.

And though exiled beyond the sea,
I'll ne'er forget the golden hours
When I had roamed, a chieftain free,
'Mong Auchnacarry's woodland bowers.

'Tis gore bedews the budding flowers
That spring awakes in glade and dell
Around thy ruined ancient towers,
Home of my heart, farewell, farewell!

With bleeding heart I bid farewell
With you, my brave and faithful clan,
Dear in his exile to Locheil
Will be each gallant Cameron man.

But night's pale lamp lights up the glen,
And I must hide from watchful foes,
I'll hie to where my Prince has lain
In balmy sleep to drown his woes.

* Cumberland.

For the following song, I am indebted to Mr. Colin Chisholm, Inverness. It is the composition of Alastair Mac Iain Bhain, the Glenmoriston Bard, whose *oran an t-saighdear* I gave among these "Leaves" in our last volume :—

Thoir ma shoiridh-sa an drasda
Dh-fhios an ait' 'm bheil mo mheanmhuinn,
Gu Duthaich Mhic Phàdruig
'S an d'fhuair mi m' arach 's mi 'm leanaban;
Gar an innis mi an drasd' e
Cha deach mo chail dhaibh air dhearmad—
Meud a mhulaid 'bh'air pairt dhiubh
Ann 'san dàmhar 'an d'fhalbh mi.

Chorus—Thoir mo shòlas do'n dùthaich
'S bidh mo rùn dhi gu m' eug,
Far am fàsadh a' ghiubhsach
'S an goireadh smudan air gheug,
Thall an aodainn an dùnain
Chluinnte thuchan gu reith
Moch 'sa' mhaduinn ri driuchd
An àm dusgaidh do'n ghrein.

'S iomadh aite 'n robh m' eolas—
Bha mi og anns an armailt;
Luchd nam fasan cha b' eol domh
Bho na sheol mi thair fairge,
Bha sibh eireachdail stuaime
Mar bu dual duibh le anbharr,
'S rinn sibh 'n t-urram a bhuanachd
'S an taobh-tuath as an d'fhalbh sibh.

'S truagh nach robh mi an drasda
Far am b' abhaist dhomh taghal,
Mach ri aodann nan ard-bheann,
A's stigh gu sail Carn-na-h-eabhaich,
Far an faicinn an lan-damh
'Dol gu laidir 'na shiubhal,
'S mar beanadh leon na bonn craidh dha
Bu ro mhath 'chail dha na bhruthach.

Gheibhte boc ann an Ceannachnoc
Agus earbag 'san doire,

Coileach dubh an Airidhiamlaich
Air bheag iarraidh 'sa' choille;
Bhiodh an liath-chearc mar gheard air
'G iunse dhàn dha roimh theine,
Ach 's gann a thigeadh am bas air
'Nuair bhiodh a gradh do dh-fhear eile.

Gheibhteràchd a's lach riabhach
Anns an riasg air Loch Coilleig,
Coileach bàn air an iosal
'Sam b' ghnath do 'n fhiadh a bhi taghal,
Mar bitheadh e farasda thialladh
Na togaibh sgialachd na m' aghaidh,
Ach 's tric a chunnaic sinn sealgar
Sgith falbh gun dad fhaighinn.

Gheibhte gruagaichean laghach
Bhiodh a taghal 's na gleanntaibh,
'Cuallach spreidhe 's dha 'm bleoghan
An tim an fhaghair 's an t-samhridh—
Am pòr a dheanainn a thaghadh
'S gur iad an raghuinn a b-aunsa,
Briodal beoil gun bhonn coire
'S nach tigeadh soilleir gu càll dhuinn.

Tha mo chion air mo leanan
Leis nach b'aithreach mo luaidh rith'—
Tha a slios mar an canach
No mar eala nan cuaintean;
Tha a pòg mar am fiogas,
'S glan sioladh a gruaidhean,
Suil ghorm as glan sealladh
Fo chaol mhala gun ghruaimean.

The next song which I will give you—Thogainn fonn air lorg an fhéidh—is one that well deserves a page of our Transactions:—

'S miann le breac a bhi 'n sru cas,
'S miann le boc bhi 'n doire dlù,
'S miann le eilid bhi 'm beinn àrd
'S miann le sealgair falbh le 'chù.
Chorus—Agus ò air moro h-ò,
Aoill ò air moro h-é,
Agus ò air moro h-ò,
Thogainn fonn air lorg an fhéidh.

Cha mhiann bodaich mo mhiann fein—
Cha mhiann leis éiridh ach mall ;
Cha lùb gruagach òg 'na sgè—
Tarruinnidh e leis féin an t-srann.
Agus ò, &c.

Nichean sin do 'n d'thug mi spéis,
'S bu mhiannach leam iad bhi m' chòir :
Mo ghunna glaic air dheagh ghléus,
Direadh ri beinn, a's bean òg !
Agus ò, &c.

'S nichean sin do 'n d' thug mi fuath :
Bean luath a's cù mall ;
Oighre fearainn gun bhi glic,
Agus slios nach altrum clann !
Agus ò, &c.

Bu mhiann leam ri latha fuar :
Direadh suas ri aonach cas,—
'N uair a thilginn mac an fhéidh,
Coin air éill, 's ga'n leigeil as.
Agus ò, &c.

Leam bu mhiann bhi 'siubhal bheann ;
Osan teann a bhi mu m' chos,
Brog iallach dhubh, gunna cruaidh,
Eilid ruagh a's cù m'a dos.
Agus ò, &c.

'S ge d' fhaighinn bean a' chinn bhàin,
Air mo laimh bu bheag mo spéis,
Gu'm b' annsa leam bean dhonn
'Bheireadh trom ghaol domh le céill.
Agus ò, &c.

Nighean Uilleim anns a' ghleann,
Bean a b' annsa leam fo 'n ghréin ;
'S na'm biodh Uilleam ann am blàr,
Gheibhinnse mo gràdh dhomh féin.
Agus ò, &c.

'S mo cheisd air bean a' chinn duibh,
'S docha leam i 'n diugh na'n dé,
Mhiad 'sa chuala mi de 'cainnt,—
Gar i b'aunsa leam fo 'n ghréin.
Agus ò, &c.

Let me follow the above by a good Jacobite song. I am indebted for it to an old woman from Skye :—

Gur a mis' tha fo mhulad
Air an tulaich 's mor m' eislean !
Chorus—Horó ho hì hòireanan
Hóro chall éile
Horó ho hì hòireanan !

Mi na m' laidhe ann an Crosal.*
'S tróm an osn' tha fo m' leine,
Horo, &c.

Chunnaic mise mo leannan
'S cha do dh' fhainich e 'n de mi.
Horo, &c.

Cha do dh' fhidir 's cha d'fharaid
'S cha do ghabh emo sgeula.
Horo, &c.

Chunnaic mise mo luaidh
'Dol seach' buaile na spreidhe.
Horo, &c.

Bha do ghunn' air do ghualainn
'Dol a ruagadh na h-eilde.
Horo, &c.

Cuim nach guidhean an Dònach
Le Clann-Domhnuill nan geur-lann.
Horo, &c.

Luchd nan calpanan troma
Chite foinnidh fo 'n fheileadh.
Horo, &c.

* Crosal is in Macleod's country in Skye.

Luchd nam boghanan iughair
'Chuireadh siubhal fo shaighdean.
Horo, &c.

Luchd nan gunnachan dù-ghorm
'Chuireadh smuid air feadh sléibhe.
Horo, &c.

Luchd nan claidhmhnean geala—
Chitear lainnir la gréin' annt'.
Horo, &c.

Thug sibh mionnan a' bhiobuill
Air strath iosal Alld-Eirinn.
Horo, &c.

Nach reachadh claidheamh na dhùbladh
Gus an crùinte Righ Seumas.
Horo, &c.

Gus an deanta Righ Seoras
A' ròiceadh 'sa reubadh.
Horó ho, hì hòireanan
Hóro, cháll éile,
Horó ho hì hòireanan !

The following "Soldier's Song" describes the hardships, &c., which the early Highland soldiers had to undergo. The *ceile* to which the song is addressed is of course the musket :—

Chorus.—Hilliù, hillin ò, agus ò hillin éile,
Hilliù, hillin ò, agus ò hillin éile,
Air faithill, ìthill ò,
Agus ò hillin éile,
Mo nighean donn an t-sugraidh
Mo dhurachd bhi réidh riut.

Tha 'n oidhche nochd gle fhuar
'S mise 'g uallach mo cheile,
Ga giùlan air mo ghualainn,
'S neo-uallach leam fein e :

Cha'n fhaod mi 'dhol an uaigneas
No shuairceas ri t' éile,
'S cha'n urra mi 'cur bhuam
Bho na fhuair mi bho'n chléir i !

Bho'n fhuair mi far an tùir thu
'S tu ùr bharr na fóille,
Air leam gu'm b' mhor an cliù
Bhi ga d' ghiùlan gu h-éutrom ;
Ach 'nuair sheall mi air mo chulaobh
'S mi 'n duil a bhi reidh riut,
Cha tuiginn guth dhe d' chànain
An Gailig no 'm Beurla.

A' chiad la chuir mi snaim ort
Chaidh maill air mo leirsinn ;
Chaidh di-chuimhn' air mo chuimhne
A's boidhread air m' eisdeachd,
Gus an do chuir an aimhreit
Mo cheann troimhe cheile
Cha tuiginn guth dhe d' chainnt
Measg nan Gall gus an d' éigh thu !

O ! 's mise 'fhuair an cùnnradh—
Bean ruisgte gun éideadh,
A laidheas anns na cùiltean,
'S nach ionnlaid mo léine ;
Ach a dh-fhéumas mi le burn
A bhi sgùireadh a creubhaig,
'S ag giùlan cupal phunnd
Eadar ùilleadh a's bhreidean.

An gunna go fhreagairt :—

De maith dhut a bhi rium ?—
Ged nach cunntar leam spréidh dhut ;
Bi dollair dhut ga'n cuinneadh
A's flùr air gach feill dhut ;
Bi'dh mairteoil, muilteoil, ùr
Anns gach bùtha do'n teid thu ;
'S leat aran cheithir punnd ;
'S do chuid lionn' cha mi dh-eis ort !

The Lament for "The Four Johns of Scotland" will be my next piece. The "Four Johns," it may be said, were John Mackenzie of Hilton; John Mackenzie of the Applecross family; John Macrae, tacksman of Conchra; and John Murchison, tacksman of Auchtertyre. They were officers under Seaforth at Sheriffmuir, and were killed there—hence the Lament. The term by which they are known, *Ceithir Iainean na h-Alba*, indicates that they must have been mighty men and valiant. The *cumha* was composed by Kenneth Macrae, Ardelve. In 1715, he was about 70 years of age, but, nevertheless, his zeal for the Jacobite cause was such that nothing would prevent him from being present at *Sliabh an t-Siorra*. The *Uilleam*, to which reference is made in the song, is Seaforth—*Uilleam Dubh*:—

Tha Uilleam cliuiteach an diugh fo chàs,
Tha 'chridhe brùite, 's beag ioghnadh dha;
Bu ghlan ar n-òigridh o 'n thog e 'n tòs iad,
'S gach bratach bhòidheach a bhuineadh dha.

'S ann á Ciuntaile so dh'fhalbh na suinn,
Cha robh an àicheadh fo bhrataich Fhinn,
Na fir bha dàicheil, 's iad sgaiteach, làidir,
Gur e mo chràdh-lot mar thàrladh dhuibh.

An latha 'dhìrich sinn ris an àird,
Bha fearg a's fraochan air fir mo ghràidh,
A's claidheamh dùbailte 'n crios gach diùmhlaich,
A's Spàinntich dhu' ghorm an glaic 'ur làmh.

An uair a ghluaiseadh an sluagh á Peairt,
Bha barail thruagh anns an uair ud ac',
Gu'm biodh Alb', 'us Eirinn, 'us Sasuinn réidh dhoibh,
'S na h-uile ceum dhiubh fo bheum an ghlaic.

Mo chreach-sa fùdar a's luaidhe ghlas,
A bhi 'n 'ur sùilean a's sibh 'n 'ur teas;
'Nuair sheas na fiùranan cùl ri cùl anns,
Bu bheag an cùram dha 'n cuid each.

'Nuair thug mi sùil air an trùpa ghlais,
Bha fir mo rúin-sa 'g an cur 'n an teas,
Mar ghàradh aon-fhillt gu'n thilg a' ghaoth iad,
Ach thàr na slaodaireansalach as.

Bha luchd nam balgan sin 'n an cath,
Nam briogsan cainbe 's nan casag glas.
Bu mhor an sgròl iad 'g an cur 'an òrdugh,
'S e 'm Brannan mòr a thug sinn a mach.

Gu'n thuit an t-òganach anns an t-sreup,
An t-Iain o Chonchra, 's bu mhòr am beud,
An curaidh laidir le neart a ghàirdean,
A' cur nan àghannan diubh gu feur.

B'e sud Iain Chonchra a bha gun sgàth,
B'e 'n duine marbhtach e anns a' bhlar,
Ri sgoltadh cheann fhad 's a mhair a lann da,
'S bha fir gun chainnt ann as déigh a laimh.

Bha fear Uchdarir ann, 's bu righ air sluagh ;
B'e sud a' fir-ghaisgeach fìor-ghlan, cruaidh,
B'e leòmhan garg e a bha ro chalma,
Air thùs na h-armailt e rompa suas.

B' e sud am mìlidh 'bha ciuinteach, cruaidh,
O'n aitim rìoghail bu ro-mhath snuagh,
An teaghlach mùirneach, 's fhad sgaoil an cliu as,
A's cha b'e 'sgùgaire thàinig uath'.

Bha mac Iain òig ann, 's bu mhòir am beud ;
B'e sud an t-òganach foinnidh, treun,
Le 'chlaidheamh cruadhach o neart a ghualainn,
Gur iomadh gruag a chuir e gu feur.

Bha 'seobhag suairc ann Fear Bhaile-Chnuic,
A' fiùran uasal, 's e làidir, bras,
A' gearradh lùthan nan eacha crùdhach,
Bu mhillt' a shùgradh, 's bu shearbh a ghreis.

Cha bu liùgair e 'dol air ghleus,
'S cha bu chùbair air chùl na sgéith ;
Ach an diùmhlach bha cridheil, sunndach,
A dhearbh a dhùrachd mu'n thuit e féin.

Ach a dhaoine nach cruaidh an càs,
Uilleam cliùiteach a dhol 'n an dàil,
Bha 'fhuil le 'ghruaidhean le siubhal luaidhe,
'S bu chulaidh-uamhais 'nuair bhuail e 'ghràisg.

Mur b'e luaithead 's a rinn iad ole,
'S gu'n d'rinn a' luaidhe gu cruaidh do lot,
Bhiodh claigneau ciùrrt' aig luchd bhriogsan dùinte,
Le lannaibh dù ghorm bu mhath 's an trod.

Nach b'e 'fudar an liùgach seòlt',
'Nuair thug e 'n crùn dheth an taobh bu chòir,
Le 'dhrachdan diomhair a' tigh'nn os iosal,
'Se rinn an diobhail a thàinig oirnn.

Na 'm biodh Clann Dòmhnuill air tigh'nn 'nar páirt,
Na fir mhòra bu mhath 's a' spàirn,
Bu réiteach Rosaich a's Rothaich còmhla,
A' tigh'nn 'nar còdhail a dh'iarraidh bàigh.

In connection with the "Four Johns," it may be interesting to give the following song. It was sent to me some time ago by my friend Mr. F. D. Macdonell, and I cannot do better here than give his own preface to it :—

ORAN DO DH-ANNA NIGHEAN IAIN OIG MHIC IAIN 'IC ALASDAIR 'IC MHATHAIN, LE COINNEACH MAC-CALMAIN.

Tha cuid ann am beachd gur e duin' uasal a bha anabarrach fileanta ris an cainte "Dòmhnull Aladail" a rinn an t-òran so, ach fhuair mi dearbhaidhean do-áicheadh gur e b' ughdar d' a Coinneach roimh ainmichte, tuathanach a bh' anns an Achamhor 'an Lochaillse. 'Se theirte ris gu cumanta "Coinneach mac Iain 'ic Iomhair." B' e 'athair Iain Uchdaràre, fear a "Cheathrar Iainean na h-Alba," 's a mharbhadh ann am Blár Sliabh an t-Siorraimh, 's a bhliadhna 1715, 's e 'n a Mhàidsear ann an arm Mhic-Coinnich. Bha e comharraichte 's na Garbh-Chriochan air son a mhor neart agus àilleachd a phearsa. Bha Coinneach fein 'n a dhuine ro chalma, mar dh' fhaodair a dhearbhadh eadhon air an latha 'n diugh, le clach a thog 's a chàraich e ann an gàradh bha e fein 's a nàbuidhean a deanamh ann an Gleann-Udulain, 's bha i air a comharrachadh riamh o'n uair sin mar iongantas, 's o chionn bheagan bhliadnachan bha i air a toirt le Dughall Mac-Mhathain, seana bhodach-fleasgaich a b' iar-ogha dha gu ruig Ard-deilbhe far am faicear i air bruaich ri taobh an rathaid mhoir. Faodaidh mi innseadh gu'm bi 'm boirionnach do 'n d' rinn e 'n t-òran so piuthar mo shin-seanamhair.

Chorus—Hu-o hò mo chailin laghach,
'S tu mo chailin seadhach, ciùin,
Hu-o hò mo chailin laghach,
'S tu mo roghainn, thaghainn thù.

Iùbhrach bhuadhach o na choille,
Dhionaich, dhuallaich, dhiongmhalt dhlùith
Ghniomhaich, ghuaillnich, gun bhi corrach,
Theireadh ceud mo leannan thù.
Hu-o hò, &c.

'S tu mo chailin òg, deas, dealbhach,
'S barail leam nach meanbh do chliù,
Meangan ùr o'n fhaillean ainmeil,
Toradh á preas tarbhach thù.
Hu-o hò, &c.

'S ionmhuinn 'eucag nan rosg mala,
Thairg i féin mar sholus dhùinn,
'S mairg a thréigeadh tu dha aindeoin,
'S éibhinn do 'n ti 'mhealas tù.
Hu-o hò, &c.

'S binn a' smeòrach anns an doire,
'S binn an eala 'n cois a' lòin,
'S binne na sin guth mo leannain,
'N uair a theannas i ri ceòl.
Hu-o hò, &c.

'S soilleir daoimein ann am fàinne,
'S soilleir tulach àrd air lón,
'S soilleir riomhainn ann a' rioghachd,
Aig mo nionaig se tha 'n còrr.
Hu-o hò, &c.

'S soilleir long mhòr fo 'cuid aodaich,
'S i cur sgaoilidh fo 'cuid seòl,
'S soilleir an lath' seach an oidhche,
'S aig mho mhaighdinn fhin tha 'n còrr.
Hu-o hò, &c.

'Ghiag shlat ùr a's àilte sealladh,
Miar dheth 'n chraoibh a's molaich rùsg,
'Ghiag a dh-fhàs gu réidh fo dhuilleach
'N te do 'n tug mi gealladh thù.
Hu-o hò, &c.

Suil a 's guirme, gruaidh a's deirge,
Beul a's cuimte m' an deud dhlùith,
'S tu nach mealladh mi 'n am earbsa,
Ciod e fàth nach leanmhuinn thù.
Hu-o hò, &c.

The following song has not, to my knowledge, been written or printed anywhere. I have heard it sung with great spirit at many a gathering in the West Highlands, but have never heard it about Inverness. It is unnecessary to discuss the doctrine which the poet teaches us; but although we may be unanimously against it, I think the song is well worthy of preservation, as an excellent specimen of its kind :—

An t-uisge beatha, fear mo chridhe,
Thig as lion an stop a rithisd—
'S binne leam na piob a's fiodhall
D' fhuaim a' tighinn thun a' bhord,
D' fhuaim a' tighinn thun a' bhord,
B'annsa leam na piob a's clarsach
'Nuair thig d'fhaileadh fo mo shròin.

Chorus—Cha sguir mise 'm bliadhna 'dh-ol
Cha sguir mise 'm bliadhna 'dh-ol
Cha sguir mi 'ghoraich am feasda
Fhad 's bhios leth-chrun 'na mo phoc,
Cha sguir mise 'm bliadhna 'dh-ol.

Am fear nach òl 's nach iarr 's nach paidh e,
'S olc an companach do chach e,
Guidheam goirt a bhi na fhardaich
Gus an càirear e fho'n fhoid,
Gus an cairear e fo'n fhòid,
Gus an cairear anns an uaigh e,
'S am bòrd-uachdair air a shròin !

'N uair a bhios mo chloinn-sa 'caoineadh
'S an t-oeras a' diogladh an caolain,
'N uair bhios mise fo na 'n daoraich
Cha bhi cuimhn' air glaodh nam bròn,
Cha bhi cuimhn' air glaodh nam bròn,
Cha bhi cuimhn' air glaodh nan truaghan,
'S och mo thruaighe cha b'e choir.

Na bodaich, ged chròm an aois iad,
A's an cinn cho geal ri caora,
'Nuair a gheibh iad làn an taomain,
Leumaidh iad gu h-aotrom òg,
Leumaidh iad gu h-aotrom òg,
Leumaidh iad gu h-aotrom uallach
Cheart cho guanach ris na h-eoin.

Am fear a dh' iarr 'sa dh'ol 'sa phaigh e,
'S math an còmpanach do chàch e,
Gheibh e cliu am measg nan Gaidheal,
'S bi' e riaraichte ri 'bheo,
Bi' e riaraichte ri 'bheo,
Bi' e riaraichte am feasda,
'S cha tig easbhuidh air a phòc.

Mac-na-Bracha 'n t-oigear uasal,
'S ioma rùm as aite fhuair e,
Cuiridh e braithrean a thuasaid,
Dh'fhiachainn co 's cruaidhe dorn,
Dh'fhiachainn co 's cruaidhe dorn,
Dh'fhiachainn co 's cruaidhe rùdan,
'S cha b'e sùgradh bhi na'n coir.

Gu'm beil anail liom cho cubhraidh,
'S a tha faileadh nan ùbhlan,
Fhad 'sa mheallas sinn do shugradh,
Ciod e chuireadh curam oirn ?
Ciod e chuireadh curam oirn ?
Curam cha 'n eil oirn no gruaimean,
'S glaodhaidh sinn a nuas an stop.

I will conclude these "Leaves" for the present by quoting some Highland spells—*Eòlais*. We all know of the belief our ancestors had in the efficacy of their spells. There was *Eòlas an deididh*,

Eòlas air sgiuchadh feith, Eòlas an tairbhein, &c., all of which were believed to possess great virtues. A peculiarity about them was that persons of the same sex should not learn them from one another; and in order to be efficacious, a man must learn the *eòlas* from a woman, and a woman from a man. I will, in the first place, give you *Eòlas air greim mionaich.*

Greim Mionaich was no uncommon complaint in the Highlands, and where is the Highland boy who had never a *greim* or "stitch" in his side after a long and difficult race? The *Eòlas* which I am about to give you used to be said in such cases—*an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic 's an Spioraid Naoimh.* I learned it when a boy in my native parish from a decent old woman, who, as she confided to me the secret, stroked my hair, and affectionately addressed me "*Uilleam a laoigh, ionnsaichidh mis' eòlas dut,*" and the *Eòlas* she taught me is subjoined. It was given, she said, by the *Slanaighear fhein 'nuair a bha e air an talamh.* Jesus, she added in sad and solemn tones, having had to escape for his life from the Jews, entered a house and sought refuge. *Fear-an-tighe*, or the goodman of the house, did not believe in him, and would at any time join the Jews in putting him to death. He, however, was not in when Jesus arrived; but he met him outside, and received him very grimly. Jesus, notwithstanding, went into the house and found *Bean-an-tighe*, or the goodwife in. She had great faith in him, and gave him food and shelter. Knowing her husband's antagonism to him, she thought it necessary to conceal him from him. One end of the house was used as a byre, and it so happened that the byre had just been cleaned—mucked. The good woman bestrewed the bottom of the *carcair* with *calg a' lìn*, and Jesus lay down on it. She then covered him over with the same material, and thus he escaped the search of his foes. Before leaving he wished to recompense the good woman for her kindness to him, but he had nothing to give, except the following *Eòlas*, by which suffering humanity might be occasionally relieved, and her kindness and his safety amid great tribulation commemorated. The person suffering from the *greim mionaich* would have to rub the afflicted part, and as he did so, to repeat the words of the Eòlas, which were as follows:—

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh;
Duine fiat a muigh,
Bean fhial a stigh,
Criosd 'na laidh air calg a' lìn—
'S math an leigheas air an t-seilg sin.

Let me now give you the "Eòlas air sgiuchadh feith," or *Eòlas air sniomh*, as it is sometimes called. When a man sprained a joint, he was to consult a woman who knew the Eòlas (and when a similar mishap befell a woman, she was to consult a man)—it being necessary to give some gift, however small in value, to the person consulted. The mode of treatment was thus :—The skilled person would put a thread (usually a worsted one) into his or her mouth, and then repeated the Eólas in low and solemn tones. The thread was then tied round the injured part, and would be left on until it broke off itself, through tear and wear. The Eòlas was in these terms :—

Chaidh Criosda mach
'Sa' mhaduinn mhoich,
'S fhuair e casan nan each,
Air am bristeadh mu seach.
Chuir e cnaimh ri cnaimh,
Agus feith ri feith,
Agus feòil ri feòil,
Agus craicionn ri craicionn,
'S mar leighis esan sin
Gu'n leighis mise so.*

Let me now give you *Eòlas an deididh*, and let me hope it will be found of value to any member of this Society who may occasionally be troubled with toothache. You all know *Di-moladh an deididh* by William Ross, but Eòlas an deidioh is not quite so common. It was as follows :—

Seachd paidir a h-aon,
Seachd paidir a dha,
Seachd paidir a tri,
Seachd paidir a ceithear,

* This mode of treatment forcibly reminds one of the manner in which Panurge joined Epistemon's head to his body in restoring him to life. Of the account of that wonderful work I quote the following :—Après les oignit de je ne sçai quel oignement, et les afusta justement veine contre veine, nerf contre nerf, spondyle contre spondyle," &c.—*Vide* Rabelais, Book II., Chap. 30.

The following is another version of *Eólas air Sniomh* :—

Paidir Mhoire h-aon,
Paidir Mhoire dha,
Paidir Mhoire tri—
Chaidh Criosd air muin as
'S thug e sniomh dha chas,
'S mu'n d' rainig e 'n lar
Bha e slan air ais.

Seachd paidir a coig,
Seachd paidir a sia,
Seachd paidir a seachd.

An orra rinn Muire mhin,
Do Phadruig uasal aluinn,
Air chnoidh, air cheann, air chinn,
Air ruaidh, air at, air arnun.
Thuirt Abraham ri Iosa Criosd
'S iad a falbh air sliabh Bheitris,
"Cha'n urrainn mise coiseachd
No mairceachd leis an deideadh."
Thuirt Iosa Criosd ri Abraham,
"Cha bhi chnoidh sin anns a cheann sin :—
'Mach an deideadh, mach an deideadh.'"
Da uair an deigh cheile.
"Fios air neamh a's fios air talamh,
Fios aig do righ air do ghalar ;
Cnoidh a's deideadh chuir fo'n talamh,

Seachd paidir a h-aon,
Seachd paidir a dha,
Seachd paidir a tri,
Seachd paidir a ceithear,
Seachd paidir a còig,
Seachd paidir a sia,
Seachd paidir a seachd.

'Neart nan seachd paidir
Rinn, Muire mhor, a Dhe nan dul,
Do'n chleireach naomh, cuir do dhonas a's do dholas.
Air a' chlach ghlas ud thall,
'S air buidheann na h-eucorach !"

I will now give you the *Eòlas* to cure one suffering from the effects of an "Evil Eye." The *modus operandi* was thus :—Coins of gold, silver, and copper would be put into a basin full of water. The skilled one would repeat the *Eòlas*, and in doing so, would bend over the basin, at the same time blowing the water with his breath. The water—*uisg' òir*, or *uisg' airgid* as it might be called —would then be sprinkled on the suffering one. The Eólas is as follows :—

'S e 'n t-sùil a chì,
'S e 'n cridhe 'smuanaicheas,

'S e 'n teanga 'labhras.
'S mise 'n triùir 'tha gu tilleadh so ortsa—

[Here the name of the person to be cured is said.]

An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

I did not get a name for the following Eòlas, but the purpose of it was to make physical objects invisible to ordinary eyes. It was believed to be of great service to hunters who, by its aid, could come home laden with game from the forests, yet no one could see that they had anything! This precious spell was as follows :—

Fà fithe cuiream ort
Bho chù, bho chat,
Bho bhò, bho each,
Bho dhuine, bho bhean,
Bho ghille, bho nighean,
'S bho leanabh beag
Gus an tig mise rithisd,
An ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, 's an Spioraid Naoimh.

The next spell is called Eòlas air Sealmachas. It is well known that many Highland cows refuse to give milk on all occasions, and they are particularly difficult to manage after their calves are taken from them. The Eòlas air Sealmachas was to cause them to give milk when required, and for that purpose the dairymaid repeated it as follows :—

An t-Eòlas a rinn Calum Cille
'Dh-aona bhò na caillich
Air thabhairt a' bhainne
'N déigh marbhadh a laoigh,
Bho fhéithean a droma
Gu féithean a tarra,
'S bho fhéithean a tarra
Gu féithean a taobh—
Bho bhun a da chluaise
Gu smuais a da leise
Air thabhairt a bhainne
Air 'mharbhadh d' a laogh.

I will conclude with *Eòlas an tairbhein.* It is as follows :—

An t-Eolas a rinn' Calum Cille
'Dh-aona mhart na caillich—

Bha cas Chalum Chille 'sa' churachan
'S a chas eil' air tir—
"A thairbhein a thainig thar chuan
'S o bhun na talmhainn fada thall—
Air mhial, air bhalg
Air ghalar dearg.
A lughdachadh do bhuilge,
'S a mharbhadh do mhial,
A mharbhadh fiolan fionn,
A mharbhadh fiolan donn,
A mharbhadh biast do leann,
A mharbhadh an tairbhean,
Gu'm faigh thu leasachadh—
Aghachain tog do cheann."

14th May, 1879.

At this meeting, Sheriff Nicolson, Kirkcudbright, and Mr. Charles Macbean, 42 Union Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members. Mr. John Mackay, of Ben Reay, read the first part of a paper by him on Mackay's Regiment.

21st May, 1879.

At this meeting, Rev. Alexander Cameron, Glengarry; Mr. James Grant, M.A., Register House, Edinburgh; and Mr. William Fraser, Assistant Draper, Castle Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members; and the reading of the paper on Mackay's Regiment, begun last week, was concluded. Mr. Mackay's paper was as follows :—

MACKAY'S REGIMENT:

A narrative of the principal services of the Regiment, from its formation in 1626, to the battle of Nordlingen, in 1634; and of its subsequent incorporation with the Corps now known as The Royal Scots or First Regiment of Foot of the British Army.

INTRODUCTION.

When King James VI. of Scotland became also King of England, there followed a lengthened period of peace and quietness throughout the two kingdoms, which was in striking contrast

to the warlike and unsettled state of affairs that preceded his reign. For men brought up to arms there was little or nothing to do in their profession at home, and, as they could not remain idle, they looked abroad for military employment. Vast numbers of brave and adventurous men accordingly left Scotland in search of fame and fortune, and took service under the banners of the various princes who were then warring for supremacy on the continent of Europe. There was soon plenty to do. Strong hands and stout hearts were wanted; for, before the first quarter of the seventeenth century had passed, a fierce war was raging, which convulsed the whole of Europe. This was the long and terrible struggle, now known in history as *the thirty years' war*. That war had begun by the Elector Palatine (Frederick IV.) accepting the crown of Bohemia, offered to him by the protestants of that country, who were then in the ascendant, and trying to carry everything with a high hand. The Elector had married the Princess Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of King James VI. of Scotland; and many Scottish cavaliers, afterwards found fighting on the side which became identified as that for the preservation of civil and religious liberty, had joined in the struggle, simply because the Princess was looked upon as one of themselves. This explains how such leaders as Sir Andrew Gray and Sir John Hepburn, and other Roman Catholic gentlemen were found in the protestant ranks. It was the principle of loyal devotion to their King's daughter that led them to enter the struggle, and not any preference for the Elector rather than the Emperor, for the interests of both rulers were alike indifferent to them. The accepting of the crown of Bohemia by the Elector, led the Emperor of Austria to oppose his claim. Both had their friends and allies, and in a short time the whole of Germany was involved in the struggle.

Prominent among the military adventurers of the time was Sir Donald Mackay. He was born in 1590, had been knighted by King James in 1616, and was just in the prime of life, when, early in 1626, he left his home in the far North and proceeded to London to request permission from King Charles I. to raise a regiment for service abroad. His object, as he informed the King, was to assist Count Mansfeldt, the leader of the Bohemian army, in the war he was then waging on behalf of the Elector against Austria. The King favoured his project, and instructed the Privy Council to grant his request. The requisite commission was issued on 6th March, and in it Sir Donald was authorised to levy and transport 2000 men for the purpose named. He then returned to Scotland, and in a short time nearly 3000 men, levied almost entirely among

his own clan and kinsmen, were ready to follow him on foreign service. The regiment was thus easily raised.* It consisted of eleven companies; but as no muster roll of the regiment, so far as I know, is now in existence, and as a company in those days numbered from 150 to 300 men, I have not been able to ascertain its strength when it left Scotland. Sir Robert Gordon, in his *History*, states that he saw the greater part of the levies (that is the 3000 men above-mentioned) embark at Cromarty for the Continent. Grant, again, in his *Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn*, gives the strength of the regiment as only 1500 men, but he adduces no authority for the statement. Munro, however, in his *Expedition*, which is the best authority extant on the history of the regiment, gives certain returns, from which it is evident that the number must have been *at least* 2000.

No regiment of modern times can show a list of officers † superior to those selected by Sir Donald Mackay. Most of them were of good families and position, and better men could not be found. Even among the non-commissioned officers and privates, there were many gentlemen's sons, and Munro of Fowlis joined as a volunteer.‡

According to the military system of the time, the Regiment

* Lord Forbes (Sir Donald' cousin) furnished 800 of the men; but it would be a mistake to suppose that the Regiment was entirely composed of volunteers, for in the Privy Council Records for 22nd August, 1626, it is ordered that Robert Abrach M'Gregor and others, who were prisoners in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, were to be delivered to Sir Donald Mackay to serve in his Regiment. "In the ranks," says Chambers (Domestic Annals of Scotland, vol. II., p 10), "were included a small band of Macgregors, who had been lying for some time in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, on account of their irregularities, and who are said to have proved good soldiers under regular discipline, and with a legitimate outlet for their inherent turbulence and courage."

† See list of officers at the end of this paper.

‡ After serving in Mackay's Regiment for some time as a volunteer, so as to see service and obtain experience, Fowlis returned to Scotland, and raised a company among his own clansmen. With these he again joined Mackay's Regiment as a Captain. He afterwards became a Colonel in the army of Gustavus. The author of the *Expedition* writes as follows:—"My Chiefe and Cosen, the Baron of *Fowles*, being in his travels in *France* a little prodigall in his spending, redacted his estate to a weake point, being advised by his friends timely to looke to the wounds of his house and family, and to forsee the best cure to keep burthen off his estate, having engaged his Revenewes for teene years, to pay his Creditors, he went beyond sea a volunteer to *Germanie* with *Mac-Keyes* Regiment, well accompanyed with a part of his nearest friends; and having the patience to attend his fortune, his first employment was to be a Captaine of a company of *Scots* souldiers, leavied by himselfe, and thereafter advanced to be a Colonell of horse and foot of strangers, under the invincible King of *Sweden* of worthy memorie.

"Thus farre of the Barron of *Fowles* . . . to animate other *Cavaliers* borne of lesse fortunes to follow his vertues in being patient, though their preferments come not at first, loving vertue for her end."

consisted of pikemen and musketeers; and taking the proportions usual in those days, Mackay's force, if 2000 strong, would be made up of about 800 of the former, and 1200 of the latter. The strongest men were always selected to handle the pike, which was a spear 14 to 18 feet long, and in the hands of trained powerful men, must have been a most formidable weapon. The pikemen carried swords in addition to their pikes. The musketeers had matchlock muskets, swords, and daggers; and every soldier was usually protected by a helmet, gorget, buff coat, and breastplate. Such was the ordinary military equipment of the period.

But in what uniform did Sir Donald Mackay's men appear? Although Munro in his *Expedition* does not say anything on the subject, I think I am safe in assuming that the kilt was the great distinguishing dress of the Regiment. Grant, in his *Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn*, makes frequent mention of "Mackay's Kilted Highlanders;" and in *Philip Rollo* he thus describes the Regiment:—"The whole were uniformly accoutred in steel caps and buff coats, the officers being fully armed in bright plate to the waist, and having plumes in their head-pieces; their kilts were of dark green tartan, and belted up to the left shoulder, according to the custom of Highlanders when going on service. The musketeers carried their powder in bandoliers; and, in addition to his dirk, every officer and man wore the claymore or genuine old Highland sword, which could be used with both hands. Their purses were of white goatskin, and properly adorned with silver." "The officers are said, in addition to rich buttons, to have worn a gold chain round the neck, to secure to the owners, in case of being taken prisoners, good treatment from the enemy, in hope of a lucrative ransom."*

* In the British Museum there is a collection of illustrated broadsides, printed in Germany during the thirty years war. One of these prints (a copy of which is given in Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*, Vol. IV.) represents four Highlanders. Three are dressed in the kilt, and one in something like a kilt, so tied in at the knees as to resemble knickerbockers. One of the three has the belted plaid, brogues, and mogans; while another has no covering for his legs and feet. Two are armed with bows and arrows, one has a musket, and the fourth a staff in his hand, which may, perhaps, be intended for a pike. Surrounding the print there is the following in German:—"The 800 foreigners who have arrived in Stettin, go about in such garments. They are a strong and hardy race, and subsist upon very little food. When they have no bread they will eat roots; and in an emergency they can go over 20 German miles [70 English miles] in a day. They carry muskets, bows and arrows, and long knives." The words I have translated *foreigners* (in the original *Irrlander oder Irren*), mean literally Irishmen or Wanderers. If the words are taken as meaning Irish, then the inference is that some of the Lowland Scotch soldiers (of whom there were many then in Germany), on being asked who those foreigners were in the strange dress, replied that they were Erse or Erish,—a name in that day commonly given to High-

The flags of the Regiment were the national ensign of Scotland, and the banner of Sir Donald Mackay.

All arrangements being completed, the whole force assembled at Cromarty, where ships were in waiting to convey them to the Continent. Many of the men exhibited a strength and a stature such as can seldom be seen now-a-days; and Sir Donald's own company (the "gentlemen of the Colonells company," as Munro describes them) consisted of picked men, chiefly, it is said, from the districts of Strath Naver and Strath Halladale.*

It must have been a glorious sight to witness the entry of the brave and gallant band into Cromarty. They were the flower of *Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh*, the country of the Mackays. Marching in sections, six abreast, we can easily imagine how, with colours flying, pipes playing, and drums beating, they would approach the town. The burnished musket barrels and tall pikes, the glittering helmets and polished breastplates, the nodding plumes and flashing steel, the measured tread of so many feet, and the regular motion and waving of the tartan, must have excited a sense of emotion and enthusiasm in the minds of all who beheld them, never to be forgotten; for assuredly no finer or braver men ever left their country for a foreign war.

On the 10th October, 1626, the fleet set sail, and, after a passage of five days, arrived safely at Gluckstadt, on the Elbe. Here the Regiment disembarked, and immediately after landing (I quote from *Monro, his Expedition*†) "was quartered in the fat

landers by the inhabitants of the south and west of Scotland. Or, if the word Wanderers is taken *(Irren*, in old German, meaning literally to wander or lose one's way), then the reference may be to the fact, that the soldiers having come from a distant country, they could, with all propriety, be called Wanderers.

But one thing is certain, the whole of Mackay's Regiment was in Stettin in 1630, and the print is probably intended to let the Germans see what sort of men Highland soldiers were. Even if there were no other evidence, it establishes the fact that the kilt was the uniform of the Regiment. *Mackay's was thus the first regularly organised regiment of which we have any record, that was dressed in* THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

* The men of Strath Naver and Strath Halladale were long celebrated for their extraordinary size and soldierly bearing. Even so late as the beginning of the present century, when the 93rd Regiment was formed, the men in it, who were drawn to a great extent from these districts, showed not only by their size and strength, but, above all, by their high moral character, that they were no unworthy successors of those who distinguished themselves so gallantly during the thirty years' war.

If, however, we wish to see the descendants of these truly noble men, we must unfortunately not look for them now in the land of their fathers. Owing to the mistaken policy, known as *the Clearances*, they are to be found chiefly in Canada—not in Scotland.

† "MONRO, HIS EXPEDITION WITH THE WORTHY SCOTS REGIMENT (called *Mac-Keyes* Regiment), levied in *August*, 1626, by Sir *Donald Mac-Key*, Lord *Rhees* Colonell, for his Majesties service of *Denmark*," &c. London, 1637.

and fertile soyle of Holsten, nothing inferiour in fertilitie to any part of Dutchland, except in wines, having corne in abundance, wheat and barly ; in milke nothing inferiour to Holland ; and for the most part inhabited by Hollanders, especially the Cities. Their Gentry live like Noblemen, and their Communaltie live like Gentlemen." They remained in Holstein about six months, and, from Munro's account, seem to have had very comfortable winter quarters.

Sir Donald, owing to sickness, had not been able to embark with his men, but on his recovery, Munro tells us "he tooke shipping from *Scotland* to *Holland*, and from thence overland" to join them. He "arrived in the latter end of *March*, *anno* 1627, in *Holsten*, where he was welcomed by his Regiment."*

THE REGIMENT TAKES SERVICE UNDER THE KING OF DENMARK.

I have mentioned that the Regiment was raised for the purpose of assisting Count Mansfeldt, the leader of the Bohemian army, in the war against Austria. Owing, however, to the death of that general, it became necessary to make other arrangements for the service of the Highlanders. These were soon completed by Sir Donald, who entered into an agreement with the King of Denmark to fight under his banner. This was a natural step to take, for the Danish King had embarked in the same cause as Count Mansfeldt, and besides, he was uncle to King Charles I. and the Princess Elizabeth, and thus service under him was quite in harmony with the feelings of the Scottish soldiers and their leaders.

"During the tedious winter the Regiment was" in Holstein, says Munro, it was "well exercised and put under good discipline, as well the particular companies as the whole Regiment, so that mine

* Among those who accompanied Sir Donald, mention must be made of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Farquhar of Mounie. He seems to have acted as purse-bearer or paymaster, and in his *Papers* there is a statement of the money he disbursed in Scotland and Holland for Sir Donald, between 2nd January and 22nd March, 1627. The principal entries are for wines and other drinkables, and some of the items are rather curious. On embarking at Leith, there is paid "for ane rubber of Frensche wyne £21. 12/ . . . . Our supper in Bremmell 13 of Februar £8. 2/. Payit seing the Kirk thair 4/, drink silver 8/. Payit seing the Kirk and stepill of Dort 12/. Payit in syned-hous for wyne and breid thair 12/. Our supper in Rotterdam 15 of Februar 6/. Drink silver thair, and for beir, succar, and nutmuggs 14/. . . . For ane new sword to his Lordship in Amsterdam 15/. Payit for mending and washing the Colonell's blew wastcot in Amsterdam 18/."

Farquhar's papers are at Gordonstown, where they are preserved with the extensive and interesting collection bearing on the history of the North of Scotland during the Seventeenth Century, belonging to Sir W. G. Gordon Cumming, Bart. *(Sixth Report of Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, p. 686.)*

eyes," he adds, "did never see a more complete Regiment, for bodies of men and valiant souldiers."

Before the arrival of Sir Donald, a hitch had occurred regarding the regimental colours, which, however, was settled without any breach of friendship between our countrymen and the Danes, although it is said to have rankled in the breast of the King. The case was this: His Majesty of Denmark "would have the officers to carry the *Danes* crosse, which the officers refusing they were summoned to compeare before His Majestie at *Raynesberge*, to know the reasons of their refusalls; at the meeting none would adventure, fearing his Majesties indignation to gainestand openly his Majesties will, being then his Majesties sworne servants; and for the eschewing of greater inconvenience, the officers desired so much time of his Majestie as to send Captaine *Robert Ennis* into England, to know his Majestie of Great Britaines will, whether or no they might carrie without reproach the *Danes* crosse in *Scottish* colours: Answer was returned they should obey their will under whose pay they were, in a matter so indifferent." The Danish Cross was accordingly borne as one of the flags; but the Regiment did not give up the Scottish Cross of St. Andrew, but continued to carry it also.

Immediately after the arrival of Sir Donald, orders were given that his Regiment should proceed to Itzehoe, to be inspected by the King of Denmark, and take the oath of fidelity to that sovereign.

Munro describes the scene. "The Regiment being come together at the *Rendezvouz*, was drawn up in three divisions, attending his Majesties comming, in good order of battaile, all officers being placed according to their stations orderly, Colours fleeing, Drummes beating, horses neying, his Majestie comes royally forward, Salutes the Regiment, and is saluted againe with all due respect, and reverence, used at such times; his Majestie having viewed Front, Flancks and Reare, the Regiment fronting alwayes towards his Majestie, who having made a stand ordained the Regiment to march by him in divisions, which orderly done, and with great respect, and reverence, as became; his Majestie being mightily well pleased did praise the Regiment, *that ever thereafter was most praise worthy*. The Colonell, and the principall officers having kissed his Majesties hand, retired to their former stations, till the oath was publikely given, both by officers and souldiers being drawne in a Ring by conversion, as use is at such times. The Oath finished, the Articles of Warres reade, and published, by a Banke of the *Drummer* Major, and his associates, the Regiment remitted,

marches off orderly by companies, to their quarters, to remaine till orders were given for their up-breaking."

The next day Sir Donald received instructions to take seven companies of the Regiment across the Elbe. Two of these companies were to be left at Stade for the protection of that town, and Sir Donald was then to proceed with five companies towards the Weser, and join the English forces then in the service of Denmark. The English troops were under the command of General Morgan, a brave old Welshman, and an officer of considerable experience. The remaining four companies of the Regiment were to march to Lauenburg, as there was some apprehension that the Imperialists might cross the Elbe in that neighbourhood. The English troops were quartered near Bremen, and the five companies of Highlanders remained with them ten weeks, having "great dutie in watching, many alarummes, but little service," although the enemy was not far off.

While encamped with General Morgan's forces, Mackay's soldiers felt it to be a grievance, and were naturally a little discontented that the English regiments should be getting regular weekly pay, whereas they were only being provided with rations of "bread, beere, and bacon." Sir Donald therefore left headquarters and proceeded to Hamburg, to solicit money for the payment of his officers and men.* Munro praises him for this, and makes the following observation: "It is a great part of a Colonells dutie timely to foresee for all things necessary that may give content to those under his command, lest being justly discontented, he might be grieved, whiles it were not in his power to helpe himselfe, or others. The liberality of a Colonell and his care in foreseeing for his Regiment, returnes to him oftimes with triple profit, being with moderation familiar with his officers, making them, as humble friends, not as servants, under command, and he ought by all means eschewe to come in question, or publique hearing with his officers: the onely means to make himselfe famous, and his Regiment of long continuance."

* In the Papers at Castle Forbes, there is a letter to Lord Forbes, endorsed "Letter from Sir Donald Makky, Colonell out off Germany, brocht hame be Mr. Robert Farquhar, burgess off Aberdein, 1627," which shows that although Sir Donald was not a mercenary soldier, yet he was not inclined to continue with the King of Denmark, unless he was paid for the services of his Regiment. The letter is dated from the leaguer at Wasterbad, 12th June, 1627, and evidently refers to the visit made to Hamburg above referred to. It "contains some curious details of the position of the King's army and that of his opponents," and Sir Donald, after commenting on the small pay given by the King, adds, "bot iff he opines not his pourss I will sik ane uther maister; the King of Speen is ane treu man and ane good payer." *(Second Report of Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, p. 195.)*

At the end of ten weeks, orders were received by Sir Donald to march with his men to Boitzenburg, there to join the four companies which had been sent to Lauenburg, but which had been moved from the latter to the former town. They left General Morgan on the 10th July, 1627, accompanied by a regiment of cavalry as their convoy, and quartered the first night at Rottenburg "a strong passe, having a great Marrish on both sides, accessible onely by one narrow causey, which leads through the marrish to the Castell, which is well fensed on both sides with Moates, Drawbridges, and slaught bomes, without all."

After several alarms, without however coming to an engagement with the enemy, they arrived at Buxtehude, which had been appointed as their first rendezvous. Instructions were given to continue the march by way of Hamburg and Lauenburg, and to take up quarters at Boitzenburg, where they were to remain for further orders. The reason for this change of quarters is thus given by Munro. "All marches are occasioned by the accidents of the warfare. The reason of this march was the enemie's Army drawing strong to a head in *Lunniburgh* land, of intention to force a passage over the Elve to come the easier to Holsten: his Majestie being weake of foote in this quarter, having no great feare of his enemie on the *Waser*, where we lay before; we were therefore called to joyne with the rest of our Regiment at *Bysenburgh*. Another reason of this march was, the King's force in *Silesia* being also weake of Foote, standing in great neede of a timely supply, we being able to endure a long march, his Majestie resolved, after besetting well the passe on the *Elve*, to send us for a supply unto the *Silesian* Armie: Nevertheless many times we see in warres, though things be long advised on, and prosecuted after advise duely, yet the advent doth not alwayes answer to mans conjectures: For it is a true old saying, Man proposeth, but God disposeth."

At Boitzenburgh they had a happy meeting with their comrades, but they were not destined to be long together. In a few days orders were received that the Regiment must again separate. The Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, with seven companies, were instructed to march to Ruppin in Brandenburg; while four companies, under the command of Major Dunbar, were to remain for the defence of Boitzenburg.

Sir Donald was very much disappointed that the King should again have ordered the Regiment to be divided without his consent. The officers and men also grumbled at the arrangement, but, nevertheless, they faithfully obeyed orders. Two reasons have been assigned for this action on the part of the King: first, the

refusal of the officers to give up the Scottish Colours, which, it is reported, angered him, and led to his ordering the Regiment to posts of the greatest danger; and second, a dispute which Sir Donald had with him about the cashiering of some of the officers for alleged inefficiency. The King insisted on having his own way, notwithstanding all Sir Donald could say on the subject. Two of the officers referred to were Captain Learmonth (brother of Lord Balcomy) and Captain Duncan Forbes, most efficient men, and highly esteemed by Sir Donald.

Munro mentions that the parting between the two divisions of the Regiment was very affecting. There seemed to be a presentiment of impending evil, and Captain Learmonth, on taking leave of Sir Donald and other officers, "did with griefe in a manner foretell his owne fall, alleging they should never meet againe." The sequel proved the truth of the sad foreboding.

Boitzenburg is a small town pleasantly situated at the junction of the Boitze and the Elbe, and being one of the leading highways into Denmark, its defence was of great importance. The inhabitants, who feared the cruelties so frequently inflicted by the enemy, had all fled. A vast force of the Imperialists, under John de Tserela, Count of Tilly, was approaching Denmark from the centre of Germany, and one of the columns was marching directly upon the point these four companies of Highlanders were ordered to defend. Tilly in early life was a Jesuit priest, but having seen the virgin in a vision, as he said, commanding him to take up arms in defence of the Church, he entered the army, and his talents and bravery soon won him a baton. He was undoubtedly an able general; but he was cruel and uncompromising, and the horror, caused by his many deeds of atrocity carried terror wherever he went.

It was on the third day after the departure of Sir Donald with the main portion of the Regiment, that the approach of the enemy was announced. They came to a halt within cannon shot distance, and at once began preparations for the siege.

But Major Dunbar had not been idle. He was well versed in the theory, as well as the sterner practice of war, and had every qualification for a commander. He left nothing undone that would enable him to defend his post like a man of honour. He undermined the bridge, repaired the weak places in the walls, and erected a strong sconce on the Lüneberg side of the town. This sconce the enemy resolved to storm. Once across the Elbe, the rich and fertile plains of Holstein could be easily overrun, and would be entirely at their mercy.

The four companies of Highlanders numbered only about six hundred men, while the attacking force numbered at least ten thousand.

The first night a gallant and successful sortie was made, under the personal leadership of Major Dunbar, and after inflicting a severe punishment on the advanced posts of the Imperialists, the little band returned to the town, with scarcely any loss. The enemy were determined to be avenged for this, and on the following day attacked the sconce at all points, but after a long and desperate struggle were beaten off, with a loss of over five hundred men. But fresh troops were pressed forward, and again the attack was renewed with increased fury; the front rank rushed on, and with hatchets attempted to force a passage through the palisades; then the artillery opened fire, and every now and then a heavy cannon shot would boom overhead, or crash among the roofs of the houses; or, with a dull heavy thud, sink into the turf breastwork of the sconce. The defenders replied with their brass culverins, and every shot must have made a frightful lane through the dense column of attack. A close and deadly fire, too, was poured by the Highland musketeers upon the Imperialists, and though the latter replied with equal rapidity, yet they could not with equal effect, for the Highlanders were protected breast high, by the earthen parapets, while the assailants were wholly exposed. The whole fort was soon enveloped in smoke: the enemy could not be seen, but the crash of their axes was heard among the falling palisades, and the cries of the wounded told of the dreadful carnage. The Imperialists were baffled, and again fell back. But a third, and even more desperate attempt was made to carry the sconce. The sconce, I may here remark, defended the bridge, and if captured, the Imperialist cavalry might have crossed the Elbe, and overrun Holstein before the king could have been informed that Boitzenburg had fallen. The defenders felt that every effort would be strained by the enemy to carry the little fort by storm. If numbers could accomplish this, its fall was certain. The storming parties came on in great force, and made a most vigorous assault; but the firing of the Highland musketeers once more told with deadly effect. The thunder of the enemy's artillery was incessant, yet the shot did more damage to the houses of the deserted town than to the earthworks of the sconce. Again the culverins were brought into play, and, under Dunbar's directions, did dreadful execution on the Imperialists; but, in spite of this, they continued to press on, and the gaps made in their ranks, by the well-directed fire of the Highlanders, were constantly and steadily filled up. The loss was

not, however, all on the side of the enemy. Many of the defenders were killed, and a large number wounded.

But after a time the firing of the Highlanders slackened, and then suddenly ceased. Their supply of ammunition was exhausted! The Imperialists surprised at the unexpected silence on the part of the defenders, instinctively guessed the cause, and redoubling their efforts made a rush at the walls.* The Highlanders, for a moment, were at their wits end; but the energy of despair prompted them. They tore the sand from the ramparts, and threw it in the eyes of their assailants as they attempted to scale the walls; and then furiously attacking them with the butt ends of their muskets, drove them from the sconce. But it was a dreadful struggle. At last the trumpets of the enemy sounded the retreat, the storming party fell back, the fire of the artillery ceased, and Boitzenburg was saved. The enemy had again over five hundred men killed, and a very large number wounded.

The Highlanders had two officers and forty men killed. The officers were Captain Learmonth,† a good and brave soldier, and his Lieutenant, David Martin, "an old stout and expert officer," as Munro describes him; "while," he adds, "many others carried the true markes of their valour imprinted in their bodies, for their Countrie's credit."

The Imperialists finding Boitzenburg so well defended, decided on crossing the Elbe at another point. This they effected considerably higher up the river, where, coming unexpectedly, they surprised the German guard, and secured a passage across. In the meantime, the King of Denmark had sent orders to Major Dunbar to retire from the sconce, bring off his cannon, if he could, and blow up the bridge. He was then to leave two companies of the Highlanders at Lauenburg, and retire with the rest to Gluckstadt. All these orders he carried out in a masterly manner.

This was the first opportunity the Mackay Regiment had of showing the quality of its men. Gallantly did they distinguish themselves, and nobly did they fulfil the hazardous task to which they had been detailed. It was a desperate position to defend, and looked like certain destruction to all. Their deeds showed what they were—a band of *Scottish Invincibles.*‡

* Monro says—"There was also a *Scottish* gentleman under the enemy, who coming to scale the walls, said aloud, Have with you, gentlemen, thinke not now you are on the streets of *Edinburgh* bravading: One of his owne country-men thrusting him through the body with a pike, he ended there." There were many Scotsmen in the service of the Imperialists.

† See ante, page 137.

‡ Gustavus Adolphus, when the Regiment was in his service, spoke of it as the *Scottish Invincibles.*

Munro was with the main division of the Regiment, but he writes—"This Skonce so well maintained by our Countrymen is to their prayse recorded at length in the *Dutch Story* of the Danes Warres, where the curious Reader may learn more of it. . . . After this service the renowne spread so abroad, where ever we came, that the Gentrie of the Country were ready meeting us, providing all necessaries for us. The Duke of *Wymar*, the Dukes of *Meclinburgh*, with a number of gallant Ladies, did visit us in our march, to congratulate with us the good fortune, and good service, done by our *Camerades*. But if we should look to the outside of souldiers, these foure Companies were the meanest of our Regiment to the outward appearance . . . For though, as I said, by appearance to looke but on their outsides, they were the meanest in show of our whole Regiment; yet *God that gives hearts, and courage unto men*, made them the instruments of our Regiment's first credit in the warres of Germany. They were, I confesse, led by brave officers, which were seconded and obeyed by resolute and stout souldiers, that gained victory and credit, over their enemies, in extremitie, by casting sand in their eyes . . . shewing that sometimes the meanest things doe helpe us much against our enemies, especially when the LORD will blesse our fighting."

The two companies, which were left by Major Dunbar for the defence of Lauenburg, were speedily besieged. Count Tilly summoned the small garrison to surrender, but Major Wilson, the officer in command, refused to comply with this demand. The enemy's batteries then opened fire on the castle, and after a brief cannonade, Major Wilson, seeing he could not hold his position, asked for a truce to arrange terms of surrender. This was granted, and conditions were agreed upon. These were, that the garrison should march out with bag and baggage, and drums beating, and that they should have a convoy to conduct them to Gluckstadt. Count Tilly had been severely wounded during the siege, or probably he would not have agreed to such terms. Pledges having been given, the agreement was duly signed, but Major Wilson had not been careful as to details. On leaving the castle his colours were taken from him, and on his complaining of what he considered a breach of faith, he was told to read the agreement. He was then forced to march to Gluckstadt without colours. For this oversight he was dismissed from the Regiment with disgrace, and his command given to Captain Duncan Forbes, one of the officers who had been cashiered by the King of Denmark. This showed that the King had committed a great mistake in acting as he did, for Major Wilson was one of the officers he had appointed over Captains

Learmonth and Forbes, to the annoyance of Sir Donald Mackay, as already mentioned.

But there was no idle time for the Highlanders. Major Dunbar and the four companies were at once ordered to defend the Castle of Bredenburg, for the enemy had now got a footing in Holstein, and were over-running the land, while the troops of King Christian were fast falling back before them. Bredenburg was the principal stronghold of the Counts of Rantzau, a noble and warlike family of Holstein; and Dunbar was instructed that the castle was not to be surrendered on any condition. A large number of people had taken refuge in it, when the enemy first entered the land, and had carried with them a great amount of treasure. There was also stored in it much valuable property belonging to Count Rantzau.

The little garrison sent to maintain this important place numbered only about four hundred men, for Boitzenburg and Lauenburg had thinned the ranks of the four companies of Highlanders considerably. The castle was but poorly fortified, and the enemy came so suddenly upon it, that Dunbar had scarcely time to get the drawbridge pulled up, when Tilly and his forces surrounded the place. A trumpeter was at once sent by Tilly with a summons, demanding an instant surrender. This, of course, Dunbar refused. The enemy immediately began a hot and vigorous siege, which lasted without intermission for six days. The defenders resisted bravely, and their shot told heavily on the ranks of the assailants. At length the enemy's guns made two breaches in the walls, and the Imperialists approached the moat. Tilly then sent a drummer to the Major to see if he would now surrender, but the drummer returned with the answer "that so long as there was blood in Dunbar's head, the place should never be given over." This answer so incensed Tilly, that he swore when once he got "the upper hand over them, they should all die without quarter." The defenders must have been very much exhausted after these six days of severe exertion, and there was no relief for them, while the enemy were able to send fresh men to the assault every few hours.

Shortly after Dunbar's answer had been returned, the brave man was struck on the head by a musket ball, and instantly killed. But even though he was dead the other officers would not capitulate, and the siege went on with renewed fury. Captain Duncan Forbes was the next officer to fall, then Lieutenant Barbour and Captain Carmichael. The enemy had now passed the moat, and getting possession of the castle, a wholesale massacre took place. All quarter was refused, and every one, without distinction of rank,

age, or sex, was cruelly put to the sword. With the exception of Ensign Lumsden, who escaped almost miraculously, every officer and man of the Highland detachment was either killed while in the discharge of duty, or savagely butchered. Even their chaplain was put to death. On his knees he begged for life, but mercy was denied him. While, of the country people who had taken refuge in the castle, only a few were able to escape with their lives from the brutal soldiery. After the slaughter, search was made for Major Dunbar's body, which, having been found by the Imperialists, was barbarously mutilated.

The enemy had above a thousand men killed before they took the castle.

Munro, who received an account of these proceedings from Ensign Lumsden, gives a harrowing picture of what took place. "The whole court and lodgings running with blood, with which walles and pavements are sprinkled. . . . These cruell murderers did by their monstrous and prodigious massacre" show no "mercy to officer, souldier, or Preacher. . . . Was there greater perfidie in the world than was used here, willingly to harme the dead, and the innocent? For to wrong an innocent Preacher was savage, beseeming a beast, not a man; and to give a stabbe, as was done here, for the innocent smile of an Infant, was devillish blacke at the heart. . . . And I perswade my selfe, none but villanous persons, being Commanders, ever suffered the like to have been done without moderation."

This terrible disaster left only the seven companies of the Regiment, with which, as I have already mentioned, Sir Donald had been ordered to march from Boitzenburg to Ruppin. At Ruppin, instructions were given by General Slamersdorff, who then commanded the King of Denmark's forces in that district, that after resting for eight days, the march was to be continued into Silesia, to join the Danish army in that territory. Within a week, however, the startling intelligence was received, that the Danish army in Silesia had been totally defeated, that the victors had pushed rapidly on and crossed the Elbe, and that their troops occupied all the passes leading into Holstein. To retreat by land and join the king's army was thus impossible, and as the Regiment could not remain where it was, orders were given to make for the island of Poel, near Wismar, on the Baltic, and wait there till shipping could be provided to carry them to Holstein.

General Slamersdorff had appointed Perleburg, a small town on the Stepnitz, as the rendezvous for the remnants of the defeated army, and thither they marched with all haste. When mustered,

they numbered about ten thousand men of all arms. The General seems to have been very much frightened, for he marched the troops night and day until they got to Wismar, being naturally afraid that the enemy might get between him and the sea. The troops encamped about a mile from Wismar, and opposite the island of Poel. They made a drawbridge to the island, and fortified it with sconces and redoubts. It was harvest time, and being uncertain how long they might have to remain, they conveyed provisions and stores to the island, sufficient to last them all winter, should they be kept there so long. But they only remained five weeks. Munro says, that during this time they had "abundance of flesh and drinke" but were slightly provided of bread and salt . . . a Souldier had but one pound of bread allowed him in ten dayes, if that he tooke it not off the field;" that is, unless he went to the field and gathered there wheat or rye. The Highlanders, he further adds, called their encampment "the flesh Leager, and justly, for the Souldiers were so cloyed with flesh, that Oxen flesh was let lie on the ground, the Hides taken off by the Souldiers and sold for a Can of Beere a Hide, the whole body left on the place untouched." Our countrymen, also, seemed to consider the sheep's head and trotters quite as favourite a dish then, as many do at the present time, for it is recorded of the soldiers, that at last they got "weary of mutton also, eating only the heads and feet, being boyld with wheat brought off the fields." One of the results of eating so much animal food without bread or salt, was the breaking out of a serious pestilence in the camp, of which many soldiers died; "but of our nation fewest, for to speake truth," I again quote from Munro, "I never did see more durable men against all Toyle, travelle and tediousnesse, than they were." The people of Wismar behaved very discourteously to the officers and men of the defeated army, even the merchants being unwilling to sell them such articles as they desired to purchase. "Likewise I did observe first here," Munro further adds, "that the Townes of Germanie are best friends ever to the masters of the field, in flattering the victorious, and in persecuting the loser, which is ever well seene in all estates."

At last arrangements were completed for transporting the army to Holstein. Ships arrived from Copenhagen, and the embarkation at once took place. General Slamersdorff was left with two thousand men to defend the island, while the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, with eight thousand horse and foot, sailed for Heilegenhaven, where the whole force was safely landed. The Highlanders were included in the eight thousand.

Immediately after landing, orders were given to march to Oldenburg, where it was hoped the Danish forces, if united with the eight thousand just landed, might be able to defeat Count Tilly, who was known to be advancing with an immense army, for the purpose of overrunning Holstein. The Pass of Oldenburg, through which the invading army must of necessity come, had, by some strange overlook on the part of the Danish generals, been left unfortified. The Highlanders, on arriving at the Pass, immediately set to work to make trenches, so as to secure it against the enemy. They worked all night, and next day till noon, when they discovered the Imperialists advancing in formidable numbers of horse and foot. Before three o'clock in the afternoon the latter had planted their cannon, and the Danish general being informed of this, orders were given to double the guards, barricade the pass; and, during the night, cast up a redoubt before it.

By day light the next morning the battle began—the enemy trying to force the pass, the Danish army to keep it. The fighting was mainly confined to the cavalry. At last the Danish soldiers began to give way, when the General commanded Sir Donald, "in all haste . . to march with the halfe of his Regiment to maintaine the passe." The General asked the Highlanders, as Sir Donald was leading them on, if they went on with courage. This being interpreted to the men, they, "shouting for joy, cast off their hats, rejoicing in their march, seeming glad of the occasion." Then, commending their courage and resolution, the General blessed them, and passed on. As the Highlanders advanced, the enemy's cannon played continuously upon them, and their colours were torn in pieces. Lieutenant Hugh Ross was the first that felt the smart of the cannon ball. He was shot in the leg, and falling, called out courageously, "Go on bravely, comrades, I wish I had a Treene (*i.e.* a wooden leg) for your sakes." As they drew near the Pass, the Germans [Holsteincers] that were on service had all fled except their Captain. The Pass was thus nearly lost; but Sir Donald hurried an officer forward with a platoon of musketeers, "mostly young gentlemen of his own company," with directions to maintain the Pass, which they did; "but being hard pressed, many of them died in defence of it."

The others were not idle, and a hot engagement took place. The pikemen had to stand "for two howers in battell under mercy of Cannon and musket, so that their sufferings and hurts were greater both amongst officers and souldiers than the hurt done to the Musketiers, for few of their officers escaped unhurt, and divers also were killed." During the engagement, a barrel of gunpowder "was

blowne up, whereby," Sir Donald, "was burnt in the face, and many souldiers spoiled." The enemy, having seen the explosion of gunpowder, again tried to force the passage; but their efforts were in vain, and they had to retire. The first division of the Regiment had been fighting upwards of two hours, when the second division came up, "who falling on fresh, with man-like courage, the other division" fell "off to refresh themselves."

The engagement continued for some time with unabated vigour; but after mid-day the Regiment was enabled to keep the pass "by companies, one company relieving another till night, that it grew darke, and then darknesse, the enemy of Valour, made the service to cease." This engagement lasted from seven o'clock in the morning till about four o'clock in the afternoon. The Imperialists certainly got a check; and by the indomitable pluck of the Highlanders, the Danish army was saved for that day, and an opportunity afforded the Generals to decide on future action. But it was a sad struggle for our brave countrymen; for in the unequal contest they had three officers and about four hundred men killed, and thirteen officers wounded.* The officers killed were Andrew Munro, Farquhar Munro, and Murdoch Polson. Among the wounded were Sir Donald Mackay, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Seton, Captain Sir Patrick Mackay, Captain John Forbes of Tulloch, and Munro, the author of the *Expedition*.

Such a service might have been considered most ample work for any one regiment to have accomplished in a single day, but there was yet more work in store for the Highlanders—they had again to guard the Pass. The General, apparently out of his whole army, had no other regiment he could trust for this important duty.

Munro says, the Duke of Weimar, after paying a high compliment to Sir Donald and his Regiment, requested "him that, as the Regiment had done bravely all day, in being the instruments under God of his safety, and of the armies, he would once more request that his Regiment might hold out the inch as they had done the span, till it was darke, and then they should be relieved, as he was a Christian."

The Duke faithfully kept his promise. That night the Council of War decided that it would be hopeless to attempt to stand

* One of the officers wounded, an Ensign, "being shot through the body above the left pappe, went a little aside till he was drest, and returned again to his station, keeping his colours in his hand, till night, before the enemy, never fainting with his wound, an example of rare courage, and of great strength of bodie, neither did he ever thereafter keepe bed or lodging one hour, more than ordinary, for all this hurt."—*Munro*.

against Tilly's overwhelming forces. It was therefore resolved that the army should retire with all speed to Heiligenhaven, get on board the ships lying there, and sail for Denmark. The Duke remembered his promise to Sir Donald, and insisted that, as the Highlanders had behaved so heroically, they should have some special mark of favour. It was accordingly arranged that they, as they "deserved best," should be "first brought off, getting orders to march in the night to ships." Munro writes regarding this as follows:—"Here also I found that a friend in need was better than gold, for had not the Duke of Wymar beene our friend, we had bin left behinde at the passe, and beene prisoners the next day with the rest of the Army. . . . Likewise, I have found by experience that those who fight best in occasions, have ever the best of it, though they chance to suffer loss; if it come to a retreat, commonly they are most respected and come first off, as we did at this time, and it is ever better to fight well, and to retire timely, than for a man to suffer himselfe to be taken prisoner, as many were that morning after our retreat."

When all was quiet, the retreat began. The General, accompanied by Sir Donald, was the first to leave. Then the Highlanders followed; it having been arranged that they should embark before any of the other troops. It was a moonlight night in October, and at ten o'clock they reached Heiligenhaven, and drew up on the shore. There, it had been arranged, they were to wait for Sir Donald, whose object in leaving in advance of his Regiment was that he might procure shipping for their transport. He had gone out to the roadstead for this purpose; but there was quite a panic among the mariners, and he could not get any one to obey him. Munro's statement is that they had been alarmed by the incessant firing which they had heard during the day, and "feare so possest them all that they lacked hands to worke and hearts to obey," and Sir Donald had to return without being able to induce the masters of any of the ships to bring their vessels near to the shore to receive his men.

What had been intended to be a quiet and orderly retreat, had become a hurried and pell-mell rout; for when it was known that the Highlanders had left the Pass, the rest of the army, horse and foot, made a rush from the camp to the seaboard; and ere long the cavalry came galloping down to the water's edge in the greatest disorder. There was no head to direct, and everything was in confusion. The officers had lost all control over their men, and discipline was at an end. The number of fugitives rapidly increased, and soon men and horses, pioneers, musketeers, and pikemen, baggage and

ammunition, were crowded in an unwieldy and unmanageable mass on the pier and shore.

Sir Donald realised the gravity of the situation, and resolved upon a plan by means of which the remains of his Regiment might be brought off with safety. The enemy was known to be in pursuit, and there was not a moment to be lost. He must either embark his men at once, make a desperate but useless stand against the enemy, to "die with back to the water and face to the foe," or surrender with the broken Danish army to Count Tilly. The runaway cavalry (which consisted chiefly of German levies in the Danish service), had crowded the long mole or pier, and were in the act of seizing the shipping for the conveyance of themselves and their horses. Sir Donald saw he had only one chance, and ordered his Highlanders to clear the pier of these horsemen. "Pikemen to the front!" he cried; and we are told that formed in line, eight ranks deep, the whole breadth of the mole, the Highlanders, pikemen in front and musketeers in the rear, steadily advanced, and charging the horsemen, forced them over the shelving edges of the pier into the water. But the channel fortunately was shallow, so they escaped drowning. The Highlanders seized upon a ship, and after placing their colours and a number of men on board, had it moved a little from the shore to prevent its getting aground. This accomplished, the ship's boat was manned with an officer and some musketeers, who were "sent to force other ships out of the Roade" into their service, and thus a sufficient number of vessels being secured, the Regiment was at last safely embarked. All, except some villains, as Munro calls them, who had "gone a plundering in the Towne, but not knowing the danger they were in," stayed away all night, and were taken next morning by the enemy. It was hard work getting the men shipped. Some of the officers toiled all night ferrying the sick and wounded from the shore, and the last boatful was just leaving when the Imperialists entered Heiligenhaven. It was such a narrow escape that Captain Robert Munro's boat was beaten from the shore by the enemy's horsemen. Among the many incidents recorded, Munro mentions the following:—"A Gentleman borne in the Isles of Scotland, called *Alexander Mac-Worche,* being wounded in the head, and shot in the arme, the enemies Horsemen shooting at him with Pistols, he leapes from the shoare, with his cloathes on, notwithstanding those wounds, and swimmes to my Cosen Captaine *Monro* his boate, and being brought in, died the next day, and was much lamented for of his *Camerades,* as a Gentleman of great hope." The baggage of the Highlanders and the horses of their mounted officers had all to be left behind.

Tilly's army had now possession of Heiligenhaven; and the Highlanders from on board their ships witnessed the surrender of the Duke of Weimar's army to the Imperialists. They gave themselves up without striking a blow! The German horsemen, whom the Highlanders had driven from the pier, were mercenaries, and nothing more, for they at once took service under Tilly, being "quite ready to fight to-morrow the Master they had sworn to defend to-day." Munro very quaintly describes the scene. He says—We saw "the enemies Army drawne up in battell, horse, foote and cannon, and" the routed Danish "Army of foote and horse opposite unto them: I did see six and thirty Cornets of horse being full troupes without loosing of one Pistoll give themselves prisoners in the enemies mercy, whereof the most part took service. As also I did see five Regiments of Foote, being forty Colours,* follow their examples, rendering themselves and their Colours without loosing of one musket." Of the whole of the Duke of Weimar's army, the Mackay Regiment alone escaped.

The loss of his army was not the only misfortune that this stroke of ill-luck brought to the King of Denmark. The provinces of Holstein and Jutland were also lost, and from that day till the siege of Stralsund, his whole military operations were, with a few exceptions, little more than a series of flights. For a time the Austrian Eagle spread its wings over the mainland of Denmark, from the Elbe to the Skager Rack, and the Danish Islands alone remained under the sway of King Christian.

Sir Donald, on leaving Heiligenhaven with his Highlanders, sailed for Flensborg, to report what had taken place to the King, and receive further orders from His Majesty. The King was much grieved on learning the heavy loss his forces had sustained; but seeing he could not then again enter the field against the Imperialists, he prudently resolved to act upon the defensive, till he could organise another army for active operations. In the meantime he directed Sir Donald to proceed to Assens, in the Island of Funen, and there the Highlanders landed. It was only a year since they had left Scotland, and six months since they had entered on active service, but the struggles they had been engaged in had been of so sanguinary a character, that already the Regiment was reduced to less than half the number which embarked at Cromarty on the 10th of October, 1626. "We landed at *Assens* of our Regiment," says Munro, "eight hundred souldiers besides one hundred and fifty wounded and sicke men, and being put in good

* Each company in those days carried a colour.

quarters, we rest us, leaving the enemy to rest in the fat land of *Holsten* and *Yeetland*, having a good broad and deep fossey (the sea) betwixt us, we were by Gods mercy secured."

The King of Denmark had also gone to Assens, and after Sir Donald had consulted with his Majesty, it was arranged that two companies of the Regiment were to remain there, while the rest should be quartered in the neighbouring villages. A comfortable and convenient hotel, or country house, was also provided for "the wounded and sicke men where they were to be entertained together till they were cured, and his Majestie graciously ordained skilfull Chirurgians, diligently to attend them, being an hundred and fiftie, besides officers."

It was after getting to Assens that news reached them of the gallant defence of Bredenburg, and the massacre of the garrison. The news filled every one with the deepest sorrow.

The heavy losses the Regiment had sustained now became matter for serious consideration. Sir Donald called the officers together for consultation, and the result of their deliberation was that he entered into a new agreement with the King for a further prosecution of the cause in which they had embarked, and at once made preparations to go to Scotland for the purpose of bringing over a thousand men to recruit the Regiment. Officers from each company, it was arranged, were to go with him, and in most cases the captains were selected, leaving the command of their respective companies during their absence to their lieutenants. By taking these officers with him, Sir Donald expected to recruit with greater expedition than if he had gone alone.

Captain Robert Munro (the author of the *Expedition*) having done duty as major for some time, was, on the news of the death of Major Dunbar, appointed by his "Colonel's respect and his Majesties favour," major of the Regiment; or, as the rank was then designated, sergeant-major, an office almost precisely similar to that of adjutant of the present day. Munro's account of his instalment is interesting, as the description of a bygone military ceremony. "Orders were given unto the Commissary that mustered us, according to my Patent [or Commission] to place me as sergeant-major over the Regiment, which all duely obeyed by the Commissary, the Drummer Major, accompanied with the rest of the drummers of the Regiment, being commanded, beate a baucke in head of the Regiment. The Commissary having his Majesties Patent in his hand [the Commission was signed by the King], makes a speech, signifying his Majesties will unto all the officers of the Regiment, and without any contradiction placed me Sergeant-major, and delivering me my

Patent takes me by the hand, as the Colonell did, Lievetenant-Colonell with the whole officers of the Regiment, wishing me joy, with the generall applause of the whole *Soldateska*, which ceremony ended, the Regiment marched off, by companies unto their severall quarters as before."

The officers that accompanied Sir Donald Mackay to Scotland, were Captains Sir Patrick Mackay, John Munro of Obisdell, John Munro (commonly called Assynt Munro), Sinclair, Forbes, and Annan, and Lieutenant Robert Stewart. Major Munro was left in command of the Regiment, as Lieutenant-Colonel Seton had gone to Holland on leave.

Before returning to Denmark, Sir Donald Mackay went to London for a short time, and on the 19th February, 1628, the King advanced him to the dignity of the peerage, under the title of Lord Reay, by patent to him and his heirs male for ever, bearing the name and arms of Mackay.

During his absence, the Regiment had hot work on several occasions. He left for Scotland in October, and in November Major Munro was ordered to proceed with four companies to the Island of Laaland, to keep the Imperialists in check, as they had crossed the Belt and laid the Island of Femern under contribution. Some months later (22nd March, 1628), the King also landed in Laaland with 2500 foot, being resolved to drive the enemy from Femern, as he was afraid, if they were left undisturbed there, they might get possession of some of the other Islands. On the 6th of April the expedition sailed, and on the 8th landed at Femern. After a short resistance, the Imperialist garrison surrendered unconditionally, and leaving their arms, baggage, and ammunition, were sent away in boats to Holstein. After resting three days, during which time the King appointed a Governor, and told off a garrison for the protection of the Island, a second expedition was agreed upon. On the 11th of April, the ships again set sail, and kept along the coast of Holstein till they came to Eckernfiord, where there was a garrison of the Imperialists. Here the troops landed, the King remaining on board ship to watch proceedings. The force consisted of close upon 2000 men, English, Scots, Dutch, and French, in about equal numbers. It was agreed to cast lots as to which should lead the attack, and the lot fell on the Highlanders, the English coming next. The town was taken and plundered, but there was some hard fighting and considerable loss. Before the attack began, Mr. William Forbes, the preacher to the Regiment, wished the Highlanders success "in the name of the Lord." Part of the defenders retired to the church, which

they barricaded, and shooting out of it did great damage to the attacking party. On the church being forced, it was discovered that the defenders had retired for safety to a detached gallery; but, before doing so, they had laid a train of gunpowder over the floor, for the destruction of the building, when the invaders entered it. Major Munro, on noticing this, had barely time to warn his men of their danger, when an explosion took place, by which about one hundred were killed. The Highland soldiers not having forgotten the enemy's cruelty to their comrades at Bredenburg, then resolved to give no quarter, and about two hundred and fifty of the enemy were destroyed. Several of Mackay's officers were wounded, among others, Captain Mackenzie, who "was favourably shot in the legge," and Lieutenant David Munro, who was "pitifully burnt."

The chaplain, "Master William Forbesse," is described by Munro as "a Preacher for Souldiers, yea and a Captaine in neede, to lead Soulddiers on a good occasion, being full of courage and discretion and good conduct, beyond some Captaines I have knowne, who were not so capable as he. At this time, he not onely prayed for us, but went on with us, to remarke, as I thinke, mens carriage, and having found a Sergeant neglecting his dutie, and his honour at such a time, did promise to reveal him unto me, as he did after their service; the Sergeant being called before me, and accused, did deny his accusation, alleaging that if he were no Pastour that had alleaged it, he would not lie under the injury, the Preacher offered to fight with him, that it was truth he had spoken of him, whereupon I cashier'd the Sergeant. . . . The Sergeant being cashier'd never call'd Master *William* to account, for which he was evill thought of, so that he retired home, and quit the warres."

Munro very ingenuously gives three excuses for pursuing men who had "retired to a Church being a place of refuge." First, our orders "were to beate our enemies, in taking them prisoners, or by killing them, which we could not effect, . . . without entering the Church." "Secondly. They having banished the Gospell, and the Preachers of it out of the Church, we had good reason to banish them, who had made of the house of *God* a *Denne* of theeves and murtherers, as they were at *Bredenburg* having killed our *Camerades*, and massacred our *Preacher* being on his knees begging mercy, and could find none. Thirdly. They treacherously retired themselves to a Loft apart in the Church, for their own safeties, and left trains of Powder to blow us up at our entry, which made our Compassion towards them the Colder;" and then he adds, however, "I refused not to shew compassion

on those who did beg it of me, and what others did in their fury, I did tolerate, not being powerfull to hinder them." Truly war is a cruel teacher, when it can justify such excesses, even as acts of retribution.

Having returned to their ships, the King directed that they should next sail along the coast till they came to Kiel. Here a landing was attempted; but the preparations made by the Imperialist leader, defeated the attempt to take the town, and the greater number of the men detailed for this purpose were killed. The attacking party was led by an English officer, who displayed great bravery. He got off, but died of his wounds the following day. Thirty Highlanders were among the number which landed; and of these twenty-two were killed; the remaining eight were wounded, but escaped by swimming to the King's ship, into which they were taken. Munro remarks—"Here also our *Scottish* High-land-men are prayse worthy, who for lacke of Boats, made use of their vertue and courage in swimming the Seas, notwithstanding of their wounds, with their cloathes, shewing their Masters they were not the first came off, but with the last; following the example of their leader, they would not stay to be Prisoners, as many doe at such times, and never returne." After this disappointment and repulse, the ships returned to Femern. An attempt was made shortly afterwards to establish a footing in Holstein, but also failed; and orders were then given to sail back to Laaland.

But another great struggle was at hand. Tidings were brought to King Christian that Stralsund, one of the free cities of the Hanseatic League had been besieged by the Imperialists, under Marshal Arnheim. It had remained neutral during the war, pursuing those habits of peaceful industry which had secured it so many privileges from the Dukes of Pomerania; but its noble harbour, and its vicinity to the coasts of Sweden and Denmark, made its possession of great importance to the conqueror. Wallenstein, then the generalissimo of the Emperor, had declared he would sweep the shores, and also the waters of the Baltic; and in pursuance of this plan resolved to seize Stralsund. He sent an officer requesting the burghers to receive an Imperial garrison, which they declined; he then asked for permission to march his army through the city, but the burgomaster was too wary, and this also was refused; then the gates were closed, and cannon loaded—the city stood upon its defence, and Marshal Arnheim was commanded to begin the siege at once. The burghers of Stralsund thereupon sent a message to the King of Denmark, humbly begging for his assistance. This, he at once promised, for he knew if

Stralsund fell into the hands of the Imperialists, the free navigation of the Baltic would be lost, and the Danish islands, as it were, at the mercy of the conqueror. He selected Lord Reay's Regiment for the hazardous duty, "having had sufficient proof of its former service . . . so that before others they were trusted on this occasion." Orders were given that they should at once proceed to Stralsund. Lieutenant-Colonel Seton having returned from Holland, was instructed to take shipping direct from Funen, with the three companies which had been left in that island; while the four companies which were stationed in Laaland were to march to Elsinore and embark there. Lieutenant-Colonel Seton with the three companies must have entered Stralsund on the 24th or 25th of May; for Munro, who arrived with the other four companies on the 28th, says, we were "no sooner drawne up in the Market place, but presently we were sent to watch at *Franckendore*, to relieve the other Division, that had watched three days and three nights together uncome off, that being the weakest part of the whole Towne, and the onely poste pursued by the enemy, which our Lievetenant-Colonell made choice of, being the most dangerous, for his Countries credit."

For the space of six weeks their duty in defending the town was hard and unremitting. During this time, "neither officer nor Souldier was suffered to come off his watch, neither to dine or suppe, but their meate was carried unto them, to their poste." And Munro says, that in these six weeks his "clothes came never off, except it had been to change a suite or linnings"—[linens]. The town's people too, were very surly and inhospitable, or as Munro expresses it, "ungratefull and unthankfull;" and this added considerably to the discomfort of the soldiers.

Day after day, and night after night, the Highlanders were kept at their posts without any respite. They had to keep double watch, and their position was being constantly assailed by the enemy. The Franken-gate, which was their especial charge, was at the weakest part of the city wall, and the enemy, as a matter of course, directed most of their efforts to carry that point. Attempts were made by the Highlanders to strengthen their position; but they had to work, so to speak, with spade in one hand, and pike or musket in the other, for the Imperialists were constantly on the alert to attack them at any moment. Many of the defenders were killed, and many more wounded. "When cannons are roaring and bullets flying, he that would have honour must not feare dying: many rose in the morning, went not to bed at night, and many supped at night, sought no breakfast in the morning." So

writes Munro, and then he adds, "some had their heads separated from their bodies by the Cannon, as happened to one Lievetenant and thirteene Souldiers, that had their fourteene heads shot from them by one Cannon bullet at once. Who doubts of this, he may go and see the reliques of their braines to this day [1636, about eight years after the siege], sticking on the walles, under the Port of *Franckendore* in *Trailesound*."

Wallenstein was so annoyed that the siege should last so long, that on the 26th of June he arrived in the camp for the purpose of conducting the operations himself. He examined the walls, and swore he would "take the place in three nights, though it were hanging with Iron chaines, betwixt the earth and the heavens." "But," as the historian writes, "forgetting to take God on his side, he was disappointed by him who disposeth of all things."

Between ten and eleven o'clock that night the assault was made, and the post guarded by Mackay's Regiment, being, as I have already mentioned, the weakest, the enemy's efforts were directed chiefly against it. But it was known that Wallenstein was in camp, and the Highlanders were prepared for a more than ordinary attack on their position. The sentries were doubled, and posts strengthened; and when the enemy advanced, "above a thousand strong, with a shoute, *sa sa, sa sa, sa sa!*" the sentry gave fire, the defenders were at once called to arms, and after a severe struggle of an hour and a half, the assailants were repulsed. But they had reliefs at hand, and were at once succeeded by a storming party of equal number, and these again by others, and so on until morning, when day breaking, a last and desperate effort was made to force the gate. They got within the outworks, but were beaten "backe againe with greate losse, with swords and pikes and butts of muskets, so that" they were "forced to retire, having lost above a thousand men," while the Highlanders lost "neare two hundred, besides those who were hurt." The moat was filled with the dead bodies of the enemy up to the banks. The works were ruined and could not be repaired, "which caused the next night's watch to be the more dangerous."

The defence was conducted by Major Munro, who was severely wounded; and he tells us that, "during the time of this hot conflict, none that was whole went off at the coming of the reliefe, but continued in the fight assisting their Camerades, so long as their strength served." He remained till "wearied and growne stiff with" his wounds, he was assisted off. The number of Highland officers killed and wounded was very heavy.

The Regiment was badly treated. They asked for assistance,

but although nearly all the force of the enemy was directed against their position, no support was sent them. But just before the last assault was made, Colonel Fritz, who had recently arrived in Stralsund from Sweden, went to the help of the Highlanders "with foure score musketiers." Colonel Fritz was killed, and also his Major, who was named Semple; and his Lieutenant-Colonel, MacDougall, was taken prisoner, and was missing for six months.

It is reported of Wallenstein, that he was so eager to get into the town, that, when his wounded officers retired, he ordered them to be shot, branding them as cowards for leaving their places so long as they could stand.

Munro very drily remarks on the shouts, "Sa sa, sa sa, sa sa!" made by the Imperialists, when entering on an engagement—"Shouting like *Turkes*, as if crying would terrifie resolute Souldiers: No truely . . . seeing we were more overjoyed by their coming than any wise terrified; and we received them with Volees of Cannon and Musket in their teeth, which faire and welleome was hard of digestion unto some of them. . . . True courage consists not in words . . . but in the strength of the Valiant Arme, and not in the Tongue. . . . It may well be said of them as the *Proverbe* is that the dogges did barke more than they did bite."

The following day Lieut.-Colonel Seton visited the wounded Major at his lodgings, and gave him particulars of the loss the Regiment had sustained. So few men were left that were really fit for service, that Munro advised that they should all be put into the Colonel's company, so as to form one strong company, in the meantime, and when the recruits came from Scotland, the companies should then be formed anew.* When night came, the

* The second sight had not quite died out in those days, for Munro adds, in connection with the visit made to him by Lieut.-Colonel Seton:—"To make my Lievetenant-Colonell laugh, I did tell him a story of a vision, that was seene by a Souldier of the Colonell's company, that morning before the enemy did storme, being a predictive dreame, and a true. One *Murdo Mac-claude* borne in *Assen*, a Souldier of a tall stature, and valiant courage, being sleeping on his watch, awakened by the breake of day, and jogges two of his Camerades lying by him, who did finde much fault with him for sturring of them, he replied, before long you shall be otherwise sturred, a Souldier called *Allen Tough* a *Loghaber-man*, recommending his soule to God, asked him what he had seene, who answered him, you shall never see your country againe, the other replied, the losse was but small if the rest of the company were well, he answered no, for there was great hurt and death of many very neere, the other asked againe, whom had he seene more that would dye besides him, sundry of his Camerades he tould by name, that should be killed: the other asked what would become of himselfe, he answered, he would be killed with the rest: in effect, he describeth the whole Officers by their cloathes that should be hurt: a pretty quicke boy neere by asked him, what

enemy made another furious assault, and the Highlanders had for a time to abandon their outworks and retire to the ravelin; but as soon as the morning light shone, led by their officers, and armed —some "with corslets, head-pieces, with half-pikes, morgan sternes, and swords," they rushed out "Pell mell amongst the enemies, and chased them quite out of the workes againe, and retiring with credit, maintained still the Triangle or Raveline." The loss of life was again great on both sides.

Wallenstein finding he could not take the city so easily as he imagined, sent a trumpeter to know if the defenders would treat with him upon terms. Lieut.-Colonel Seton (in the absence of Colonel Holke, the governor of the city), was glad of the offer, and an armistice of fourteen days was agreed upon to draw up the terms of a treaty, and to give time to ascertain the King of Denmark's views on the subject. The treaty was just ready for signature when orders came to Lieut.-Colonel Seton not to sign it, as troops were in readiness to come with all haste for his relief. "Whereupon my Lord *Spynie*, a *Scots* Noble man, with his Regiment, with sufficient provision of money and Ammunition, were sent unto the Towne, and being entered the treaty was rejected, and made voide."

Shortly after this an arrangement was entered into by the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, by which the defence of Stralsund was undertaken by the latter. Sir Alexander Leslie, "an expert and valorous Scots commander," was appointed governor,† with some Swedish troops; and the forces employed by the King of Denmark were ordered to be withdrawn from the garrison, and Swedish troops employed in their place.

Leslie had no sooner taken the command than he resolved to attack the besiegers, and drive them from their works. Desirous of conferring "credit on his owne Nation alone," he "made choice of *Spynie's* Regiment, being their first service to make the outfall,"

would become of the Major, meaning me, he answered, he would be shot, but not deadly, and that the boy should be next unto me, when I were hurt, as he was."

† Munro enlarges in glowing terms on the special blessings bestowed on the Stralsunders in having obtained a Scotsman for their ruler: "And what a blessing it was to a Towne perplexed, as this was, to get a good, wise, vertuous and valiant Governour in time of their greatest trouble, which shewes that we are govern'd by a power above us." And then waxing more eloquent on the good fortune of the city, and the merits of his countrymen, he adds, "It faring then with *Trailesound*, as with *Sara*; she became fruitfull when she could not believe it, and they become flourishing having gotten a *Scots* Governour to protect them, whom they looked not for, which was a good *omen* unto them, to get a Governour of the Nation, that was never conquered, which made them the onely Towne in *Germany* free, as yet, from the Emperiall yoke, by the valour of our Nation, that defended their City in their greatest danger."

and "the remainder of Mackay's Regiment to second them for making good of their retreate." They fell upon the enemy's works, forced them to retire, and drove them back to the main body of their army. But overpowered by numbers, they, in their turn, were obliged "to retire with the losse of some brave Cavaliers." To make their retreat good, Captain Mackenzie advanced "with the old *Scottish* blades" of Mackay's Regiment. He succeeded in driving off the enemy, and then covering Spynie's men, till they had arrived within their own works, he, still facing the foe, gradually retired to his own position. But the loss of the Highlanders was again considerable, for they had thirty men killed.

Immediately after resigning the protection of Stralsund to Sweden, the King of Denmark made an attempt to secure for himself the province of Pomerania, then held by the Imperialists. For this purpose he left Denmark with a force of cavalry and infantry, with which he landed at Wolgast. He then recalled Mackay's and Spynie's Regiments from Stralsund; and the remains of these two Scottish corps reached Wolgast about the end of July. The King immediately prepared to attack the Imperialists, but he was no match for them. They destroyed the greater part of his army without even coming to any regular engagement; and then pressing him hard, forced him to retire, in great haste and confusion, until he was again within the town of Wolgast. Here finding he was in danger of being taken prisoner, he put all the Scottish troops under command of Captain Mackenzie of Mackay's Regiment, who was ordered to skirmish with the enemy till the King had passed the bridge; and then, with his Highlanders, he was to retire, and set the bridge on fire, "which the Captaine did orderly obey," says Munro, "doing his Majestie the best service was done him in the whole time of the warres, not without great danger of the Captaine, and his followers, where the Bridge once burning, he was then the happiest man that could first be shipped."

The King immediately embarked for Denmark with the remainder of his forces. They arrived at Copenhagen on the 9th of August, and were met by Lord Reay, who had just returned from Scotland, with about a thousand recruits for his Regiment.

I may here mention that the Highlanders had no further share in the defence of Stralsund. An idea of the hard work they had, may, however, be inferred from the fact that upwards of five hundred of them were killed during the short time they were engaged in defending that city. The siege lasted four months in all, and cost the Imperialists upwards of twelve thousand of their best soldiers. But notwithstanding this immense sacrifice, they

were compelled to retire, after spiking their cannon, destroying their baggage, and setting fire to their camp, so as to prevent any booty falling into the hands of the gallant defenders.

At Copenhagen, Lord Reay immediately set to work to reorganize his Regiment. So few, however, of the band survived which had sailed from Cromarty on the 10th of October, 1626, that the task was like forming a new regiment altogether. Munro says, that when the survivors left Stralsund of "both officers and souldiers I doe not think one hundred were free of wounds, received honourably in defence of the good cause." The record is almost without a parallel in history.

Two companies sent over by Colonel Sinclair (of which one was a Welsh Company, commanded by Captain Trafford), were joined to the Regiment; and Lieutenant-Colonel Seton having retired, Major Munro was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in his place. When completed and mustered, the new Regiment numbered fourteen hundred men, besides officers.

Shortly after his return to Denmark, the King decided on raising another army, either "to beate the enemy out of *Holsten*, or otherwise with his sword in his hand, make an honourable peace." Having made all the preliminary arrangements for the campaign, which, it was intended, should open in the following spring, the King ordered the army into winter quarters.

In April the troops were brought together, and plans prepared for a descent on Holstein. The different companies of Lord Reay's Regiment, which had been quartered in various places during winter, assembled at Enge, where, it was proposed, hostilities should begin. There was every indication that a fierce and terrible struggle was at hand; but before again drawing the sword, the King decided on trying to arrange a treaty of peace with the Emperor of Austria. In this he succeeded. The preliminaries were agreed upon in May, and in August the treaty was signed. Holstein and Jutland were restored to the King, and the conditions imposed upon him were that he should not interfere in the affairs of Germany further than he was entitled to do as Count of Holstein; that on no pretext was he to enter the circles of Lower Germany; that he was to leave the Elector Palatine to his fate; and that the Scottish troops in his service were to quit it forthwith.

"Thus by a strange combination of misfortunes, was the most gallant of the Danish monarchs compelled to retire ingloriously from the great arena of the German war."

The service of Mackay's Regiment was now ended in Denmark. The King settled liberally and honourably with Lieuteannt-Colonel

Munro (in the absence of Lord Reay, who had again returned to Britain); and then graciously dismissed the Regiment, "in whom the least omission could never be found, much lesse to have committed any grosse errour worthe imputation." Orders were given to provide shipping to convey officers and men to Scotland, and "till the shipps were ready to saile," they were to be furnished with free quarters at Elsinore.

But the Regiment did not return to Scotland. The war between Denmark and Austria certainly was ended, but the great struggle had little more than begun.

THE SERVICE OF THE REGIMENT UNDER GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

In the summer of 1629 a large army was sent by the Emperor of Austria to the assistance of the Poles, who were then fighting against Sweden. This, of course, led to war between the Swedes and Austrians, and brought Gustavus Adolphus into the field. The King of Sweden appeared upon the scene as the champion of Protestantism, while the Emperor fought for the supremacy of the Church of Rome. The struggle was a long one; and though, after a time, selfish and political interests took the place of the religious elements with which the war began, it yet ended ultimately in the establishment of civil and religious liberty in Germany.

Acting under instructions from Lord Reay, Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, instead of returning with the Regiment to Scotland, tendered its services to the King of Sweden. Gustavus, who had formed a high opinion of the Scottish soldiery (he had many of them in his service), was glad to secure the assistance of a regiment which had already made itself so famous, and very speedily agreed to such conditions as were satisfactory to all concerned; and under him the Regiment gained even greater honours, if that were possible, than it had achieved, when originally embodied, and serving the King of Denmark.

When the arrangements were completed, six companies of the Highlanders were, on the orders of Gustavus, despatched, "as a beginning," by Munro from Elsinore to Braunsburg in Prussia. There they had a very easy time of it, for they were stationed in that district for more than a year without being engaged in any active service. The remainder of the Regiment must have been removed to Holland, to wait reinforcements and instructions from Lord Reay, for Munro says, "other sixe Companies of the old Regiment, the Colonell directed from *Holland* to *Sweden*, in *November* 1629, where they

remained in Garrison till *May* 1630." This would make the total strength of the regiment twelve companies, or about 2000 men, when it entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus.

Munro remained in Denmark to meet Lord Reay; and they both passed the winter in that country. In February, 1630, his Lordship proceeded to Sweden to wait on the King, and was accompanied by Munro.* His Majesty received them graciously, and they found him so well pleased with the condition and discipline of the Highlanders, that he "did wish in open presence of the Army that all his Foot were as well disciplined. . . . And having caused the Regiment march by towards their Quarters his Majesty did mightily and much praise the Regiment for their good order."

Lord Reay remained in Sweden with the division of his Regiment which was there; but Munro was directed to proceed to Prussia, to take command of the six companies which had been sent to Braunsburg.

In the month of May the King took shipping with his army for Germany, and Lord Reay, with the division of his Regiment, accompanied him. The first service they had was the taking of Stettin. This city was then governed by the Duke of Pomerania, and on reaching it a trumpeter was sent to demand entrance. The Duke replied that he wished to remain neutral; but as this answer was not considered satisfactory by Gustavus, the Duke came out to have a personal interview with the King. After some conversation, he returned to the city, "and the drawbridge being let down for him, Lord Reay, at the head of his men, sprang upon it along with him, and rushing in at the gate, they were followed by the King and his army." There was no active resistance, and the city was taken without any bloodshed.† But Tilly was in the immediate neighbourhood, in command of the Imperialist army, and like a vulture scenting its prey, was on the watch.

Gustavus, on getting into Stettin, immediately appointed a solemn thanksgiving, to be held by the army, for their easy victory. Tilly, ever on the alert, took advantage of this, and fell upon the

* Lord Reay and Munro "were nobly and courteously entertained" on their journey through Sweden. They visited many of their countrymen, who had settled in the land, and among others "that worthy *Cavaliere*, Colonell *Alexander Hamilton* at his Worke-houses at *Urbowe*, being then imployed in making of Cannon and fire-workes for his Majesty." This was Sir Alexander Hamilton of Redhouse, a celebrated artillerist, whose cannon were long famous in Germany; and guns made on his principle, and known as *Canon a la Suedois*, were used in the French Army till 1780. He returned to Scotland, became famous in the wars of the Covenant, and was killed by an explosion at the castle of Dunglass.

† History of the House and Clan of Mackay.

outposts; but an alarm being given, he was soon repulsed. Then thinking, perhaps, that the death of Gustavus would bring the war to an end, he bribed two German soldiers to assassinate the King. But the treason was discovered: One of the men was apprehended and executed, the other, however, escaped.

The division of Highlanders remained for several months at Stettin, and were afterwards joined there by the six companies which had been sent to Braunsburg, whose adventures I shall now relate. On the 12th August, 1630, they were ordered to proceed to Pillau, and from thence to take shipping to Wolgast. Three vessels were employed for their conveyance; but a few days after sailing, one of the ships, that in which Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, with three of the companies, had embarked, was driven ashore in a storm, and became a total wreck, those on board barely escaping with their lives.* From some peasants it was ascertained they had been wrecked on the Island of Rugen, and that the Imperialists were in considerable force in the neighbourhood. The shipwrecked men were in miserable plight, their ammunition had been destroyed, and they had no weapons "but swords, pikes, and some wet muskets." With the enemy near at hand, prompt action was necessary. The Castle of Rugenwalde, belonging to the Duke of Pomerania, was not far off. The Duke was a secret partisan of Gustavus, and though the Imperialists had taken possession of the town, they strangely had left the castle under the charge of the Duke's retainers. Munro sent an officer, under the direction of a guide, to the commander of the castle, to say that if he would furnish muskets and ammunition, he (Munro) would clear the town of the Imperialists, and defend it for the King. This the commander at once

* As there is no further reference to the other ships, it may be presumed that they reached their destination in safety, and that the remaining three companies of the Regiment arrived at Wolgast, and afterwards joined the head quarters at Stettin.

Among the incidents connected with the shipwreck, Munro mentions "that in the very moment when our ship did breake on ground, there was a *Sergeants* Wife a shipboard who without the helpe of any women was delivered of a Boy, which all the time of the tempest she carefully did preserve, and being come ashore, the next day she marched neere foure English mile, with that in her Armes, which was in her Belly the night before, and was Christened the next *Sunday* after sermon, being the day of our thanksgiving for our Deliverance, our Preacher Mr. *Murdow Mac-Kennee*, a worthy and Religious young man, having discharged his part that day, after with much regrate did sever from us, and followed my Lord of *Rhee* our Colonell unto *Britaine*." Mackenzie, the preacher, was afterwards minister of Suddie, in Ross-shire.

Munro also mentions that two of those on board "that tooke a pride in their swimming, thinking by swimming to gaine the shore, were both drowned." These were the only men lost. The one was a Dane (probably one of the sailors), and the other "Murdo *Piper*."

agreed to, and fifty muskets with ammunition were supplied. When night came, the Highlanders were admitted by a secret passage into the castle, and from thence passed easily into the town below. There they fell suddenly on the Imperialists, who were prepared for an attack from without, but not from within ; and not knowing the numbers of the force thus so unexpectedly appearing, the usual effect of a panic followed. In short, such was the impetuosity with which the Highland musketeers and pikemen made their attack, that the whole band of Imperialists were either killed or taken prisoners. The keys of the town and castle were then delivered to Munro, and next day he sent a messenger to Stettin to acquaint his Majesty with the manner of his landing, and his "happy success" thereafter. He got orders from the King to maintain this valuable acquisition, "to keepe good watch and good order over the soldiers, and not to suffer them to wrong the country people whom" he "should presse to keepe for" his "Friends."

"Thus by a daring midnight attack, resolutely executed, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, a few Scottish Highlanders rewon the fertile Isle of Rugen for Gustavus."*

Munro retained Rugenwalde for nine weeks, during which the cannonading, firing, and skirmishing were incessant. But the Austrians closed in upon all sides, and his situation soon became one of the greatest peril. He was, however, relieved by an old friend and fellow student, Sir John Hepburn, who, by order of the King, pushed forward to his assistance, by forced marches from Polish Prussia.

The next service of the Highlanders was the defence of the castle and town of Schiefelbein, described as "a scurvie hole for any honest cavalier to maintain his credit in," though it had been a post of strength. The castle, however, was in a dilapidated condition, and the town almost deserted, nearly half the inhabitants having died of a pestilence. A large force of Imperialists was known to be marching to the relief of Colberg, which was invested by General Kniphausen ; and, as the relieving party must needs pass Schiefelbein, Munro was commanded to take possession of the castle. He had barely time to throw up some earthworks, when the enemy appeared. The orders he had received were brief and clear : "Maintain the town as long as you can ; but fight to the last man, and do not give up the castle." Obedient to this, when the enemy appeared, and sent a trumpeter to propose a treaty of

* Grant's *Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.*

surrender, Munro replied, "I have no such orders, but I have powder and ball at your service." Upon this the attack began; but not being able to maintain the town, the defenders retired to the castle. The enemy having brought in their artillery and ammunition to the Market place, again sent to see if Munro would deliver "up the Castle upon good conditions, but if not, he should have no quarter afterwards." An answer similar to the first was returned, and then the attack began anew. The Imperialist force was under the command of Count Montecuculi, and numbered about eight thousand men. The castle was at once invested on all sides, and at nightfall the enemy began to "plant their Batteries within fourtie paces of our walles, which," says the gallant defender, "I thought too neere; but the night drawing on, wee resolved with fireworkes, to cause them remove their quarters, and their Artillerie." Munro soon showed what he meant by fireworks. He resolved to burn out the enemy by setting fire to the town; and his proceedings were speedy and simple. He directed one of his soldiers to fix a fire ball on the house that was nearest the castle, and the result was, as he tells us, that "the whole street did burne right alongst betwixt us and the enemy, who was then forced to retire, both his Canon and Souldiers, and not without great losse done unto him by our Souldiers." "Upon this the wary Montecuculi —auguring from the resolution of the governor, and the sturdy valour of his bare-kneed soldiers, that no laurels would be won . . . retired in the night without beat of drum, and under cover of a dense mist. Thus did five hundred Highlanders repel sixteen times their number of Imperialists."*

Count Montecuculi resumed his march towards Colberg, his main object being, as we have seen, to relieve that stronghold. But this he was not permitted to accomplish, for Field-Marshal Horne, accompanied by Lord Reay, with some Highland Musketeers, had come up from Stettin and joined General Kniphausen, and thus stopped his march in that direction. An engagement took place between the two forces on the 13th November, without, however, leading to any decisive result, for a thick fog again coming on, the Imperialists were able to retire, though not without some loss. Indeed, if it had not been for "the Scottish musketeers of Hepburn and Lord Reay, who were in the van . . . and stood like a rampart, pouring in their volleys from right to left," the Imperialists would probably have been the victors. The Swedish infantry, who were led by a young and inexperienced officer, fled almost without

* Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.

firing a shot; and their cavalry also were seized by an unaccountable panic, and likewise took flight. Indeed, two of the troopers galloped to Schiefelbein, and told Munro that the Swedish army was beaten. Munro, however, did not believe this, and had them imprisoned until he ascertained the truth. He shortly afterwards saw the enemy retreating, about a mile off, and gives the following account of what took place :—

"The morning being dark with a thick mist the horsemen charging one another, they came in confusion on both sides, being affrighted alike, retired from each others with the losse of foure score men on both sides. The particulars whereof I will not set downe, having not seene the service."

Although taking part in various engagements, nothing of importance occurred in which the Regiment was concerned, for sometime after this. Munro, of course, went to see his Colonel, Lord Reay; and a few days after the retreat of the Imperialists, was ordered to remove with his Highlanders from Schiefelbein, and march to Stettin, to join the headquarters of the Regiment.

Lord Reay had again to proceed to Great Britain.* Gustavus Adolphus wanted more men, and commissioned his Lordship to raise new levies, not only for completing the ranks of his own Regiment, but also to form two new Regiments—one English, and the other Scots. This he accomplished—Sir John Conway being appointed to the command of the English, and Munro of Obisdell to the Scots. During Lord Reay's absence on this mission, the command of the Regiment was given to Lieut.-Colonel Munro.

In January, 1631, the army left Stettin. The King, with about eight thousand horse and foot, marched to New Brandenburg, while the rest of the army was left at Landsberg, under Field Marshal Horne. Arriving at New Brandenburg, the King arranged the order of battle. After some sharp cannonading on both sides,

* A collection of holograph letters, written by Gustavus Adolphus to Lord Reay, was lent by the Honourable George Mackay of Skibo, "to an individual of eminence in Edinburgh, but, probably by mere accident, never returned subsequently to that gentleman's sudden decease. It is understood that those letters were of a deeply interesting kind, elucidating the true principles and character of that eminent prince, as well as those of his Scottish auxiliary and associate in warfare, whom Gustavus honoured with his unreserved confidence and intimate personal friendship. The representative *havers* [custodiers] of such interesting memorials can surely not be any way profited by prolonging their custody of them." (From a Newspaper notice on the death of *Admiral the Hon. Donald Hugh Mackay*, who died on the 26th March, 1850.)

Efforts have been made to discover the above-mentioned letters; but hitherto without success, as it is not known in whose hands they now are. They would, without doubt, throw much light on the history of Mackay's Regiment; and it is to be hoped they may some day be found and given to the public.

the Highlanders stormed a Triangle or Ravelin, and forced the enemy to retire within the town, when, fearing a general storming of the place, they sent a drummer to desire a truce, so as to arrange terms of surrender. Conditions were agreed upon, and the garrison, which, according to Munro, was a brave little band "of five hundred Horse, and twelve hundred Foot, being as complete to look on as you could wish," were allowed to "march out with bagge and baggage Horse and Foot with full Armes" and a convoy to Havelburg.

A small garrison was left in New Brandenburg, and the Swedish army pursued its march, taking various towns, and inflicting great damage on the Imperialists. Trepto, Letts, and Demmin were captured, and considerable booty fell to the share of the troops. At Demmin, the King highly commended the bravery and charity of the Highlanders, for a Swedish officer being left wounded within range of the enemy's cannon, and his own countrymen through fear refusing to bring him off, a small party of Mackay's Regiment rushed in and brought him away, "to their great praise," as Munro expresses it.

In March, 1631, Gustavus Adolphus formed what was known as the *Scots Brigade*, giving the command to one of the bravest and ablest leaders of the age—Sir John Hepburn. The Brigade consisted of four picked Scottish regiments, viz. :—Hepburn's own Regiment, Mackay's Highlanders, Stargate's Regiment, and Lumsden's Musketeers. From the colour of the tartan of the Highlanders, and the doublets of the other regiments, it was also sometimes designated the Green Brigade. At this time Gustavus had upwards of thirteen thousand Scottish soldiers in his service.

A movement was now made by the King towards the Oder, but before marching in that direction he increased the garrison of New Brandenburg, by leaving in it six companies, or nearly a thousand of the Highlanders, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, and an equal number of Swedes, under General Kniphausen. The King's object was to have Tilly's army detained there, while he prosecuted the campaign in another direction.

New Brandenburg was in a wretched condition to stand a siege. The walls were in ruins, and the moat nearly filled up ; and there were only a couple of falconets or two-pounders, as the whole artillery of the defenders. On the King's departure, Tilly at once brought up his army, which consisted of twenty-two thousand men, with twenty-six pieces of artillery, and beset the town on all sides. On surrounding the town, Tilly summoned the garrison to surrender, which, of course, they refused to do, and the siege immediately be-

gan. It lasted nine days. The resistance was desperate. An accidental blunder led the defenders to deem it their duty to hold out; for although instructions to capitulate had been transmitted to General Kniphausen, yet, in some unaccountable manner, these instructions miscarried. Worn out, and seeing no chance of succour, the defenders at last offered to surrender; but Tilly now refused to give them any quarter. Then followed the last assault; and after a stubborn and heroic resistance, the town was taken. A merciless slaughter was the result. On that memorable and miserable occasion, the fury and cruelty of the Austrian General was expended chiefly on our brave countrymen, for even the greater part of the prisoners taken, were barbarously murdered; and over six hundred of Lord Reay's Highlanders were on that day cut to pieces. Only two officers and a few men escaped by swimming the moat.

In Colonel Mitchell's *Life of Wallenstein* it is stated:—"This nine days' defence of an old rampart without artillery, proves how much determined soldiers can effect behind stone walls; and it is exceedingly valuable in an age that has seen first-rate fortresses, fully armed, surrender before any part of the works had been injured—often, indeed, at the very first summons."

A lamentable account of the slaughter was brought to Sir John Hepburn by the two escaped officers, Captain Innes and Lieutenant Lumsden. It filled the whole camp with horror, and a vow of vengeance was uttered, which was soon to be fulfilled.

When the dreadful information was received, Hepburn was on his way to Frankfort on the Oder, and there the Scots Brigade resolved they would be revenged for the slaughter of their countrymen. The army was led by the King in person, and consisted of about ten thousand horse and foot, with a considerable force of artillery. Hepburn's Brigade formed the van of the army.

Frankfort, being a rich and important city, was well defended. It was surrounded by strong ramparts with massive gates, and had then within its walls a garrison of ten thousand men, commanded by Counts Schomberg and Montecuculi. When the Swedish army drew near, the whole line of the "embattled wall . . . was bright with the glitter of" the Austrians' "helmets; while pike-heads, the burnished barrels of muskets, and sword blades, were seen incessantly flashing in the sunshine."

Gustavus was not long in settling the plan of attack, and getting his army into position. This accomplished, he detailed Field Marshal Horne to occupy the pass between Frankfort and Berlin, in order to prevent Tilly, who was known to be hurrying on, from attacking the Swedish army in the rear.

"On Sunday, in the morning, being *Palme*-Sunday (3rd April, 1631) his Majestie with his whole Armie in their best apparell served God; his Majestie after Sermon, encouraging" the "Souldiers, wishing them to take their evil dayes they had then, in patience, and that he hoped before long to give them better dayes;" and then commending "all to be in readinesse, with their Armes, against the next orders," it was suspected by some that an attack would at once be made upon the city. Thereupon (very quietly adds Munro, as if it were a mere every day occurrence) a number of the men belonging to Sinclair's company, "provided themselves of some ladders." That is, without being commanded to do so, they got the materials ready, with which, in case of need, they might scale the walls, should the city be stormed. This shows that these Highlanders were imbued with the true spirit of soldier ship and military adventure.

That afternoon the King issued orders for a general assault, and in the evening Frankfort was taken. The various points of attack having been decided upon, and the different Regiments told off for their special services, the final order was given. It was this: that when the Swedish artillery fired a grand salvo against the walls, then, on the first discharge, and under cover of the smoke, Hepburn's and Banier's brigades "should advance to the storme." Before the signal was given, it is reported that the King called Sir John Hepburn and another Scottish officer, Sir James Lumsden of Invergellie, and addressing them, said—"Now, my valiant Scots, remember your brave Countrymen who were slain at New Brandenburg!"*

A trumpet sounded. The whole of the Swedish artillery poured a thundering discharge upon the enemy's works; and the Scots Brigade, with levelled pikes, and led by Hepburn and Lumsden, rushed on to storm the Güben gate. Both officers carried lighted petards; and amid a cloud of fire and smoke, with bullets of every size—lead, iron, and brass—discharged by the Imperialists, from walls, parapets, and palisades, whizzing around them, they resolutely advanced and attached the small but powerful engines to the gate. The officers retired a few paces, the petards burst, and the strong gate was shivered into a thousand fragments.

But the defenders were not unprepared for this. They had planted what Munro calls "a flake of small shot that shot a dozen of shot at once," and "two peeces of small ordinance" to guard the entrance. As the Scots Brigade advanced, these made tremendous

* Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.

havoc in their dense ranks, while the Austrian musketeers, at the same time, poured volley after volley, which "made cruell and pittifull execution on our" countrymen.

While Hepburn's own Regiment was advancing in this way, the Highlanders were approaching from another direction. They had crossed the moat amidst mud and water which came up to their gorgets (that is higher than the middle), and boldly planting their ladders, clambered over the sloping bastions under a tremendous fire, and carried the outer palisades. They were now close by the Güben gate. Sir John Hepburn, leading on his pikemen, was just then shot in the knee. He noticed Munro, with his Highlanders, and cried out to him (they were, as I have mentioned, old friends), "Bully, Munro, I am shot." He was carried away in great pain. His Major, "a resolute cavalier," who had advanced to take his place was also shot dead, "whereupon the Pikes falling back and standing still," wavered for a moment. "Forward!" cried Munro to his Highlanders, "Advance, Pikes!" and the gate was stormed in a twinkling. Side by side, with Hepburn's Regiment now led by Lumsden, the Highlanders rushed on; the Austrians were driven back in confusion; and their own cannon being turned on them within the gate, many were literally blown to pieces. On Hepburn's men and the Highlanders pressed through one street, densely crowded with Imperial troops, followed by General Sir John Banier with his brigade, who pressed the enemy in another. Twice the retreating Imperialists beat a parley: but amid the roar of the musketry, the boom of the artillery, and the shouts and cries of the combatants, the sound of the drum was unheeded. Still the struggle continued, and the carnage went on. Inch by inch, every foot of the way was contested. "Quarter! quarter!" cried the slowly retreating Austrians; but to every such appeal the Scottish soldiers' only answer was "New Brandenburg! Remember New Brandenburg!" The Scots Brigade still pressed forward, and Highlander and Lowlander, shoulder to shoulder, advanced like moving castles, the long pikes levelled in front, while the rear ranks of musketeers volleyed in security from behind. It was a dreadful retribution. Four colonels, thirty-six other officers, and about three thousand soldiers of the Imperial army were left dead in the streets. Fifty colours were taken, and an immense quantity of treasure; for whole streets were left "full of coaches and rusty waggons, richly furnished with all sorts of riches, as Plate, Jewells, Gold, Money, Clothes," &c., a great portion of which fell to the share of the victorious soldiery.

The total loss sustained by Gustavus's army was about eight

hundred men ; and of this number three hundred belonged to the Scots Brigade. Two Colonels were the only officers of rank wounded.

There was no wilful injury done to any of the inhabitants ; and as soon as order was restored, the King caused a day of thanksgiving to be observed for the victory.

The army remained for a few days at Frankfort, and then Gustavus, leaving a small garrison behind, proceeded to Landsberg, a strongly fortified town, in the capture of which the Highlanders took a prominent part. Success attended the Swedish army, and in a short time "the Lion of the North" cleared Pomerania and Brandenburg of the Imperialists. The Highlanders returned to Frankfort, and remained there five weeks. Then followed a series of marchings and counter-marchings, in which there were frequent skirmishes but no pitched battles. In most of these the Highlanders came in for a share of hard knocks, but "not being used to be beaten," they always came off with credit.

The next service of importance was the battle of Leipzig, fought on the 7th September, 1631. This great battle was the most important of the struggle, and may be said to have formed the pivot, on the turning of which the liberties of Germany—of Europe—depended. The Imperialists, under Tilly, numbered about forty-four thousand men, and the Swedish army, under Gustavus, about thirty thousand. At one time it seemed as if fortune were about to forsake the Swedish King, for the Saxon cavalry, on being charged by the Imperial horsemen, turned and fled, their cowardly leader being the first to quit the field, from which he rode ten miles without drawing bridle. The Imperialists finding the Saxon cavalry too swift for them, and seeing the Scottish regiments advancing, stopped, when their leader cried, "let us beat these curs, and then all Germany is our own ;"* but the deadly fire of the Scottish musketeers checked their career, and emptied many a saddle. Hepburn, who was again able to take his command, was advancing with his Brigade, which he kept moving steadily on until they got so close to the Austrian soldiers, that the very colour of their eyes was visible. Then he gave the word, "Forward, pikes !" In a moment the old Scottish weapon was levelled to the charge, and with a loud cheer, each of the four regiments rushed on the columns of Tilly, driving them back in irredeemable confusion, and with frightful slaughter. Lord Reay's Highlanders "formed the leading column . . . and had the honour of *first* breaking the Austrian

* Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.

ranks. They were [then] a thousand strong, composed of that nobleman's own immediate clansmen; and the Imperialists regarded them with terror, calling them *the invincible old Regiment*, and the right hand of Gustavus Adolphus."*

I shall not attempt to describe the battle. The Imperialists suffered a most severe defeat, and their retreat from the battlefield was like a race for life. Unfortunately Gustavus did not follow up his victory by pursuing the enemy, and marching on to Vienna, where the panic was so great, that he could probably have arranged satisfactory terms, and so ended the war. This, at all events, is the opinion of some of the historians.

Tilly was wounded and once taken prisoner, and was only rescued after a desperate conflict. Though cruel, he was personally brave, and it is reported "burst into a passion of tears on beholding the slaughter of his soldiers, and finding that the field, after a five hours' struggle, was lost by the advance of Hepburn." He escaped, but he left many of his best officers, and nearly eight thousand soldiers, dead on the field.

It was at Leipzig "that the Scottish regiments first practised firing in platoons, which amazed the Imperialists to such a degree that they hardly knew how to conduct themselves."†

The Scots Brigade was publicly thanked in presence of the whole army, and promised noble rewards, as we are told by Munro, who modestly adds—"The battaile thus happily wonne, his Majesty did principally under God ascribe the glory of the victory to the *Sweds and Fynnes* horsemen . . . yet it was the *Scots* Briggads fortune to have gotten the praise for the foote service; and not without cause, having behaved themselves well, being led and conducted by an expert Cavalier and fortunat, the valiant *Hepburne*."

The loss sustained by the Scottish soldiers is not mentioned; but Gustavus's total loss did not exceed three thousand men, and of this number only seven hundred were of the Swedish army; the rest being Saxons. One half of Gustavus's army on this occasion was made up of Saxons; and, as I have mentioned, they early in the day tried to find safety in flight. The battle may therefore be said to have been an engagement between fifteen thousand men on the part of the Swedish King, and forty-four thousand on that of the Emperor of Austria.

Many prisoners were taken, and an immense amount of booty.

* Hepburn's Memoirs.
† Harte's Life of Gustavus.

Of the prisoners, three thousand expressed themselves willing to take service with Gustavus, and were distributed among the Dutch Regiments. Munro relates that he requested the King's permission to fill up the ranks of Mackay's Regiment from among the British and Irish who might be among those three thousand, seeing that the Regiment had become weak from "the great losse sustained on all the former occasions of service." This request the King granted, and Munro went away "overjoyed, thinking to get a reereut of old Souldiers," but he was sadly disappointed, for there were only three Irish among the prisoners, and he declined to take them.

"After the battle of Leipzig, with the sword in one hand, and mercy in the other, Gustavus Adolphus traversed Germany as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a judge, almost with as much rapidity as another could have done on a journey of pleasure, while the keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him by the inhabitants as to their lawful sovereign."*

I need not enumerate the various places that were taken by the "ever victorious army;" but will merely mention that before the end of September, all the towns between Leipzig and Wurtzburg had surrendered to the King.

At Halle, Munro mentions he got "fifty old souldiers that took service in the Regiment." Here also, he adds, "His Majesty on the Sabbath day in the morning went to Church, to give thanks to God for his by-past victories: this Church being the Bishop's Cathedrall seate, I did heare there sung the sweetest melodious musicke that could be heard, where I did also see the most beautiful women *Dutchland* could afoord."

Oppenheim, an ancient town on the Rhine, with a strong castle, was taken in the month of December. The weather was bitterly cold, with frost and snow, and the Brigade had to lie in the fields, having no shelter but some bushes. The enemy's cannon plagued them much, especially at night, when the camp fires were lighted; for the light from these fires served the enemy as a mark, and the Brigade suffered considerably in consequence from their shot. "Sitting one night at supper," says Munro, "a Bullet of thirty two pound weight, shot right out betwixt Colonell Hepburnes shoulder and mine, going through the Colonells Coach; the next shot kill'd a Sergeant of mine, by the fire, drinking a pipe of Tobacco."

The castle was taken the next day. The garrison, "being Italians," got "more honourable quarters than in truth their car-

* Schillers' Thirty Years War.

riage did deserve, having got licence to march out, Bag and Baggage, with full Armes."

One hundred of Lord Reay's Highlanders and one hundred of Lumsden's musketeers were placed in the castle, and Hepburn with the rest of the Brigade then crossed the Rhine to assist Gustavus in reducing the old castle of Oppenheim, a place of vast size and strength.

Mentz (or Mayence), reputed by the Germans of old the strongest of their fortresses, was the next important point to which Gustavus marched his army. "Colonell *Hepburnes* Briggad (according to use) was directed to the most dangerous Poste, next the enemy." They were cannonaded from the citadel, and of course lost many men.

After being invested three days, the town was delivered up under a treaty, the garrison marching out, but without arms. "They being gone, quarters were made for the whole foote within the Towne, where three days before Christmasse we were quartered, and remained there, being lodged in the extremitie of the cold with the Hopstaffe,* to the fifth of March 1632." "At this siege," adds Munro, "our Briggad did sustaine more hurt than the rest of the Armie, being most employed on all commands, both in respect of their valour, and of the good conduct and fortune followed them, and their Leaders."

On the 5th of March, Hepburn's Brigade left Mentz. They had been ten weeks in that city, and were well rested after the severe campaign of the previous year. "Their arms and accoutrements were polished till they shone like silver in the spring sunshine, as with their green silk standards unfurled, and their drums beating and tall pikes glittering" they "crossed the Rhine by the pontoon bridge. Lord Reay's Kilted Highlanders with pipes playing and matches lighted, formed the leading column of the brigade, which, conform to his orders, Hepburn marched straight to Frankfort, on the Maine."† From thence they marched to Aschaffenburg, where they were reviewed by Gustavus and the King of Bohemia. Then crossing the Maine, they commenced their march towards Bavaria, which the King had resolved to invade and clear of the Imperialists. Arriving at Weinsheim on the 10th, they were again reviewed by Gustavus and the King of Bohemia, and Hepburn was complimented on the fine appearance and distinguished bravery of his soldiers. The King of Bohemia expressed a deep

* The principal officers of the staff.
† Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.

interest in the Scottish troops, as being the countrymen of Elizabeth Stuart, his beautiful and high spirited Queen.

Gustavus had mustered a large army at Weinsheim, there having been present at the review a force of twenty thousand horse and foot, besides artillery. After the review, the march was resumed. On the 26th, Donauwörth was taken. It was a short but sharp conflict. Here Hepburn was again publicly thanked for his good services, the whole honour of the capture being ascribed to his courage, and the masterly conduct of his soldiers; for, says Munro, "had it not beene for the valour of the Scots Briggad, they had all beene lost and defeated by" the enemy.

The following incident in connection with the taking of Donauwörth is related. The Rex Chancellor Oxenstiern ordered the Dutch regiments to march towards the enemy, and "beate the Scots march, thinking thereby to affright the enemy; but it fell out contrary." The Imperialists charged. The Dutch at once turned and fled, and "made a base retreate," but the Scots coming up, resisted the enemy, and gave "the victory that before was doubtful" to the Swedes.*

After resting four days at Donauwörth, Gustavus, having received large reinforcements, advanced at the head of thirty-two thousand horse and foot, to force the passage of the Lech. On the Bavarian side of the river, Tilly, with a large body of troops, lined the banks at the very point towards which Gustavus was marching with his army. They came in view of each other on the 5th April, and the battle at once began. The bronzed veterans of Tilly stood firm, and for thirty-six hours a cross fire was maintained by the artillery of the two armies, from opposite sides of the stream. The Austrians suffered severely. Tilly, then seventy-two years of age, was shot in the leg, and from the nature of his wound was forced to retire. Deprived of the animating presence of their leader, the Austrians gave way and retreated. Gustavus then crossed the river, the Scots Brigade forming the van, for in every desperate duty they had the post of honour. Three days afterwards Tilly expired in great agony at Ingolstadt, to which city he had retreated with a portion of his army.

Gustavus, with his invincibles, swept on like a comet! City after city was taken, and in a short time the whole of Bavaria, as far as the barriers of the Capital, lay open to his soldiers, whose

* Grant in his Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn says, The Dutch here resorted to their old *ruse* of beating the *Scottish March*, as they approached the enemy; and again, The Dutch in Gustavus's service were *many times glad* to beat "the old Scots march" when they designed to frighten or alarm the enemy.

valour seemed to be irresistible. On the 6th of May the victorious army halted before Munich.

Fearing that resistance might be made, Gustavus sent Hepburn with his brigade round the town, by a circuitous road, to the bridge of the Iser; where, arriving in the night, they remained under arms till daybreak. Then the Scots Brigade had the honour of first entering the city. "The din of their drums beating the *old Scots March*, mingled with the wild war pipes of Lord Reay's Highlanders, ringing in the empty and stately streets of the Bavarian Capital, spread terror and consternation among the citizens;" but the leading men had faith "in the magnanimity of the conqueror and the mercy of his chivalric soldiers," and received Gustavus and his army with all due respect.

Only the Scottish Regiments were permitted to have their quarters within the walls of Munich, the rest of the army being encamped outside the city; and to the Highlanders was entrusted the honourable duty of being body-guard to the King during the three weeks they were in the Bavarian Capital. The Highland pikemen stood in all the doorways and staircases, and the officers were not permitted to leave their guards, having their meals served up from the King's own table.* This preference excited the jealousy of the Swedes and Dutch. Munro says—We were "ordained to lie in the great Courte of the Palace, night and day at our Armes, to guard both the Kings persone, and to set out all Guards about the Palace, where I was commanded with our whole officers, not to stirre off our watch, having allowance of Table and diet for us and our officers within his Majesties house, to the end we might the better look to our watch: and the command of directions under stayers [stairs] was put upon me, being then Commander of the Guards; where I had power over the whole officers belonging to the house, and might have commanded to give out anything to pleasure Cavaliers; having stayed in this charge three weekes nobly entertained."

On the 1st June the King issued orders to Hepburn to leave Munich with the Scots Brigade for Donauwörth, where they were to join the main army. From Donauwörth they marched to Fürth, a few miles from Nurnberg, and there Gustavus at once made preparations for opposing Wallenstein, the Imperialist Commander in Chief, who was reported to be advancing with great rapidity, and only a few days' march distant. He had a force of about sixty thousand men, while Gustavus had then only eighteen thousand.

* Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.

Gustavus, however, occupied a good position, which he resolved to strengthen and defend. The people of Nurnberg, moreover, were favourable to his cause, and immediately raised twenty-four companies of musketry for his assistance. He also called upon the Duke of Saxe Weimar and others for aid, which was at once granted. Protestant soldiers too, of all nations flocked to his banner; and by the end of July he found himself at the head of an army of seventy thousand men.

Here unfortunately Hepburn quarrelled with Gustavus, and left his service. Various reasons have been assigned as the cause of the quarrel, one of which is that the King upbraided Hepburn on account of his religion, which was Roman Catholic, and which he prized more than his life. He had left Scotland to fight for Elizabeth Stuart, and not for the Protestant cause, although, as we know, her cause became that of Protestantism. But, whatever the quarrel, Hepburn resigned his commission, and haughtily withdrew. He returned to Britain, and six months later entered the service of France.

Gustavus had placed more confidence in him than in any other officer (he was seven years in his service), and "made several condescensions to Hepburn and appeared particularly desirous of retaining so valuable an officer in his service; but the Scottish hero was inflexible. Unable to brooke an imaginary insult even for a moment, 'Sire,' replied the fiery cavalier, laying his hand upon his rapier, 'I will never more unsheath this sword in the quarrels of Sweden.'"*

No one regretted the departure of Hepburn more than Munro. They were very old friends. I was "ever much obliged to him," writes Munro, "not only for his love . . . but also for his good counsell, he being long before me in the *Swedens* service. And as we were oft Camerades of danger together; so being long acquainted we were Camerades in love: first at Colledge, next in our travells in *France*, at *Paris* and *Poictiers* Anno 1615, till we met againe in *Spruce* [East Prussia] at *Elben* in August 1630. . . . Who is more worthy to be chosen for a friend, than one who hath showne himselfe both valiant and constant against his enemies, as the worthy *Hepburne* hath done, who is generally so well known in Armies, that he needs no testimony of a friend, having credit and reputation enough amongst his enemies."

It was not, however, till after the battle of Nurnberg had been fought, and the army of Gustavus had retired to Newstadt, that

* Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.

Hepburn left his old friends. Although refusing to take any active part in the engagement, he yet, by his advice and otherwise, was of great service. When he did leave, all the Scottish officers in the Swedish army accompanied him a long German mile* on the road; and when the moment of parting came, it was like the separation which "death makes betwixt friends and the soule of men, being sorry that those who lived so long together in amitie and friendship, as also in mutuall dangers, in weale and in woe, and fearing we should not meet againe, the splendour of our former mirth was obnubilated with a cloud of griefe and sorrow; which vanished and dissolved in mutuall teares of love, severing from other, in love and amitie; wishing one another the mutuall enterchange of our affections, as souldiers, and not as complementing courtiers."

The two armies had now been lying in sight of each other intrenched in their respective camps for about six weeks, and no regular engagement had taken place between them. There had been a good deal of skirmishing and intercepting of convoys, but nothing further—the one was waiting for the other to begin the attack. Provisions had for some time been getting scarce in both camps—it was next to impossible for either to get supplies, and the people in the town were almost in a state of starvation. It was necessary, therefore, that a decisive step should be taken.

On the 22nd August, the battle may be said to have begun, and the fighting, which continued for three days, was of a most desperate character. Munro had been appointed to the command of the Scots Brigade on the resignation of Hepburn, and on his first service in that capacity was severely wounded. Many of his officers were killed, and the Brigade suffered so severely that there were hardly pikemen left to guard the colours. The musketeers also suffered, but not in an equal degree. It was a drawn battle. Both parties remained in their respective positions till the 14th September, when, leaving five thousand men in Nurnberg, Gustavus retreated "towards Neustadt, leaving no less than ten thousand citizens and twenty thousand soldiers dead behind him, in and around Nurnberg; for such were the terrible effects of sickness, famine, and the casualties of war."†

When the Imperialists discovered that the army of Gustavus had left, they also took their departure from Nurnberg, burning all the villages that were near. They took a northerly direction, marching to Forchheim, while Gustavus had moved towards the west and south.

* A German mile is equal to three and a half English miles.
† Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.

The Scots Brigade was so reduced in numbers that, when they got to Dunkelsbühl about the end of September, the King gave orders that they should go into quarters for rest, and to wait recruits. His Majesty took leave of the remnant of the Brigade in view of the whole army, thanking them for their past services, and saying he was grieved to leave them behind. He appointed quarters for them, the best in Swabia, and then calling upon the Count-palatine Christian, recommended them particularly to his care, and ordered that all moneys due them should be paid up. He hoped, he said, he would find the Regiments strengthened against his return.

Munro, somewhat recovered from his wounds, took leave of the King at Donauwörth on the 11th of October. They never met again, for within one month after their parting, the great Gustavus was slain on the plains of Lützen, near Leipzig.* This was on the 6th November, 1632. It is remarkable that this unfortunate occasion was the only one in which he had engaged the enemy without the mass of his Scottish troops. But although the King was slain, victory remained with the Swedish army; for Wallenstein and his Imperialists were totally defeated, and forced to retreat to the Mountains of Bohemia.

With Gustavus were buried the hopes of the Elector Frederick, who, finding the Bohemian throne was lost to him for ever, died soon after, it is said, of chagrin and grief.

The death of "the Lyon of the North, the invincible King of Sweden," was a great blow to the cause for which he had been fighting, and which he had so much at heart. Munro seems almost to have worshipped him, and in his panegyric says—"if *Apelles* with his skill in painting, and *Cicero* with his tongue in speaking, were both alive, and pressed to adde anything to the perfection of our Master, Captaine and King, truely the ones best Colours, and the others best Words were not able to adde one shaddow to the brightnesse of his Royall Minde and Spirit; So that while the world stands, our King, Captaine and Master cannot be enough praised."

* Several officers who had served in Mackay's Regiment were with Gustavus at Lützen: and William Mackay (son of Donald of Scoury), then a lieutenant-colonel of Swedes, fell there along with his Commander.

The large rowelled spurs which Gustavus had on when he was slain are preserved in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. They were taken off his boots on the field of battle, by Colonel Hugh Somerville, then his *aide-de-camp*, and presented to the Society by Sir G. Colquhoun on the 8th July, 1761. They are interesting relics, in so far as they were worn by one who was probably the greatest military genius of the seventeenth century, and under whom so many Scotsmen of eminence served and learned the art of war.

There is now but little more to say regarding Mackay's Highlanders. In the summer of 1632, Lord Reay had decided to take no further personal share in the command, and, while the Regiment was at Nurnberg, sent instructions to Munro to deal with the King for the making up of the Regiment, which was then greatly reduced. Hence, probably, one of the reasons why Gustavus sent the Regiment into quarters to wait for recruits.

Although sent to Swabia to rest, the Scots Brigade were not allowed to be idle. They, along with some Swedes, and Sir John Ruthven's Brigade, were marched to Landsberg, which they besieged. When the town was invested, there arose a rivalry or "contestation of vertue," between the Scotsmen, as to which of them, with their approaches, should first come to the wall. But the Highlanders had the best of it, as Ruthven's Brigade "could not but acknowledge ; . . . for in effect," says Munro, "we were their Schoolmasters in Discipline," and they "were forced, notwithstanding of their diligence, to yield the precedency unto us, being older blades than themselves."

Landsberg was taken ; and then, instead of returning to their appointed quarters, "to rest and recruit," the Scottish Regiments were kept constantly on the move ; and many a weary march they had, and many a stubborn fight. The shores of the Danube had to be scoured by the hardy band ; Kaufbeuren had to be stormed ; and Kempten to be besieged ; and, in addition, many a small town and fortress, which had been taken possession of by the enemy, had to be recaptured, and held for the representatives of Gustavus.

Munro mentions that during these movements he was unable to walk, owing to his wounds, so he commanded his troops on horseback, from which it may be inferred that a Colonel of Infantry in those days led his men on foot, like the Captain of a Company.

In July, 1633, the Scottish Regiment, which had been raised about three years previously by Lord Reay, at the request of Gustavus Adolphus, and the command of which had been given to Munro of Obisdell,* was so reduced in numbers that only two companies were left. These two companies were, by orders of Rex Chancellor Oxenstiern, handed over to Munro, and joined to Lord Reay's Highlanders.

Munro was very desirous of having the Regiment made up to its full strength, and shortly afterwards left Germany for Scotland, to procure recruits. Lieutenant-Colonel John Sinclair (brother of

* Brother of Lieut.-Colonel Munro, the author of the *Expedition.*

the Earl of Caithness) got command of the Regiment on his departure; but Sinclair was killed at the battle of Neumark, almost immediately thereafter. The command then devolved on Major William Stewart (brother of the Earl of Traquair), who thus became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment.

Recruits arrived from time to time, and within twelve months after Munro's departure the ranks of the Highlanders were well made up; for in 1634 they again mustered twelve companies, or from eighteen hundred to two thousand men. That was a disastrous year for them, for on the 26th of August, the terrible battle of Nordlingen was fought.

After the death of Gustavus, jealousy on the part of the leaders of the Swedish army prevented that unanimity of action among the generals, which is so necessary for the successful carrying out of any campaign. At the battle of Nordlingen the disastrous effects of this were painfully exemplified, for the petty jealousies of those in command led to no properly defined plan of attack having been arranged, and the result was that after a desperate struggle, the Imperialists, under Ferdinand, the young King of Hungary, and Generals Gallas and Von Werth, gained a complete victory over the Swedes. Field Marshal Horne, one of the best and bravest of the Swedish officers, was taken prisoner. But, notwithstanding these jealousies, had the other sections of the Swedish army fought as well as the Highlanders, the result would have been different. It was a dreadful day for Mackay's Regiment, for out of the twelve companies of which it was then composed, only one company survived, the rest having literally been cut to pieces. This was such a frightful disaster that the Regiment did not recover from the loss.

Nearly all the German allies of Sweden deserted her after the defeat at Nordlingen, and selfishly entered into a treaty with Austria, for the security of their territories.

Called in originally to assist the German Protestants, the Swedes found themselves, after years of hard fighting, all at once deserted by the very men for whose liberties they had been shedding their blood, and regarded as foreigners and intruders, whom it was expedient to get rid of as quickly as possible. The whole weight of the war was thus thrown upon Sweden. But a new and unexpected ally against Austria was soon found. That ally was France. The war which had been begun for a noble purpose then assumed the character of a struggle for the most selfish ends. France was jealous of the immense power of Austria, and had long been waiting for a favourable opportunity to take a part in the conflict. That moment had arrived, and it seemed that

French interests could best be served by co-operating with Sweden. The war after this was waged between France, Sweden, and one or two of the small German States on the one hand, and Austria, with the vast majority of the German States, on the other. I need not enter further into the details of the struggle. Ultimately Sweden and her allies triumphed, the power of Austria was much curtailed, and the thirty years' war came to an end. The treaty of peace was signed on the 24th of October, 1648. I may mention that, by that treaty France obtained the sovereignty of Upper and Lower Alsace, and a number of minor properties, which, after holding for upwards of two hundred years, she had to resign to Germany, as the result of the late Franco-German war.

CONCLUSION.

But what about the few Highlanders who survived the battle of Nordlingen? The story is soon told.

After that disaster the remnants of the Scottish regiments were placed under the command of Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who for a considerable time hovered about the Rhine, and kept the Imperialists at bay. When the agreement had been arranged between Sweden and France, it was decided that Duke Bernard's troops should be taken into the pay of the latter country; and shortly afterwards a junction was formed at Landau between Duke Bernard's forces and the French troops, which were under the command of Marshal de la Force and Sir John Hepburn. Duke Bernard had only a small army, "but there were none save brave and experienced men in it; and the officers were all soldiers of fortune, who expected to raise their fame by the sword alone." The foot consisted almost entirely of Scotsmen, and were all that remained of the thirteen gallant regiments which had served so long and so bravely under Gustavus. Among those veterans were the remnants of Hepburn's own old regiment, and the one remaining company of Mackay's Highlanders. "All greeted their old commander with acclamation and joy, by beating the Scottish march as he approached, while a deafening cheer rang along their sunburnt lines, *and the last solitary piper of* MACKAY'S HIGHLANDERS *blew long and lowlily a note of welcome on the great war pipe of the north;* and as they all wished to 'take service' under him in France, the whole were incorporated into one corps, to be styled in future *Le Regiment d' Hebron.*"* . . . "It consisted of 3 field officers, viz.,

* Hepburn's name is spelled in this way in the French military records.

Colonel Sir John Hepburn, Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, and Major Sir Patrick Monteith; 45 captains; 1 captain-lieutenant; 45 lieutenants; 48 ensigns; 4 surgeons; 6 adjutants; 2 chaplains; 1 drum-major; 1 piper; 88 sergeants; 288 corporals; 288 lance-pesades; 96 drummers; in all 48 companies, consisting of 150 musketeers and pikemen each—making a grand total of 8116 men; and forming altogether, when their experience and valour, spirit, bearing, and splendour of equipment are considered, one of the finest regiments that ever unfurled its banners in battle. In itself it represented many other corps; the Bohemian bands of Sir Andrew Gray, all the Scottish regiments of Gustavus, and even the Scottish Archer Guard of the French kings, to which venerable body many of its officers belonged."*

The new regiment, by orders of the King, took precedence of all others in the service of France. I shall mention one anecdote about it.

Frequent quarrels and jealousies took place between Hepburn's officers and the officers of a French regiment, known as that of Picardy. The Picardy regiment had been raised in the year 1562, and considered itself the oldest in the service of France. But Hepburn's Regiment, "in consequence of having had incorporated with it some of the Scottish Archer Guard (which dated its origin to the period of the eighth crusade, 1249-1270), considered its rights to priority to be indisputable. This claim to antiquity the regiment of Picardy treated with ridicule, as being somewhat overstrained, and nicknamed Hepburn's corps *Pontius Pilate's Guards*, a sobriquet which the First Regiment of Foot (the Royal Scots) retains at the present day. On one occasion, after a sharp dispute, one of Hepburn's officers said to an officer of the regiment of Picardy, "You must be mistaken, Sir; for had *we* really been the guards of Pontius Pilate, and done duty at the sepulchre, the Holy Body had never left it!" This was a keen and a sarcastic retort, implying that if the Scottish sentinels had been there, they would not have slept at their posts, whereas it was well known that the regiment of Picardy had been guilty of such a serious military offence.†

I need not attempt to carry the story of Mackay's Regiment further; for, reduced to a single company, and embodied in a new and mixed regiment, its individual characteristics were lost, and as a separate corps it ceased to exist. But the services of the Regiment are matters of history.

* Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn.
† Hepburn's Memoirs.

Munro has a few observations about it which are worthy of consideration. He says, the discipline and service of the Regiment were of so high a character that many that were trained in it rose "from souldiers to be inferiour officers, and then for their preferments and advancements" they left their old leaders, being promoted to other regiments;* "for having attained to a little experience under this Regiment, they are now like the Eagles birds, that how soon they can but flee, they take command on themselves, and that most worthily, knowing it is ambition grounded upon vertue, makes the meanest Souldier mount from the lowest centrie [sentry] to the top of honour to be a Generall: as some of our worthy Countrimen have done under the Crowne of *Sweden*, to their eternall glory."

Again, he says, even their enemies "could not but duely prayse them, calling them the *Invincible old Regiment* . . . so that Mackeyes name was very frequent through the glorious fame of this never dying Regiment, never wrong'd by fortune in their fame, though divers times by their enemies valour they sustained both losse and hurt: But would to God, we had always met man to man, or that our Army had consisted all of such men and such officers, whereof I was the unworthiest! If so had beene our conquest had extended so farre as the *Romanes* of old did extend the limits and borders of their Empire."

Of a different character is the following observation, with the closing part of which, I am sure, all military commanders will agree. From what Munro says, it will be seen that however severely the Regiment suffered during its many engagements, yet, when in quarters, officers and men, as a rule, were very comfortably off. "This Regiment in nine yeeres . . . had ever good lucke to get good quarters, where they did get much good wine, and great quantity of good beere. . . . They were oft merry with the fruits and juice of the best berries that grew in those Circles; for to my knowledge they never suffered either penury or want, I being the Leader, but oftimes I did complaine and grieve at their plenty, *seeing they were better to be commanded, when they dranke water, than when they got too much beere or wine.*"

But I must now return to *le Regiment d' Hebron*. Hepburn

* Among the "inferiour officers" who were advanced to other commands, Munro mentions "Captaine *Gunne*, Lievetenant *Brumfield*, Lievetenant *Dumbarre*, Lievetenant *Mackey*, Lievetenant *Southerland*, Ensigne *Downe*, and diverse more, which were preferred under *Ruthven's* Regiment."

Captain Gunn became afterwards Colonel of a Dutch Regiment, and was knighted by King Charles I. for his bravery at the Brig of Dee.

unfortunately did not live to command it long. He was killed at the battle of Saverne, on the 21st July, 1636. His fall was deeply regretted by the whole army and Court of France, for he was looked up to as "the best soldier in christendom, and consequently in the world." After his death, the Regiment was known as *le Regiment de Douglas*, from the name of its new commander, Lord James Douglas.

Though serving under foreign powers, these Scottish soldiers of fortune were yet true to their own King and country. Thus, in 1661, on the call of King Charles the Second, after the Restoration, the remains of what had been Hepburn's Regiment came over to England. They remained in Britain for eight years, when they returned to France, and continued in the service of that country till 1678, when they were again called home and incorporated with the British Army. They are now known as the ROYAL SCOTS, or First Regiment of Foot, and take precedence of all other regiments of the line.* This is probably the oldest regiment in the world; for, having been partly formed from the Scottish Archers in the service of France, it may be said to have been embodied for upwards of six hundred years; and it certainly is one of the most celebrated, for its records show that since the battle of Baugè, in 1421, at which it greatly distinguished itself (being then the bodyguard of the King of France), it has taken part in 228 battles and sieges, exclusive of the later wars of the Crimea and India. "No other regiment in the world can show such a roll of glory!"†

I have thus narrated the principal services in which the Regiment was engaged, from its formation by Sir Donald Mackay, the first Lord Reay, in 1626, to the time when it lost its identity as a separate regiment, in 1635, by becoming a portion of *le regiment d'Hebron*, in the service of France. I have also shown how the successors of Hepburn's veterans became incorporated in the British army, under the name of the ROYAL SCOTS; and that the survivors of the brave men who formed the "Old Invincibles" of Gustavus

* A portion of the Scots Guards in the service of France, were sent by the King of that country to Scotland, in 1633, to be present at the coronation of King Charles I. They remained in Britain about twelve years, when they returned to France "and continued to serve there with little interruption, till 1678, when they finally re-entered the British service." [*Records of Royal Scots.*] On returning to France, these soldiers of the Scottish Guards were incorporated with Hepburn's Regiment, but then known, however, as Douglas's, from the name of its commander, as has been already stated. And from having served in Scotland in 1633, as mentioned above, the Royal Scots date from that year in the Army List.

† Cassell's "British Battles."

Adolphus (that is Mackay's Highlanders)* constituted no inconsiderable part of that celebrated regiment. Their whole service is a record of which *any nation* may be proud, what then might be said when their equipment was the work of *one individual?*

The raising and transporting of so many men cost Lord Reay a very large sum of money; and, unfortunately, by the untimely death of the King of Sweden, he was not re-imbursed for the heavy outlay he had incurred in his service. From first to last he sent over to "the German wars" upwards of 5000 men, and Munro says, "our noble Colonell did engage his estates, and adventured his person" for the good cause. "Such was his sense of dignity, that, it is said, he asked no money from the King to furnish his troops till after their arrival in Germany; and as the King was killed soon after the last levies were sent, Lord Reay himself had to bear the loss of his outlays; only he had the consolatory reflection that his loss was sustained in the best of causes. It was not with a sordid view of gain that he undertook his expeditions, for there was nothing sordid in his composition; . . . . . but first from loyalty . . . and love of honour; and afterwards from a regard to the protestant religion, which he had previously conceived at home, and in Denmark."†

To meet the debts he had thus contracted, he was obliged to sell his lands in Ross-shire and Caithness, and, saddest of all, the district of Strathnaver. But there was no other way by which he could get out of the difficulty, and so the lands had to go. No one, so far as our country is concerned, did more for the cause of liberty than the first Lord Reay, and no clan shed more of its best blood in the same cause than the Clan Mackay.

OFFICERS OF MACKAY'S REGIMENT.

The following list is made up from the various works consulted in compiling the foregoing narrative, and consists of the names of officers who served with the Regiment from its formation in 1626, to the battle of Nordlingen in 1634. It is, however, not quite complete, as no record has been preserved of the names of many of the junior officers.

* The author of the Characteristics of the Highland Soldiers, says of Mackay's Regiment, while serving under Gustavus Adolphus, "they were his right hand in battle, brought forward in all dangerous enterprises; and they may, like himself, be said to have fallen in the field, and to have been buried with the honours of war."—*History of the House and Clan of Mackay.*

† History of the House and Clan of Mackay.

Munro, in his list of *Scottish Officers that served under Gustavus Adolphus*, gives Field Officers only, and adds: "Diverse Captaines and inferiour Officers of the Nation followed the Army . . . which I omit out of the List;" while most others who have written about the Scottish Soldier abroad, have been contented with giving the names of a few of the leading officers only.

The list is arranged in two divisions. The first contains the names of those officers whose rank in the Regiment I have been able to ascertain,—the second those whose rank I have not been able to find out; and in both I have mentioned the rank to which a number of the officers attained after quitting the Regiment and entering on other service. The two divisions combined, contain the names of all officers who served in the Regiment, whose names are recorded, so far as I have been able to discover.

The Regiment was quite a Military School. Numbers of gentlemen, from all parts of the country, joined it as junior officers, for the purpose of learning the art of war (and some also indeed served in the ranks); but they left as soon as they believed they had acquired sufficient skill, to take upon themselves the responsibilities of a command. This accounts for so many names which are foreign to the North of Scotland being found in the list.

Colonels.

Sir Donald Mackay, first Lord Reay, Scorched by powder at Oldenburg.

Robert Monro (author of the *Expedition*), ... Wounded in various battles.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Arthur Forbes (son of Lord Forbes), Died in Holstein.
Alexander Seton, ... Wounded at Oldenburg.
John Lindsay of Bainshaw, . . Killed at New Brandenburg.
John Sinclair (son of the Earl of Caithness), ... Killed at Neumarke.
William Stewart (brother of the Earl of Traquair), . . . Wounded at Oldenburg.

*Majors.**

James Dunbar, ... Killed at Bredenburg.
John Forbes of Tulloch, . . Killed at Nordlingen.

* The names, beginning with the Majors, are arranged alphabetically, and not according to seniority.

Majors—(continued).

John Forbes, ... Afterwards Colonel of Dutch.
William Keith, ...
David Munro, ... Scorched by powder at Eckernfiord.
William Sennott, ... Died of the Plague at Stettin.
Francis Sinclair (son of James of Murkle), ... Afterwards a Lieut.-Colonel.
—— Wilson, ...

Captains.

—— Annan, ...
—— Armiss, ... Wounded at Stralsund.
—— Beatoun, ... Wounded at Stralsund.
—— Boswell, ... Murdered by the Boors at Bremen.
William Bruntsfield, . . . Afterwards Major in Ruthven's Regiment.
—— Bullion, ...
—— Carmichael, ... Killed at Bredenburg.
—— Dumaine, ... Died at Frankfort.
—— Duncan, ...
Duncan Forbes, ... Killed at Bredenburg.
Adam Gordon, ...
William Gunn, ... Afterwards Colonel of a Dutch Regiment, and Knighted by King Charles I.
Alexander Hay, ... Afterwards Lieut.-Colonel of Dragoons.
George Heatley, ... Killed at Oberlin.
Robert Hume, ...
Patrick Innes, ... Killed at Nurnberg.
Robert Innes, ... Afterwards a Lieut.-Colonel.
William Kerr, ... Wounded at Eckernfiord.
John Learmonth (brother of Lord Balcomy), ... Killed at Boitzenburg.
—— Learmonth, ...
William Lumsden (the sole survivor of the Massacre at Bredenburg),
Sir Patrick Mackay of Lairg, in Galloway, ... Died of wounds received at Oldenburg.

Captains—(continued).

Iye Mackay (son of William of Bighouse, ...
William Mackay (son of Donald of Scoury), ... Afterwards Lieut.-Colonel of Swedes, and killed at Lutzen.
William Mackay, ...
Thomas Mackenzie (brother of Earl Seaforth), ... Wounded at Eckernfiord.
—— Moncreiffe, ... Killed at New Brandenburg.
Andrew Munro, ... Killed in a duel at Femern.
Hector Munro of Fowlis, who succeeded his brother, and was made a Baronet, ... Afterwards a Colonel of Dutch.
John Munro of Obisdell, . . Afterwards Colonel of a Scots Regiment.
John Munro (commonly called *Assynt* Munro), . . . Afterwards a Lieut.-Colonel.
Robert Munro of Fowlis, . . Afterwards Colonel of Swedes.
—— Pomfrey, ...
Nicholas Ross, ...
George Stewart, ... Afterwards Lieut.-Colonel of Conway's Regiment.
Alexander Tulloch, ...
—— Trafford, ...

Lieutenants.

Arthur Arbuthnott, . . . Wounded at Stralsund.
—— Barbour, ... Killed at Bredenburg.
—— Brumfield, ... Promoted in Ruthven's Regiment.
—— Dunbar, ... Promoted in Ruthven's Regiment.
—— Keith, ... Killed at New Brandenburg.
James Lyell, ... Afterwards Captain in Ruthven's Regiment, and murdered in Westphalia.
—— Mackay, ... Promoted in Ruthven's Regiment.
David Martin, ... Killed at Boitzenburg.
Hugh Ross, of Priesthill, . . Wounded at Oldenburg.

Lieutenants—(continued).

Andrew Stewart (brother of Earl of Traquair), ... Died of wounds received at Oldenburg.
Robert Stewart, ... Afterwards a Colonel of Lumsden's Pikemen.
—— Sutherland, ... Promoted in Ruthven's Regiment.

Ensigns.

Patrick Dunbar, ... Wounded at Stralsund.
—— Denoon, ... Promoted in Ruthven's Regiment.
—— Hadden, ... Killed at New Brandenburg.
John Rhode, ...
—— Seaton, ... Killed at Stralsund.

Officers whose rank is not recorded.

Gavin Allan, ...
—— Barrie, ...
Robert Farquhar, ... Afterwards Knighted by King Charles II.
Arthur Forbes, ...
Hugh Gordon, ... Wounded at Oldenburg.
John Gordon, ... Afterwards Colonel of Dutch.
John Gordon, ...
—— Graeme, ...
George Gunn, ...
John Gunn, ...
John Innes (son of William of Sandside), ... Killed at Stralsund.
—— Johnstone, ...
Henry Lindesay, ... Afterwards Lieut.-Colonel in Leslie's Regiment.
—— Lindesay, ...
Robert Lumsden, ... Afterwards Lieut.-Colonel.
Hugh Mackay, ...
David Martin, ...
Andrew Munro, ... Killed at Oldenburg.
David Munro, ... Wounded at Oldenburg.
Farquhar Munro, ... Killed at Oldenburg.

Officers whose rank is not recorded—(continued).

Hugh Mowatt, ...
Hugh Murray, ...
Murdoch Polson, ... Killed at Oldenburg.
David Ross (son of Alexander of Invercarron), . . .
—— Semple, ...

Chaplains.

William Forbes.
Murdoch Mackenzie, . . . Afterwards Minister of Suddie, Ross-shire.
And the Chaplain or "Preacher" who was slain at Bredenburg, but whose name is not mentioned.

28TH MAY, 1879.

At this meeting Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, Skye, was elected a life member; and Mr. F. C. Buchanan, Armadale Row, Helensburgh, and Mr. Donald Ross, M.A., H.M. Inspector of Schools, ordinary members.

The following paper by Mr. C. S. Jerram, M.A., Windlesham, Surrey, was read:—

CELTIC ETYMOLOGIES.

The science by which the laws of language are regulated and recorded, is called Comparative Philology, a young science as yet, but one that is making rapid progress. It has been popularised in this country mainly through the exertions of Professor Max Müller, to whose *Lectures on the Science of Language* especially I shall have occasion to refer. The three great 'families' (as they are called) of human speech, are known as the Indo-European or Aryan, the Semitic, and the Turanian; it is with the first of these that we are now concerned, because the Celtic languages are ascertained to belong to it. Of the six or eight divisions under which the languages of this great Aryan family have been arranged, the Celtic is further sub-divided into Cymric and Gaedhelic; the former division comprising Welsh, Breton, and the now extinct Cornish; the latter, Scotch and Irish Gaelic, and the dialect of the Isle of Man. The important thing to bear in mind respecting all these Aryan languages is that, notwithstanding the differences that now exist between these divers groups, and even between various languages

of the same group, there must once have been a time, when (to quote Max Müller's words) "there was a small class of Aryans, settled probably in the highest elevation of Central Asia, speaking a language, *not yet Sanscrit or Greek or German, but containing the dialectic germs of all;* a clan that had advanced to a state of agricultural civilization; that had recognised the bonds of blood and sanctioned the bonds of marriage; and that invoked the Giver of light and life in heaven by the same name which you may still hear in the temples of Benares, in the basilicas of Rome, and in our own churches and cathedrals."

A great step was made towards the attainment of philological truth when people began to recognise well regulated *families*, instead of vaguely defined classes or *groups* of speech. Much time and labour had previously been wasted in discussing the pretensions of some one particular language to be the primitive speech of mankind. Because the Book containing the earliest records of the human race was written in Hebrew, this was for a long time supposed to be the oldest language in the world, from which it was sought to derive all the rest. But as Leibnitz, one of the first opponents of this theory, observes, "to call Hebrew the primitive language is like calling branches of a tree primitive branches, or like imagining that in some country hewn trunks could grow instead of trees." Even in later, and, as might have been expected, more enlightened times, the same notion has been revived; and some have varied it so far as to substitute Gaelic or Welsh for Hebrew, or to maintain a philological relation between these languages and the Hebrew, though it belongs to a distinct family—the Semitic. To these last the words of Professor Rhys, in his *Lectures on Welsh Philology*, p. 142, apply with some force. He says:—"Neither do literary ostriches of this class deserve to be reasoned with, at any rate until they have taken their heads out of the sand, and acquainted themselves with the history of the philological world since the publication of Bopp's Comparative Grammar. It would in all probability be useless to tell them that Welsh has nothing to do with Hebrew or any other Semitic tongue." We are not here dealing with the question of the *original* common origin of all languages, nor is it denied that, *if we only go back far enough*, even all the three families of speech may have had a common source. There are *degrees* of relationship in language; nor does it follow that because the signs of affinity are not now apparent, therefore no such affinity ever existed. Only, in the present state of our knowledge, we must not go to a Semitic root for the derivation of an Aryan word; nor even if we happen to find two roots

similar in sound and sense, but belonging to different families, can we assume with any confidence that they are identical.

Hence we may lay down as our first great rule this:—*Never trust implicitly any derivation which confounds the three families of language, or any two of them.* Such a derivation might chance to be correct; but in the present state of philological science it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove it. For instance, if I want to find the cognates of the Gaelic words *fear* 'man,' *each* 'horse,' *bo* 'cow,' I go to the other languages of the Aryan family; and I find for the first word the Sanscrit *vira*, Latin *vir*, Gothic *vair*, Anglo-Saxon *wēr*: for the second, Sanscrit *akva*, old Greek *ikkos* (afterwards *hippos*), Latin *equus*; for the third, Greek *bous*, Latin *bos*, Welsh *bu*, when the *b* represents an original *g*, appearing in the Sanscrit *go*, and as *k*, *c*, in the High German *kuh*, and our *cow*. Even supposing that roots or vocables, similar in sound and meaning to the above, were discoverable in Hebrew or Chaldee, I would not rush to the conclusion that these were identical, but would at most admit the possibility of their having been so at some remote and probably pre-historic period. If on the other hand it were desired to find the etymology of some distinctly Hebrew name (*Melhuselah*, for instance), I should not go (as a recent writer has done) to Irish Gaelic for a solution, but rather seek in Hebrew itself, or in the cognate Semitic tongues, the origin of a Semitic word.

Here I may observe, by way of a passing caution, that it is important in every case to ascertain whether the word under investigation does really belong to the language in which it appears, or whether it has been imported into it from some other language, which may possibly be a member of a distinct family. Max Müller has given four instances from the Hebrew Bible of words which have been adopted from the Sanscrit, and are therefore Aryan, not Semitic words. These are *koph* 'apes' (Sanscrit *kapi*); *shen-habbim* 'ivory,' the latter element being probably a corruption of the Sanscrit *ibha* 'elephant;' *tukhiim* 'peacocks,' from *togei*, derived from Sanscrit '*sikhin*;' and *almug* or *algum*, the name of a tree, from Sanscrit *(r)atyuka*. And of course we know that English, Gaelic, and in fact all languages more or less, abound in terms which are not so much *derived* as *imported*, with some alterations of form, from other languages all over the world. These have been appropriately called 'loan-words,' to which we shall have occasion to refer more particularly hereafter.

The next rule is this. *Attend carefully to the laws which regulate the sequence of sound in different languages of the same family.*

In the Aryan family the formulæ by which these changes are registered constitute what is known as 'Grimm's Law,' from the name of its discoverer, Jacob Grimm. Its provisions are mainly these. If the same word exists in Sanscrit, Greek and Latin, in old High German, and in Low German, and if the first-named languages shew a *soft* mute (*B, G, D*), the High German will have an *aspirate* (*F, CH, TH*), and the Low German a *hard* mute (*P, K, T*). Again, if Sanscrit, &c., have a *hard* mute, High German will have the corresponding *soft* mute, and Low German the corresponding *aspirate;* and lastly, if the first division has an *aspirate*, the second will have a *hard*, and the third a *soft* mute. The Celtic languages fall, as a rule, under the first division with Greek, &c. Old High German means modern literary German in its oldest forms; and English belongs to the Low German group of languages. This law (which applies chiefly to initial consonants, medial ones being liable to modification from surrounding influences) is less simple in actual operation than at first sight appears; owing to the fact that the actual consonants I have named do not always occur, but are represented by others. For instance, TH in High German is uniformly represented by Z; H, both in Latin and German, is found to stand for CH, sometimes for F or V. Three or four illustrations will suffice to show the general working of the law. The Latin *duo*, Gaelic *da*, Welsh *dwy*, is the High German *zwei*, English *two;* the Greek *thugatēr* is in German *Tochter*, in English *daughter;* the Latin *cor*, Gaelic *cridhe*, is the German *Herz*, English *heart*, where *h* represents *g* and *ch* respectively. Again, we have English *thou*, German *du*, Latin, Greek, and Gaelic *tu*, and Welsh *ti;* also English *three*, German *drei*, Gaelic and Welsh *tri*, and Latin *tres*. Of course a knowledge of the history of a word, in the various forms it has at different times assumed, is necessary before we can employ Grimm's Law with any effect; I am now insisting merely on the importance of the law itself in all questions of Aryan etymology. Many a plausible derivation, when tested by it, may be proved to be impossible.

In speaking of "derivation," we must not forget the important distinction between *derived* and *cognate* words. The former are of necessity later in order of time than the words from which they come. Such are French and Italian words, which have a Latin origin; these languages being (to return to the "families'" metaphor) *daughters*, not *sisters*, of the Latin, and sisters only to each other. But *cognate* terms are like elder and younger sisters in a family, and do not represent successive generations. All that I have cited as instances of Grimm's Law, and hundreds more, are

thus *cognate;* each having once had a common representative term in the primitive Aryan speech, before its dispersion. And, *to begin with*, we must put all these languages upon an equality, as regards age, and then see which language has preserved the largest number of the oldest forms. In the case of a particular word, sometimes one sometimes another of these languages may shew the oldest form; but this is no criterion for deciding the *relative* antiquity either of a given language as a whole, or of other words in it. This is a mistake which people often make, when comparing cognate languages for etymological purposes. They think that because a certain language (say Sanscrit or Gaelic) shews generally signs of greater age than another (say Greek or German), therefore *any* Sanscrit or Gaelic word must be older than the corresponding Greek or German word. But this is by no means the case; if it were, the science of Comparative Philology would be very much simpler than it is. We should not say, for instance, that as regards the bulk of its vocabulary, Latin was an older language than Greek; yet it really is so, since it contains words and forms of inflexion which have disappeared from classical Greek, and which once existed in older dialects; some even that are not found in the oldest existing dialects. Thus the pronoun *tu* was the same in Doric Greek, but afterwards became *su;* the older *k* sound in *kŏte* and *kŏs* (afterwards *pote* and *pŏs*) is preserved in the Latin *quis, qui*, &c., the *s* still retained in *sex, septem, sedeo* has been softened away to a mere aspirate in the Greek *hex, hepta, hĕdo*. Again, although the Celtic languages as a whole shew undoubted signs of antiquity, when compared with others of the Aryan family, the evidence of particular words points as clearly in the opposite direction. The Latin *piscis*, English *fish*, according to Grimm's Law, appears in Gaelic as *iasg*, in which the original consonant has entirely disappeared. Here then the Gaelic form is later, not only than the Latin, but even than the English. According to Zeuss' *Grammatica Celtica*, the Irish prefix *iol* 'many' is neither more nor less than the Greek *poly*, and the German *viel*, and is therefore an instance of the same phenomenon. These however are exceptional cases. One great proof of the comparative antiquity of Gaelic, is that so many of its vocables retain their original *k* sound, which in other languages (even in the Welsh) has degenerated to *qu, p, f*, or still further to *t*. The hard *k* sound requires the strongest effort to pronounce it distinctly; hence there is a tendency, first to ease the articulation by the addition of *u* (=*w*) as in *qui, quando*, and other Latin words; secondly, to labialise it to *p;* or thirdly, to let it degenerate to *t*, which is called 'dentalism.' Professor Geddes,

in his Lecture on the Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue, gives the following instances among others. Gaelic *cas*, Latin *pes*, Greek *pous*, English *foot*. Gaelic *ceithir*, Latin *quatuor*, Greek *pisures* (afterwards *tessares*), Welsh *pedwar*, English *four*. Gaelic *co*, Latin *quis*, Welsh *pa*, Greek *tis*. Gaelic *casad*, English *cough*, Welsh *pas*, Greek *bēx*, Latin *tussis*. "Nay," adds the Professor, "such is the fondness of Gaelic for the *k* sound, that it has introduced it into words where it had no proper business from the first, and when even Sanscrit and Latin refuse to follow it." He instances *Pascha* and *Pentecost*, by the side of *Casg* and *Caingis*; also *purpura* and *pœna*, which the Gaelic has turned into *corcor* and *cain*.

But it is not in words or roots alone that the evidence of common origin, or the affinity of one language to another, is to be sought. Grammatical inflections are a far surer test, and the grammar, not the dictionary, must be our guide in classification. The Gaelic dative plural in *-ibh* would alone shew the affinity of the language with Latin and Greek, when compared with forms like *tibi* and *sibi*, the terminations in *-ibus*, and the old Homeric datives such as *kraterē-phi*, *biē-phi*, *oches-phi*, &c. By the same rule English must always rank as a Teutonic language, whatever may be the number of words it has borrowed from foreign sources. It shews its relationship with German, for instance, by the *-s* of its genitive case, by its *-n* plurals, by its past participles and old infinitives in *-en* and *-an*, by its forms of comparison in *-er* and *-est*. And it is the same with all other languages, if we apply the test of grammar alone. But when we go to the *vocabulary* of a language, we find a different state of things altogether. Take an English dictionary, and see how many terms have been imported up to the present time. Not to mention Latin and French derivations, which now constitute the bulk of our language, we have a number of words in common use, that have come to us from almost every country in the world. The Chinese has given us *tea*, from Arabic we get *coffee*, *sugar*, *syrup*, *amber*, *saffron*, *almanack*, and many more; from Persian *bazaar*, *caravan*, *lilac*, *scarlet*, and *azure*; from Turkish *tulip* and *turban*. The western world has supplied us with *tobacco*, *maiz*, *potato*, *chocolate*, &c.; from Spain and Italy we derive *negro*, *mosquito*, *bandit*, *alligator*, *gazette*. We are also indebted to the Celtic language for many familiar terms; to the Welsh for *basket*, *funnel*, *flannel*, *garter*, *gown*, *button*, *mop*, *pail*, *pitcher*, &c.; to the Gaelic for *reel*, *tartan*, *plaid*, *bard*, *clan*, and others now more or less naturalised in English speech. A Gaelic dictionary abounds in words similarly imported, 'loan-words,' as

we have called them. This would actually be the case, when the language of a primitive people comes to be adopted to modern requirements. To this class belong official terms, military, civil, and ecclesiastical, as *còirneal, maidsear, caiptein, reisimeid ; pàrlamaid, prionnsa, pobull, prìosan ; sagart, eaglais, easbuig, cléireach ;* besides a host of common words of every-day life, which could have had no Gaelic equivalents at a time when the things themselves were unknown to a Gaelic speaking people. Such are *piob* (now, but not always, the national instrument of Highland music), *punnd, peighinn, peabar, sgoil, sgriobtur, seomhar, peanas, peann, pearsa, peula, picill, pioc, ughdair, ceinneag, uinnean,* &c., picked almost at random out of the Gaelic dictionary. It will be noticed how many of these words begin with the letter P ; this is in accordance with the above mentioned tendency of Gaelic, to discard the *labial* or P sounds in favour of the *guttural* or K sounds. I may observe by the way, that besides the word *corcor*, which I cited from Professor Geddes' Lecture, as an instance of this tendency, the Gaelic also has *purpur*, the stem of the Latin *purpura*, without alteration. Occasionally we find 'loan-words' so far transformed, as to present the appearance of genuine Gaelic vocables ; as *sennalair*, which is *general* in disguise, but looks like a compound of *sean* 'old.' *Seanadh* for *senate* is a similar instance ; but here the fact of *sean* being really cognate with the Latin root *sen* in *sen-ex*, &c., increases the deception. It would be difficult to account for the peculiar form *buntata* 'potato,' except as owing to the influence of *bun* 'root,' whether the rest of the word be from *taghta* 'choice' (as has been asserted), or not. At any rate the Gaelic form (omitting the *n*) comes nearer to the original *batata*, than *potato* does. But in the form 'buntata' (on the above hypothesis) we have an instance of that universal tendency to give an intelligible sense to a word of foreign inhabitation, and make it *speak*, as it were, to some effect in its new domicile. It is in fact the same impulse which led English sailors to transform *Bellerophon* into 'Billy Ruffian,' and *Hirondelle* into 'Iron Devil,' and according to which a certain groom is said to have turned the names of a horse and a mare, Othello and Desdemona, into 'Old Fellow' and 'Thursday Morning.'

The Welsh language, as well as the Gaelic, contains a large number of these 'loan words,' of various dates and from various sources. I will quote only a few, as *esgob* from *episcopus*, *clerig* from *clericus*, *abad* from *abbas*, *pris* 'price,' *ffafr* 'favour,' *top* 'top,' *tasg* 'task,' *cnol* 'knoll,' *cnwb* 'knob,' *ffermwr* 'farmer,' *ffolled* 'folly,' *ffwrnais* 'furnace ;' also many beginning with *ys*

representing the Latin *s* followed by a consonant, as *ysbryd* from *spiritus*, *ysgol* from *schola*, *ysgrif* from *scribere*. Some of these (as *ffermwr*, *ffernais*, &c.) are mere transliterations into Welsh spelling, so as to preserve the sound as nearly as possible; just as later Greek historians transformed the Roman names *Vitellius*, *Quartus*, &c., in *Ouitellios*, *Kouartos*, &c.

In speaking of the principal divisions of the Aryan family, at the beginning of this paper, I mentioned the Manx language as one of the Celtic group, and cognate with Gaelic. Philologically Manx is of less importance than either Gaelic or Welsh; first, because it contains a much larger proportion of foreign importations, chiefly from the Norse and other Scandinavian languages; and, secondly, because the etymology of its vocables is obscured, to the eye at least, by the phonetic system of orthography which it has for a long time adopted. Uncertainty as to the right spelling of a word is a fertile source of etymological confusion. This appears in the constant, and often fruitless, controversy that goes on about the derivation of place-names in Scotland and elsewhere. Could we be sure, for instance, what was the original Gaelic form of *Glasgow*, we should know whether it came from *Glas-gobha* 'the white or grey smith,' or from *Clais-dhu* 'the dark ravine,' or from *Eaglais-dhu* 'the black church,' or something quite different from these. Or does the name of the Highland capital really mean 'cascade-river-confluence' (*Inbhir-an-eas*), as Colonel Robertson would have us believe? The Anglicised form *Ness* does not help us at all to decide the question. So in Manx, who would recognise the *written* words *Ree*, *Chiran*, *Oilly-niartal* as *righ*, *Tighearn*, *uille-neartail*, with which they really correspond? Yet that Manx *is* cognate, almost identical, with Gaelic will readily appear. Let us take as a specimen for comparison part of the Lord's Prayer, which runs thus in Manx—"*Ayr* ain t' ayns *niau; casherick* dy row t' *ennym*. Dy *jig* dty *reeriaght*. Dt' aigney dy row *jeant* er *y thalloo*, myr ti ayns *niau*. *Cur dooin* nyn *arran jiu* as *gagh laa*. As leih *dooin* nyn *loghtyn*, myr ta *shin* leih dauesyn ta *jannoo loghtyn* nyn 'oi." In this extract the italicised words represent in order the Gaelic *athair*, *nèamh*, *coisrigte*, *ainm*, *thig*, *rioghachd*, *deanta*, *talamh*, *cuir*, *duinn*, *aran*, *diugh*, *gach là*, *lochd*, *sin*, *deanamh*. If besides these *aigney* and *leih* represent *gean* and *leig* respectively (as seems probable), every important part of speech will have its equivalent form in Gaelic; and not only these but smaller words, such as *ayns* (*anns*), *dy* (*do*), *as* (*agus*), &c., are similarly represented. Hence, for purely philological purposes, Gaelic vocables are in most cases amply sufficient to work with.

In the foregoing examples, selected from the principal languages of the Celtic group, I have endeavoured to illustrate the important distinction between *cognate* and *derived* (or *borrowed*) words. The latter, when stripped of the disguises they often wear, are comparatively easy to detect; the former may tax the philologer's utmost resources for their identification, and in the present state of the science there must often be room for doubt. It is to these that the rules and formulæ of 'Grimm's Law' apply, nor can we reach any certain conclusions in etymology, if we neglect the study of 'sound-lore,' and of the history and chronology of the words we are investigating.

My third and last rule is not so much a distinct principle, as a necessary consequence of the preceding considerations. It is, however, important enough in itself to be stated separately thus—*Never trust mere similarity in the sound or form of words, unless the connexion between them can be historically supported.* The disregard of this rule has always been a fertile source of error to the etymologist. It seems so very simple, when we find two words very much alike in form, and perhaps in sense also, to conclude that they have a common origin or derivation; whereas this is often far from being the case. Such an assumed connexion is at best a mere guess, quite as likely to be wrong as right; and even if accidentally right, it is of no scientific value, till it has been proved by the proper tests. Before such a science as Comparative Philology existed, there was no other way of going to work. Thus the ancients, ignorant of the history of their own language, suggested most absurd derivations; such as *Apollo*, from the negative prefix *a* and *polus* 'many', because there was only one sun in the universe; or *aō*, 'I breathe,' from its component letters Alpha and Omega, because breathing is the first and last operation of our lives! Others were given, which, if not positively absurd, yet cannot be proved correct, as *cælum* from *koilon*, a *hollow* vault; *calamitas* from *calamus*, 'a stalk,' as if it were originally a disease of corn, &c., &c. What is more plausible than to connect *call* with the Greek *kal-eo*, with which it is identical in sense and sound? But in fact these two words are *too much* alike to admit of the connexion, since by Grimm's law, a Low German (English) *c* or *k* must have a corresponding *g* in Greek, and the real Greek cognates of *call* are (by variation of the liquids *l* and *r*), *gēr-us* 'a voice,' and *gēruein* 'to cry.' On the other hand, to take an instance of derivation, who would suspect the French *yeux* to be a lineal descendant of the Latin *oculus*, with which it has not a single* letter in common?

* The *u* in *yeux* is not the *u* in *oculus*. The latter (see above) was dropped out, the former is the regular representative of the Latin *o*.

And yet every step in the process can be traced with certainty. Thus, *oculus* became *oclus*, whence old French *oil*, *euil*, *ieul*. The plural was *ieuls*, then (by dropping the *l*) *ieus* or *yeus*, of which *yeux* is merely a variation. These two instances will serve as well as a hundred, and shew the danger of resting any etymological argument upon *sound or form alone*.

Few languages have suffered as much as the Gaelic at the hands of imperfect or incompetent etymologists. Though it may seem paradoxical to say so, I think that the wide-spread interest in the subject, among Gaelic-speaking people, has largely contributed to this result. "It is astonishing," says Dr. MacLauchlan, in his *Celtic Gleanings* (p. 128), "how much time a gathering of Highlanders will spend in discussing the etymology of a name. It is generally thought that for this kind of study any man possessing ordinary knowledge of the Gaelic language is amply qualified, and that a little twisting or untwisting of words, which any man can accomplish, is all that is necessary to bring forth a satisfactory result." What, for instance, are we to think of such derivations as these, which have been gravely put forward in an elaborate work on the Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe? *Obelisk* from *ob* 'serpent' and *leigh* (*leac?*) 'stone;' *potato* from *bùn taghta* 'choice root;' *general* from *sean fhaireil* 'watchful old man;' *Paradise* from *beure (?) deise (deiseil?)* 'southward garden;' *canopy* from *ceann-bhrat* 'head-covering;' and last (but not least) *Hyde Park* from *ait paire* 'joyful enclosure!!' Taking the above in order, except the last, which is unworthy of serious notice, we find (1) *Obelisk*, a pure Greek word *obeliskos*, a diminutive of *obelos* 'a spit,' hence applied to a pointed pillar—(2) *Potato*, a West Indian word, the Gaelic form of which, *buntata*, I have already noticed as probably owing to the influence of *bun* 'a root,' but in no sense *derived* from it—(3) *General*, from the Latin *generalis*, the adjective of *genus*, 'belonging to a class;' hence the head of a class, or chief part of anything, as of an army—(4) *Paradise*, from *paradeisos*, the Greek form of an original Persian word meaning a park or pleasure ground—(5) *Canopy*, from French *canopé*, was in old French *conopé*, a direct derivation of *conopeum*, Greek *kōnōpeion*, 'a mosquito-curtain,' from *konōps* 'a gnat' or 'mosquito.' Again, there is no possible doubt as to the derivation of *carême* 'Lent' (old French *caresme*) from *quadragesima*, which conveys its own meaning with it;—what need then to go to Gaelic for such a far-fetched explanation as *cathreim*, "order of battle against the lusts of the flesh?" I am told that the book abounds in similar absurdities, though I cannot vouch for the fact from personal observation.

I am compelled to notice them in a paper as 'Celtic Etymologies,' not, I am sure, in a spirit of hostility to the author (for whom I entertain sincere respect on account of the good work he has done in other fields of literature), but because I feel that such wild theories as these, if widely promulgated, must only bring contempt upon Celtic studies generally, and alienate real scholars, who might otherwise be disposed to lend a helping hand. Many people are only too ready to ridicule all attempts that are made in this direction, and I regard it as most unfortunate that really vulnerable points should have been exposed at the present time by any who have Celtic interests at heart, and who are foremost in their endeavours to promote them.

It is a pleasure to turn to another part of the same author's work, in which he traces many of our slang and cant expressions to a Celtic source. Many of these are doubtless very odd, and may be supposed to date from a period preceding that of the various Teutonic immigrations into these islands. *Twig*, for instance, in the sense of 'understand,' may without any forcing be referred to the Gaelic *tuig*, until historical evidence be produced to the contrary. *Balderdash* is surely identical with the Welsh *baldorddus*, 'idle prattle,' though this word has also its cognates in the Dutch, Flemish, and other Teutonic languages. This is a mine which is altogether worth working, and I should be glad to see it completely and satisfactorily done by some competent scholar. From the same hand appeared an interesting paper in the *Celtic Magazine* for December, 1875, the object of which was to trace many of the choruses and refrains of popular songs to a Celtic and Druidical origin. Though it may be impossible at this distance of time to furnish strictly historical and chronological *proof* of the alleged facts, there is still a high degree of probability, based on the remote antiquity of the Druids in many parts of Europe, and their known custom of "marching round the inner circle of their rude temples, chanting hymns in honour of the sunrise, the noon, and the sunset; hymns which have not been wholly lost to posterity, though posterity has failed to understand them." Such refrains, for instance, as *Lillibulero*, *Down derry down*, *Trimgotrix*, *La farira dondé*, &c., do seem to be something "more than mere nonsense words that went glibly off the tongue," though few will see the necessity of referring simpler ones like *tra la la*, *rum te tum*, &c., to a more recondite origin. These are mere combinations of consonants and melodious vowels, which any one trying to sing a tune without words would naturally produce. For the examples themselves (especially *bullen a la* = *builleanna lá* 'stroke or dawn of day'), I must refer you to the paper in the *Celtic Magazine*.

An attempt has also been made to derive names in classical mythology from Celtic originals. Many of these may certainly have cognate Celtic forms; but *cognation* and *derivation* are two very different things, as I have already explained. Some apparently Greek names are foreign words in a Greek dress, as Apollo, Hera, Hermes, and possibly Aphrodité. This last may be an instance of an original form (probably Phœnician), varied so as to give it a meaning in Greek, as if from *aphros* 'foam'; but it is likely that the legend of the 'foam-born goddess' is posterior to the name Aphrodite; at least it is not found in Homer. So the form of the name Apollo points to the meaning 'Destroyer,' from *apollūmi* 'I destroy;' but its real derivation is uncertain. Now if in any such case a cognate root be found to exist in Gaelic, it is well to note the fact, but it will not do to assume without proof, that the Gaelic is the original or the oldest form. For instance the termination *-taur* in *centaur* is unquestionably related to the Gaelic *tarbh* and the Welsh *tarw* 'a bull,' and *Ur-ānus* (Greek *ourānos*), if it be rightly referred to the root *or*, in the verb *ornūmai* 'I rise,' may have a cognate root in the Gaelic *ûr* 'early,' not to mention other instances of the same kind. But when you take a plain Greek participial form like *Harpuiai*, or Greek substantives like *Chaos* 'a void space,' or *Penelope* from *pēnos* 'a web,' or *Zephyrus* from *zŏphŏs* 'the *dark* (western) land,' and refer these to a Celtic origin, you go against established historical facts, about which there is not the slightest room for doubt. The most reprehensible feature in these theories is, that their authors wilfully abandon certainties for speculations, which need never have been made at all. In a case of doubtful etymologies, the possibility of a given word being derived from a Celtic source should by all means be taken into account, and properly investigated; but when the fact is well known, and has been already settled beyond dispute, it is hard to see what can be the object of re-opening the question at a later time of day. Such theories neither deserve discussion nor demand respect, since they are not even professedly founded on any scientific basis; rather they assert themselves in defiance of ascertained principles and laws. The process is something of the following kind—Given a number of words, which you believe, or desire to make out, to be of Celtic origin, take a Gaelic dictionary and select words, or combinations of words, as similar as possible in *sound* to those under investigation, and draw your conclusions accordingly. A little ingenuity is then all that will be required to establish the connexion of meaning, and the operation is completed.

I will conclude with a few miscellaneous examples of erroneous

derivations from the Gaelic, which I have noted, at different times, in various publications. I shall not name the authors; indeed they are for the most part unknown to me.

1. *Miorbheul* 'miracle' has been said to be compounded of *meur* and *Bel*, *i.e.* 'God's finger!' To say nothing of the unwarrantable identification of the Phœnician Bel or Baal with the true God, the word is obviously a loan word from the Latin *mirabilis*, like *sagart* from *sacerdos*, *deiscobul* from *discipulus*, *oifeag* from *officium*, and many more.

2. *Senator* from *sean athair* 'old father.' Here the first syllable *sen* is of course cognate with *sean*, and the Welsh *hen* 'old,' but the remainder of the word is a Latin verbal noun ending, and can have nothing to do with *athair*.

3. *Text* from *teagasg* 'teaching.' It is from the Latin *textus* 'woven,' and meant first 'woven substance' (as of cloth); then the 'substance' of a book, as distinguished from the notes; and lastly was applied to the words of the Bible itself as contrasted with the commentary thereon, especially a small detached portion serving as the theme for a discourse; whereas *teagasg* is either a late word derived from *teach*, or else related in the usual way to the Greek *di-dask-o* and the Latin *doceo*.

4. The new fashionable term *rink* has been referred to the Gaelic *rinneadh* 'dancing.' This is at first sight plausible, but the history of the word seems to be against it. *Rink*, in various forms, is found in nearly all Teutonic languages. It first meant 'striving' or 'contention;' hence the *ring* or arena of battle. Thus Gawin Douglas, the old Scottish translator of Virgil has the line—

'They wan (came) near to the *renkin* end,'

i.e. the end of the course. The word *rink* appears to have been taken to Canada by Scotch emigrants along with the game of curling, and to have been afterwards used of skating also; it originally meant not a dance, but a floor or arena, which might be used for dancing or other similar purposes.

5. *Demesne* from *demeus-ne* 'not of assessment' (?), *i.e.*, land free from tax, *doomsday* from *do-meus-deigh* 'enquiry of assessment' (?), and *alderman* from *ildor-man* 'the chief person at the great gate' (?). Of these I confess myself unable to make anything at all, but they appeared in a book published at Liverpool some three years ago. The *Saturday Review*, in its critique upon this work, made some general observations on the popular state of mind with regard to philology, which are well worth quoting. "Why," they ask, "is an absurdity in physical science so much more

generally recognised as such, than an absurdity in history or philology? There is this difference in the position of the two studies—many people, without having gone far into the study of Astronomy, have got elementary ideas of it, which are correct as far as they go. Such people recognise an absurdity within their own range of knowledge as readily as an astronomer does. But with regard to history or philology, few are in this exact state of mind. The notion (for instance) that a purely Semitic name may be referred to a Celtic origin,* does not seem so absurd to them, as the notion that the sun goes round the earth. And in a sense they are right; it is equally wrong, but not equally absurd. Philological propositions are not capable of rigid mathematical demonstrations. A man sees that astronomy is not a matter of guessing; but because philology is not capable of the same rigid proof, he thinks that it is a matter of guessing, and that his guess is as likely to be right as that of another man. Hence in philological matters the right thing does not get the same undoubting acceptance, as in matters of physical science. Anything that has a learned air will impose upon people, and the wrong thing has often quite as learned an air as the right one. As for the particular etymologies (we have been considering) a philologer will stop to discuss them, when an astronomer stops to discuss the theory that the moon is made of green cheese."

Let me conclude with a few words by way of caution. The science of Comparative Philology is not old; the study of Celtic, from a philological point of view, is quite modern. There is therefore much danger of its being misapplied and misdirected at the present time. Comparatively few scholars have as yet made themselves acquainted with either the grammar or literature of the Celtic languages. On the other hand, few native Celts have had time or opportunity to study the latest results of philological research. But, as the student who has no practical knowledge of Welsh or Gaelic, must find himself constantly at fault from ignorance of simple facts, about which any native could inform him, so no amount of practical knowledge will suffice, without an acquaintance with the principles on which philology as a science is based. Above all, let us beware of a misguided enthusiasm, that seeks not the verification of *facts*, so much as the establishment at all hazards of a preconceived *theory*. It is no question of nationality with which we have to deal, and it is a false patriotism that would exalt family or nation at the expense of truth. What we want is intelligent combination; the union of Celt and Teuton, Sassenach

* I substitute this instance for the one given in the original article.

and Gael, in the one honest endeavour to find out the facts under the guidance of sound principles. Let us then take for our motto the famous saying of Aristotle, when he felt himself compelled to dissent from the philosophic system of his master, which has been thus preserved to us in a Latin version—"Amicus Plato, magis amica VERITAS."

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

HONORARY CHIEFTAINS.

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.
Professor John Stuart Blackie, Edinburgh University.
Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P.
Duncan Davidson of Tulloch.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Burgess, Peter, factor for Glenmoriston, Drumnadrochit.
Chisholm-Gooden, James, 33 Tavistock Square, London.
Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Macpherson.
Forbes, Alexander, 143 West Regent Street, Glasgow.
Fraser, Alexander, 16 Union Street, Inverness.
Fraser-Mackintosh, Charles, of Drummond, M.P.
Macdonald, Lachlan, of Skaebost, Skye.
Mackay, Donald, Gampola, Kandy, Ceylon.
Mackay, George F., Roxburgh, Otago, New Zealand.
Mackay, James, Roxburgh, Otago, New Zealand.
Mackay, John, C.E., Swansea.
Mackenzie, Sir Kenneth S., of Gairloch, Bart.
Mackenzie, Allan R., yr. of Kintail, Leys Castle, Inverness.
Scobie, Captain N., Fearn, Ross-shire.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Anderson, James, solicitor, Inverness.
Black, Rev. Dr., Inverness.
Blackie, Professor John Stuart, Edinburgh University.
Bourke, Very Rev. Canon, Kilcolman, Claremorris, Mayo.
Buchan, Dr. Patrick, Stonehaven.
Burgess, Alexander, Caledonian Bank, Gairloch.
Cameron, Donald, of Clunes, Inverness.
Cameron, Ewen, manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Company, at Shanghai.

Cameron, James Randal, Jacksonville, Oregon.
Campbell, George Murray, Gampola, Ceylon.
Chisholm, Captain A. Macra, Glassburn, Strathglass.
Davidson, Donald, solicitor, Inverness.
Davidson, Duncan, of Tulloch, Ross-shire.
Ferguson, Mrs., 6 Charles Street, Lowndes Square, London.
Fraser, A. T. F., clothier, Church Street, Inverness.
Fraser, Huntly, Kinmyles, Inverness.
Grant, John, Cardiff, Wales.
Grant, General Sir Patrick, G.C.B., Chelsea, London.
Grant, Robert, of Messrs. Macdougall & Co., Inverness.
Grant, Major W., Drumbuie, Glen-Urquhart.
Innes, Charles, solicitor, Inverness.
Jenkins, R. P., solicitor, Inverness.
Jerram, C. S., M.A., Woodcote House, Windlesham.
Jolly, William, H.M. Inspector of Schools, Albyn Place, Inverness.
Krause, Fritz, Waverley Hotel, Inverness.
Macandrew, H. C., sheriff-clerk, Inverness-shire.
Macdonald, Alexander, Balranald, Uist.
Macdonald, Allan, solicitor, Inverness.
Macdonald, Andrew, solicitor, Inverness.
Macdonald, Bailie, Aberdeen.
Macdonald, Captain D. P., Ben-Nevis Distillery, Fort-William.
Macdonald, John, Marine Hotel, Nairn.
Macdonell, Patrick, Kinchyle, Dores.
Macfarquhar, John, M.A., Inverness.
Macgregor, Rev. Alex., M.A., Inverness.
Mackay, Charles, LL.D., Fern Dell Cottage, near Dorking.
Mackay, Donald, San Francisco, California.
Mackay, John (of Ben Reay) Meadowbank, Fortrose.
Mackay, John Stuart, San Francisco, California.
Mackay, Neil, Penylan House, Pencoed, Bridgend, Wales.
Mackenzie, Rev. A. D., Free Church, Kilmorack.
Mackenzie, Colonel Hugh, of Parkmount, Forres.
Mackenzie, John, M.D., of Eileanach, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Osgood H., of Inverewe, Poolewe.
Mackenzie, Major Thomas, 78th Highlanders, Poona, India.
Mackenzie, Thomas, Broadstone Park, Inverness.
Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Moyhall.
Mackintosh, Angus, of Holme.
Mackintosh, Eneas W., of Raigmore.
Mackintosh, P. A., C.E., Bridgend, Glamorgan.
Macpherson, Colonel, of Glentruim, Kingussie.

Macrae, D. A., Monar, by Beauly.
Macrae, Ewen (of Ardtuiloch, Australia), Ardintoul, Lochalsh.
Menzies, John, Caledonian Hotel, Inverness.
Nicolson, Angus, late editor of *The Gael*, Glasgow.
O'Hara, Thomas, inspector of National Schools, Portarlington, Ireland.
Reidhaven, Lord, Balmacaan, Glen-Urquhart.
Ross, Rev. William, Rothesay.
Scott, Roderick, solicitor, Inverness.
Seafield, the Right Hon. the Earl of, Castle Grant.
Shaw, A. Mackintosh, Secretary's Office, G.P.O., London.
Small, James, of Dirnanean, Pitlochry.
Stewart, John, Duntulm, Skye.
Stoddart, Evan, Mudgee, N.S. Wales, Australia.
Sutherland, Alexander, Taff Brae Cottage, Cefn, Merthyr-Tydvil.
Sutherland-Walker, Evan Charles, of Skibo.
Wilson, P. G., Inverness.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Baillie, Peter, Inverness.
Bain, Wm., "Courier" Office, Inverness.
Bannatyne, William Mackinnon, Stirling.
Barclay, John, accountant, Inverness.
Barron, James, "Courier" Office, Inverness.
Bisset, Rev. Alexander, R. C., Stratherrick.
Black, George, banker, Inverness.
Buchanan, F. C., Helensburgh.
Cameron, Miss M. E., of Inuseagan, Fort-William.
Cameron, A. H. F., of Lakefield, 2 Shield Road, Liverpool.
Cameron, Rev. Alex., Glengarry.
Cameron, Archibald, Glenbarr, Kintyre.
Cameron, Donald, of Lochiel, M.P.
Cameron, D., velocipede maker, Dempster Gardens, Inverness.
Cameron, H. E., Clunes, Lochaber.
Campbell, Alexander, supervisor, Kyleakin, Skye.
Campbell, D. A., builder, Inverness.
Campbell, Donald, draper, Bridge Street, Inverness.
Campbell, Fraser (of Fraser and Campbell), High Street, Inverness.
Campbell, George J., solicitor, Inverness.
Campbell, Paul, shoemaker, Bridge Street, Inverness.
Campbell, A. D., Kirkintilloch.
Campbell, T. D. (of Cumming and Campbell), Ness Bank, Inverness.

Carmichael, A. A., Inland Revenue, Oban.
Carroll, Dr. William, 617 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.
Carruthers, Walter, Gordonville, Inverness.
Charleson, Hector, Railway Refreshment Rooms, Forres.
Chisholm, Alpin, 21 Castle Street, Inverness.
Chisholm, Archibald, sheriff-clerk depute, Inverness.
Chisholm, Colin, Namur Cottage, Inverness.
Chisholm, Simon, Flowerdale, Gairloch.
Clunas, James, Nairn.
Colvin, John, solicitor, Inverness.
Cooper, William, Highland Railway, Inverness.
Cran, John, Kirkton, Inverness.
Crawford, D., Otterferry.
Cumming, James, Allanfearn, Inverness.
Dallas, Alexander, town-clerk, Inverness.
Davidson, Andrew, sculptor, Inverness.
Davidson, John, grocer, Inglis Street, Inverness.
Davidson, Lachlan, banker, Kingussie.
Dott, Donald, Caledonian Bank, Lochmaddy.
Douglas, Wm., Aberdeen Town and County Bank, Inverness.
Duncan, John M., "Annandale Advertiser."
Falconer, Peter, plasterer, Inverness.
Fergusson, Charles, Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.
Fergusson, Robert, Raploch, Stirling.
Fergusson, D. H., Pipe-Major, I.H.R.V., Inverness.
Finlayson, Simon, commercial traveller, 3 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.
Forbes, Dr. G. F., of the Bombay Army, Viewfield House, Inverness.
Forbes, Duncan, of Culloden.
Forsyth, Ebenezer, "Inverness Advertiser" Office, Inverness.
Forsyth, John H., wine merchant, Inverness.
Forsyth, W. B., of the "Inverness Advertiser," Inverness.
Fraser, Æneas (Innes and Mackay), Inverness.
Fraser, Alexander, solicitor, Inverness.
Fraser, Andrew, builder, Inverness.
Fraser, Andrew, cabinetmaker, Union Street, Inverness.
Fraser, A. R., British Linen Company Bank, Stirling.
Fraser, D., Glenelg.
Fraser, Donald, solicitor, Nairn.
Fraser, Hugh, inspector of poor, Inverness.
Fraser, Hugh, Balloch, Culloden.
Fraser, Hugh C., Haugh, Inverness.
Fraser, George, Royal Bank, Inverness.
Fraser, Wm. (Gunn and Grant), Castle Street, Inverness.

Fraser, James, commission agent, Lombard Street, Inverness.
Fraser, James, C.E., Inverness.
Fraser, James, Mauld, Strathglass.
Fraser, James, manufacturer, 41 North Albion Street, Glasgow.
Fraser, Rev. John, Free Church Manse, Rosskeen.
Fraser, Miss, Farraline Villa, North Berwick.
Fraser, Simon, 75 Huntly Street, Inverness.
Fraser, William, 51 Tomnahurich Street, Inverness.
Galloway, George, chemist, Inverness.
Gillies, H. C., 52 Cromwell Street, Glasgow.
Gillanders, John, teacher, Denny.
Glass, C. C., North Street, St. Andrews.
Grant, James, M.A., Register House, Edinburgh.
Grant, Rev. J., E. C. Manse, Kilmuir, Skye.
Gunn, Wm., draper, Castle Street, Inverness.
Hood, Andrew, commercial traveller, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
Hood, Miss, 39 Union Street, Inverness.
Joass, W. C., architect, Dingwall.
Kennedy, Neil, Kishorn, Lochcarron.
Kerr, Thomas, Caledonian Bank, Inverness.
Livingstone, Colin, Fort-William.
Macbean, Charles, writer, 42 Union Street, Inverness.
Macbean, George, 42 Union Street, Inverness.
Macbean, James, 77 Church Street, Inverness.
Macbean, Lachlan, "Fifeshire Advertiser" Office, Kirkcaldy.
Macaskill, D., saddler, Dunvegan.
Macdonald, Alexander, messenger-at-arms, Inverness.
Macdonald, Alexander, flesher, New Market, Inverness.
Macdonald, Donald, farmer, Culchraggie, Alness.
Macdonald, Donald, painter, Inverness.
Macdonald, Donald, Englishton, Bunchrew.
Macdonald, Finlay, Druidag, Kintail.
Macdonald, Hugh, 2 Petty Street, Inverness.
Macdonald, John, banker, Buckie.
Macdonald, —— blacksmith, Invergarry.
Macdonald, John, Ballifeary, Inverness.
Macdonald, John, gamekeeper, Dunphail.
Macdonald, John, 35 Tavistock Terrace, Upper Holloway, London, N.
Macdonald, John, live stock agent, Inverness.
Macdonald, John, merchant, Exchange, Inverness.
Macdonald, John (Innes & Mackay), Inverness.
Macdonald, R. A., Ullinish, Skye.
Macdonald, Dr. William, Inverness.

Macdonald, William, Hilton Village, Inverness.
Macdonald, William, contractor, Badcall, Glen-Urquhart.
Macdonald, Murdo, Row House, by Doune, Pitlochry.
Macdonell, F. D., Hastings, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand.
Macdonnell, Donald, Craggan, Grantown.
Macgillivray, Finlay, solicitor, Inverness.
Macgillivray, John, grocer, Academy Street, Inverness.
Macgillivray, William, clerk, Castle Street, Inverness.
Macgillivray, William, innkeeper, Kingussie.
Macgregor, Donald, 42 Glassford Street, Glasgow.
Macgregor, John, hotelkeeper, Invermoriston.
Macgregor, Rev. Malcolm, F.C. Manse, Ferrintosh.
Machardy, Robert, 8 Church Street, Inverness.
Maciver, Duncan, Church Street, Inverness.
Maciver, Finlay, carver, Church Street, Inverness.
Macintyre, Donald, schoolmaster, Arpafeelie.
Mackay, Alexander, builder, Academy Street, Inverness.
Mackay, Charles, builder, Culduthel Road, Inverness.
Mackay, D. J., solicitor, Inverness.
Mackay, John G., 158 Plantation Street, Glasgow.
Mackay, William, solicitor, Church Street, Inverness.
Mackay, William, bookseller, High Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, A. S., 4 Upper Porchester Street, Hyde Park, London.
Mackenzie, Alexander, editor, "Celtic Magazine," Inverness.
Mackenzie, Alexander, wine merchant, Church Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Alexander, architect, 251 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Mackenzie, A. C., teacher, Maryburgh, Dingwall.
Mackenzie, Andrew, ironmonger, Alness.
Mackenzie, C. D., 102 Linthorpe Road, Middlesboro'-on-Tees.
Mackenzie, Evan, solicitor, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Dr. F. M., Inverness.
Mackenzie, H. F., Caledonian Bank, Inverness.
Mackenzie, P. A. C., 57 Marquis Road, Camden Square, London.
Mackenzie, Hugh, postmaster, Alness.
Mackenzie, James H., bookseller, High Street, Inverness.
Mackenzie, Murdoch, Inland Revenue, Fort-William.
Mackenzie, Simon (Harrison & Co.), Chambers Street, Edinburgh.
Mackenzie, William, factor, Ardross.
Mackenzie, William, solicitor, Dingwall.
Mackenzie, William, "Aberdeen Free Press" Office, Inverness.
Mackenzie, William, draper, Bridge Street, Inverness.
Mackinnon, Deputy Surgeon-General W. A., C.B., Aldershot.
Mackintosh, Charles, commission agent, Church Street, Inverness.

Mackintosh, Duncan, Bank of Scotland, Inverness.
Mackintosh, Duncan, draper, 57 High Street, Inverness.
Mackintosh, James, National Bank, Grantown.
Mackintosh, James, merchant, Buenos Ayres.
Mackintosh, John, 57 High Street, Inverness.
Mackintosh, Miss, The Brae, Denny.
Mackintosh, Peter (Messrs. Macdougall & Co.'s), Grantown.
Maclachlan, Duncan, publisher, 64 South Bridge, Edinburgh.
Maclachlan, Rev. Lachlan, Established Church, Tain.
Maclean, Alexander, coal merchant, Inverness.
Maclean, Ewen, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand.
Maclean, Roderick, Ardross, Alness.
Macleay, W. A., birdstuffer, Inverness.
Maclennan, Murdo, Shore Street, Inverness.
Macleod, Alexander, grocer, Bridge Street, Inverness.
Macleod, Alexander, 8 Church Street, Inverness.
Macleod, Robert, commercial traveller, Leith.
Maclure, Alexander, 21 Whittall Street, Birmingham.
Macmillan, Archd., Kaituna, Havelock, Marlborough, N.Z.
Macmillan, John, Kingsmills Road, Inverness.
Macnee, Dr., Inverness.
Macneil, Nigel, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Macphail, Alexander, Lairg House, Strathpeffer.
Macphail, Angus, 35 Lothian Street, Edinburgh.
Macpherson, D., Glenmess Place, Inverness.
Macpherson, Duncan, 8 Drummond Street, Inverness.
Macpherson, James, Rose Street, Inverness.
Macpherson, Sergeant D., Chapel Street, Inverness.
Macpherson, James, 28 Melville Terrace, Edinburgh.
Macpherson, Rev. John, F. C. Manse, Lairg.
Macpherson, Mrs. Sarah, Alexandra Villa, Kingussie.
Macrae, Alexander M., Glenoze, by Portree.
Macrae, Rev. A., Free Church Manse, Clachan, Kintyre.
Macrae, Rev. Angus, F.C., Glen-Urquhart.
Macrae, Donald, High School, Inverness.
Macrae, Duncan, Ardintoul, Lochalsh.
Macrae, Ewen, Braintrath, Lochalsh.
Macrae, Ewen, Bodua, Fort Augustus.
Macrae, R., postmaster, Beauly.
Macrae, Roderick, Island of Eigg, by Greenock.
Macrae, Donald, Glenvargill, Skye.
Macrae, Thomas, Glasnakill, Skye.
Macrae, Duncan, Camusunary, Skye.

Macrae, John, medical student, Braintra, Lochalsh.
Macrae, Kenneth (late Achlorachan, Strathconnon), Lochcarron.
Macraild, A. R., Inverness.
Matheson, Dr. Farquhar, Soho Square, London.
Matheson, John, supervisor, Paisley.
Melven, James, bookseller, Inverness.
Menzies, Duncan, farmer, Blairich, Rogart.
Middleton, David, coal merchant, Inverness.
Morrison, Robert, jeweller, Inverness.
Morrison, William, schoolmaster, Dingwall.
Munro, A. R., 57 Camphill Road, Birmingham.
Munro, John, 54 Clyde Place, Glasgow.
Murdoch, John, "The Highlander," Inverness.
Murray, William, chief-constable, The Castle, Inverness.
Nicolson, Sheriff, Kirkcudbright.
Nicholson, Jonathan, wine merchant, Pershore Street, Birmingham.
Nicolson, William, Whitecroft, Lydney.
Noble, Andrew, Lombard Street, Inverness.
Noble, John, bookseller, Castle Street, Inverness.
Noble, William, The Grocery, Inverness.
Reid, James, 4 High Street, Inverness.
Rhind, John, architect, Inverness.
Robertson, George, Bank of Scotland, Coupar-Angus.
Rose, Rev. A. Macgregor, F. C. Manse, Evie and Rendall, Orkney.
Rose, Hugh, solicitor, Inverness.
Ross, Alex., architect, Inverness.
Ross, Alex., late teacher, Alness.
Ross, Alex., "Advertiser" Office, Inverness.
Ross, D. R., Gas Office, Inverness.
Ross, Donald, M.A., H.M. inspector of Schools, Glasgow.
Ross, George, ironmonger, Dingwall.
Ross, Jonathan, draper, Inverness.
Ross, Roderick., Middlesboro'-on-Tees.
Sharp, D., Keppoch Hill Cottage, Glasgow.
Shaw, David, Union Bank, Inverness.
Shaw, Hugh, tinsmith, Inverness.
Shaw, John D., accountant, Inverness.
Simpson, Provost, Inverness.
Sinclair, Archibald, printer, 62 Argyle Street, Glasgow.
Sinclair, Duncan, teacher, Parish School, Lochlash.
Sinclair, Rev. John, Kinloch-Rannoch.
Sinton, Thomas, Nuide, Kingussie.
Smith, Thomas A., clerk, Steam Saw Mills, Inverness.

Smith, Thomas S., 6 Frederick Street, Edinburgh.
Smith, Wm. Alex., Scottish Imperial Assurance Coy., Manchester.
Stewart, Colin J., Dingwall.
Stewart, Henry, 10 Huntly Street, Inverness.
Stewart, Robert, shipbuilder, Inverness.
Stratton, Dr., 4 Valletort Terrace, Stoke, Devonport.
Sutherland, Rev. A. C., Strathbraan, Perthshire.
Thompson, Robert, grocer, Tomnahurich Street, Inverness.
Tolmie, John, 1 Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh.
Tulloch, Dr. David, Helmsdale.
Tulloch, John, painter, Inverness.
Walker, Chas. A., 51 Watson Street, Aberdeen.
Watson, Rev. William, Kiltearn, Evanton.
Watt, David, Volunteer Arms Hotel, Inverness.
Whyte, David, Church Street, Inverness.
Whyte, Henry, 14 Holmhead Street, Glasgow.
Whyte, John, "The Highlander," Inverness.
Wilson, George, S.S.C., 14 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

APPRENTICES.

Macdougall, Charles, Church Street, Inverness.
Mackay, James John, Drummond, Inverness.

DECEASED MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

Cameron, Rev. John, Glen-Urquhart.
Cumming, James, "Advertiser" Office, Inverness.
Fraser, Simon, banker, Lochcarron.
Grant, John, 16 Inglis Street, Inverness.
Kennedy, David, farmer, Drumashie, Inverness.
Macbean, Ex-Baillie Alex., Inverness.
Munro, John, wine merchant, Inverness.

LIST

OF

BOOKS IN THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY.

NAMES OF BOOKS.	DONOR.
1871.	
Ossian's Poems (H. Society's edition, Gaelic and Latin), 3 vols.,	Colonel Mackenzie of Parkmount.
Smith's Gaelic Antiquities,	ditto.
Smith's Sean Dana,	ditto.
Highland Society's Report on Ossian's Poems	ditto.
Stewart's Sketches of the Highlands, 2 vols.,	ditto.
Skene's Picts and Scots,	ditto.
Dan Osicin Mhic Fhinn,	ditto.
Macleod's Oran Nuadh Gaëlach,	ditto.
An Teachdaire Gaëlach, 1829-30,	ditto.
Carew's Ecclesiastical History of Ireland,	Mr. W. Mackay.
Orain Ghilleasbuig Grannd, two copies,	Mr. Charles Mackay.
Macconnell's Reul-eolas,	ditto.
Maclauchlan's Celtic Gleanings,	Rev. Dr. Maclauchlan.
1872.	
Maclauchlan's Early Scottish Church,	ditto.
The Dean of Lismore's Book,	ditto.
Macleod & Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary,	ditto.
Highland Society's do., 2 vols.,	Sir Ken. S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.
Ritson's Caledonians, Picts, and Scots,	ditto.
Dr. Walker's Hebrides, 2 vols.,	ditto.
Campbell's Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans,	Mr. John Murdoch.
Macnicol's Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides,	ditto.
Somer's Letters from the Highlands,	ditto.
Cameron's Chemistry of Agriculture,	ditto.
Sketches of Islay,	ditto.

NAMES OF BOOKS.	DONOR.
Cameron's History of Skye,	Mr. John Murdoch.
Kennedy's Bardic Stories of Ireland,	ditto.
Hicky's Agricultural Class-book,	ditto.
Orain Ghaëlach Mhic Dhunleibhe,	ditto.
The Wolf of Badenoch,	ditto.
Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Life,	ditto.
Antiquity of the Gaelic Language,	ditto.
The Dauntless Red Hugh of Tyreonnell,	ditto.
The Kilchoman People Vindicated,	ditto.
Caraid a' Ghaël—Sermon,	ditto.
Highland Clearances the cause of Highland Famines,	ditto.
Co-operative Associations,	ditto.
Lecture,	ditto.
Review of "Eight Days in Islay,"	ditto.
Gold Diggings in Sutherland,	ditto.
Review of Language of Ireland,	ditto.
Highland Character,	ditto.
An Teachdaire Gaëlach, 1829-30,	ditto.
The Scottish Regalia,	ditto.
Campbell's West Highland Tales, 4 vols.,	Mr. Alex. Mackenzie.
Bliadhna Thearlaich,	ditto.
Macfarlane's Collection of Gaelic Poems,	Miss Hood.
Old Gaelic Bible (partly MS.),	J. Mackenzie, M.D., of Eileanach.
Machale's, Archbishop, Irish Pentateuch,	Canon Bourke.
Irish Translation of Moore's Melodies,	ditto.
The Bull "Ineffabilis" (Latin, English, Gaelic, and French),	ditto.
Celtic Language and Dialects,	ditto.
Bourke's Irish Grammar,	ditto.
Bourke's Easy Lessons in Irish,	ditto.
Mackenzie's Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,	Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay.
Macrimmon's Piobaireachd,	Rev. A. Macgregor.
Stratton's Gaelic Origin of Greek and Latin,	ditto.
Gaelic Translation of Apocrypha (by Rev. A. Macgregor),	ditto.
Buchanan's Historia Scotiæ,	Mr. William Mackay.
The Game Laws, by R. G. Tolmie,	Mr. William Mackay.
St. James's Magazine, vol. i.,	Mr. Mackay, bookseller, Inverness.

NAMES OF BOOKS.	DONOR.
Fingal (edition 1762), ...	C. Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P.
Collection of English Poems (2 vols.),	Mr. D. Mackintosh.
Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue,	Mr. D. Maciver.
Scoto-Celtic Philology, ...	Lord Neaves, LL.D., F.R.S.E.
1873.	
Dana Oisein (Maclauchlan's edition),	Maclachlan & Stewart.
Munro's Gaelic Primer, ...	ditto.
M'Alpine's Gaelic Dictionary, . .	ditto.
M'Mhuirich's "Duanaire," . . .	ditto.
Munro's Gaelic Grammar, . . .	ditto.
Orain Mhic-an-t-Saoir, ...	ditto.
Orain Uilleam Ros, ...	ditto.
Ceithir Searmoin, le Dr. Dewar, . .	ditto.
Carsewell's Prayer Book (Gaelic), .	Purchased.
Scot's Magazine (1757), ...	Mr. A. Macbean.
History of the Rebellion, 1745-46, .	Mr. D. Mackintosh.
Welsh Bible, ...	Mr. L. Mackintosh.
Old Gaelic New Testament, . . .	Mr. L. Macbean.
Adhamh agus Eubh (Adam and Eve),	ditto.
Old Gaelic Bible, ...	ditto.
Orain Ailein Dughalaich, ...	ditto.
Macpherson's Poems of Ossian, . .	ditto.
1874.	
An Gaidheal for 1873, ...	The Publishers.
Orain, cruinnichte le Mac-an-Tuairnear,	Mr. A. Mackintosh Shaw, London.
The Gospels, in eight Celtic dialects,	Mr. J. Mackay, Shrewsbury.
Fraser of Knockie's Highland Music,	Mr. Mackenzie, Bank Lane, Inverness.
1875.	
The Clan Battle at Perth, by A. M. Shaw,	The Author.
The Scottish Metrical Psalms, . . .	Mr. J. Fraser, Glasgow.
Sailm Dhaibhidh Ameadreachd (Ed. 1659).	
1876.	
Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen (9 vols.), . . .	Mr. A. R. Macraild, Inverness.
Orain Ghilleasbuig Grannd, . . .	Mr. J. Craigie, Dundee.
Clarsach nan Beann, ...	ditto.

NAMES OF BOOKS.	DONOR.
Fulangas Chriosd, ...	Mr. J. Craigie, Dundee.
Dain Spioradail.	ditto.
Spiritual Songs (Gaelic and English), .	ditto.
Alexander Macdonald's Gaelic Poems, .	ditto.
Orain Mhic-an-t-Saoir, ...	ditto.
Leabhar nan ceist, ...	ditto.
Co-cigneachadh Soisgeulach (Boston), .	ditto.
History of the Druids (Toland's), . .	ditto.
Melodies from the Gaelic, . . .	ditto.
Maclean's History of the Celtic Language,	ditto.
Leabhar Sailm, ...	ditto.
Origin and Descent of the Gael, . .	ditto.
Stewart's Gaelic Grammar, . . .	ditto.
Macpherson's Caledonian Antiquities (1768),	ditto.
Biboul Noimbh (London, 1855), . .	ditto.
Searmona Mhic Dhiarmaid, . . .	ditto.
Dain Oisein, ...	ditto.
Fingal (1762), ...	ditto.
Life of Columba (1798), ...	ditto.
Orain Rob Duinn Mhic Aoidh, . .	ditto.
Dain leis an Urr. I. Lees, . . .	ditto.
Searmona leis an Urr. E. Blarach, . .	ditto.
Eaglais na h-Alba, leis an Urr. A. Clare, Inbhirnis, ...	Ditto.
Bourke's Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race,	Mr. J. Mackay, Swansea
Reed's Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica, . .	ditto.
Munro's Gaelic Primer (3 copies in library),	Purchased.
Eachdraidh na h-Alba, le A. Mac Coinnich (3 copies), ...	The Author.
Dain Gailig leis an Urr. I. Lees, . .	Rev. Dr. Lees, Paisley.
Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue, by Professor Geddes (1872), . . .	The Author.
Philologic Uses of the Celtic Tongue (1873), ...	ditto.
Poems by Ossian, in metre (1796) . .	Mr. Alex. Kennedy, Bohuntin.
Proceedings of the Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland (1870-3),	The Society.
Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary (1780), . .	Rev. A. Macgregor.
History of the Culdees, Maccallum's, .	ditto.
Mediarmid's Gaelic Sermons (MS., 1773),	ditto.
Gaelic Grammar, Irish character (1808), .	ditto.

NAMES OF BOOKS.	DONOR.
Gaelic Pentateuch, Irish character, . .	Rev. A. Macgregor.
Gaelic Book of Common Prayer (1819), .	ditto.
Gaelic Psalter, Irish character, . . .	ditto.
Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, vol. i., ii., iii., and iv., . .	
Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica, . . .	
Orain le Rob Donn, ...	
Leabhar Oran Gaidhealach, . . .	
Vible Casherick, Manx, ...	
Biobla Naomtha, Irish, ...	
Dr. Smith's Seann Dana, . . .	
Evans's Welsh Grammar and Vocabulary,	
Orain Uilleam Ros.	
Orain Dhomnha Bhain, ...	
Co-chruinneachadh Orain Gailig, . .	
Book of Psalms, Irish, ...	
Orain Nuadh Gaidhelach, le A. Macdhomhnuill, ...	
Laoidhean o 'n Sgriobtuir, D. Dewar, .	
Leabhar Oran Gailig, ...	
Am Biobla Naomtha (1690), . . .	
The Family of Iona, ...	
Grant's Origin and Descent of the Gael, .	
Rathad Dhe gu Sith, ...	
Dain Spioradail, Urr. I. Griogalach, . .	
Dara Leabhar airson nan Sgoilean Gaidhealach, ...	
Treas Leabhar do. do., ...	
What Patriotism, Justice, and Christianity demand for India, . . .	
Orain Ghaidhealach, ...	
Priolo's Illustrations from Ossian, . .	Purchased.
Photograph of Gaelic Charter, 1408, .	Rev. W. Ross, Rothesay.
The Celtic Magazine, vol. i., . . .	The Publishers.
Elementary Lessons in Gaelic, . . .	The Author.
1877.	
Stewart's Gaelic Grammar, . . .	Mr. D. Macintosh.
Proceedings of the Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland, 1874-5 (2 parts), ...	The Society.
Do. do., 1876 (3 parts),	ditto.

NAMES OF BOOKS.	DONORS.
Irish Pedigrees, by O'Hart,	The Author.
Dan an Deirg agus Tiomna Ghuill (English Translation), 2 copies,	Mr. C. S. Jerram.
Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, vol. v.,	
Gaelic and English Vocabulary (1741),	Rev. A. M'Gregor.
Aryan Origin of the Celtic Race and Language,	Mr. John Mackay, Swansea.
Old Map of Scotland (1745),	Mr. Colin M'Callum, London.
Collection of Harp Music,	Mr. Charles Fergusson.
Valuation Roll of the County of Inverness (1869-70),	ditto.
Do. do., Ross (1871-72),	ditto.
Inverness Directory (1869-70),	ditto.
Greek Testament,	ditto.
Greek Lexicon,	ditto.
Gospel of St. John adapted to the Hamiltonian System (Latin),	ditto.
Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane (French),	ditto.
Prophecies of the Brahan Seer, 2nd edition,	Mr. A. Mackenzie.
My Schools and Schoolmasters,	Mr. James Reid.
Gaelic Etymology of the English Language, Dr. Charles Mackay,	J. Mackay, Swansea.
Transactions of Gaelic Society of Inverness, vol. vi.,	
The Highland Echo,	Purchased.
The Highlander Newspaper from beginning up to date,	Purchased.
Hebrew—Celtic Affinity, Dr. Stratton,	The Author.
Proceedings of the Historical and Archæological Society of Ireland, 1877—Parts I., II., III., IV.,	The Society.
Illustrations of Waverley, published for the Royal Association for promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland (1865),	Miss Fraser, Farraline Villa, N. Berwick.
Illustrations of Heart of Midlothian, do. do. (1873),	ditto.
Illustrations of The Bride of Lammermoor, do. do. (1875),	ditto.
Illustrations of Red Gauntlet, do. do. (1876),	ditto.